TE HEKENGA

Reminiscences of

EARLY HOROWHENUA

by R. A. McDONALD

Te Hekenga

[*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

Grape Vine Planted in the 60's at Paeroa Pah near Poroutawheo.

TE HEKENGA

EARLY DAYS IN HOROWHENUA

Being the Reminiscences

of

Mr. ROD. McDONALD

Compiled and written

by

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Introduction

In the following pages I have endeavoured to set down as clearly and concisely as possible the history of the Horowhenua district from the coming of Te Rauparaha to the beginning of the pakeha period, as recounted to me by my worthy friend Mr. "Rod" McDonald by the blazing log fire of his home on many evenings of an otherwise tedious winter.

In attempting the work I was actuated primarily by the belief that in Mr. McDonald's reminiscences there was material that had not before been touched in New Zealand literature, namely the experience of a man who had been brought into such intimate and early contact with the Maori of the period under review as to be able to speak, as it were, from the inside; one who, while maintaining the outlook of the pakeha, still, with an intimate knowledge of the language, was in full and appreciative understanding of the Maori mentality.

It is largely this attitude which gives this book its value. One gains here a sympathetic understanding, otherwise difficult, of the problems of the time as they were regarded by the Maori actors who ruffled it on that grim stage. Their hatreds become logical when one understands the underlying causes, and even the follies and extravagances of Hauhauism and Te Whiti's cult have a natural base in the fierce pride of race which dreamt of the Rohe Potae. On the passing of the Maori's lands out of his possession it is not necessary to comment; it is such a recent happening as to be familiar to all save perhaps in the instance.

In collecting the material for this history, Mr. McDonald and I followed no set plan. We rambled pleasantly over any phase of the situation that for the moment seemed the most interesting, and I marvelled afresh each evening at the wonderful memory which he retained after a lapse of fifty or more years, the wealth of detail connected with even the most trivial happenings; memories still as clear as when, known to the old Muaupokos as "Popokatea" (after the little white-headed bird of that name), he had first collected the impressions by storied Horowhenua. Much of this—side-issues of the main theme—I had perforce to discard, but regretfully. I can only trust that this history, if one can call it so, which gave me considerable pleasure to collect and arrange, will convey equal pleasure to those who read it.

That much that is written here may be disputed by other writers I am quite aware; in a subject such as Maori lore where each writer, in the absence of written records has to rely entirely

on the knowledge (often coloured by a natural bias) of his informants, there must inevitably be discrepancies, and each writer, confident that he has himself tapped the correct source of information, is, with the well known intolerance of historians, impatient of other versions. If, however, this work adds a little to the knowledge of an absorbing subject, I shall be satisfied, and I know that Mr. McDonald will also.

As supplementary to Mr. McDonald's information concerning Te Rauparaha's invasion of the Manawatu, I must acknowledge the assistance of Mr. T. Lindsay Buick's "Old Manawatu."

"Call the book 'Te Hekenga'," Mr. McDonald answered in reply to my question on this point. " 'Te Hekenga' means 'the drifting' or 'passing away.' Frequently I have visited pas, once populous but now sadly depleted and inquired for the people I had known. The answer returned by some elder epitomised all the pathos of a dying race. 'They have all drifted to the Spirit Land,' he would say sadly, 'Kua heke katoa ki te Reinga!' "

E.O'D.

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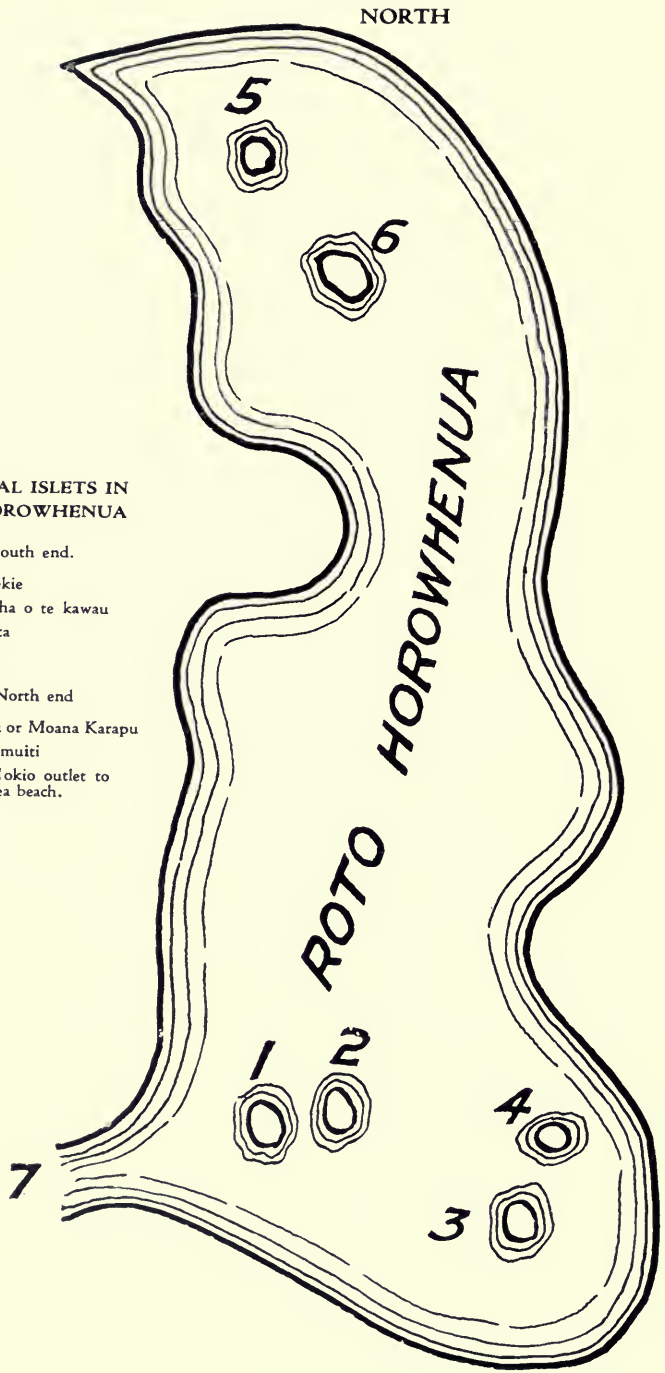

ARTIFICIAL ISLETS IN LAKE HOROWHENUA

At South end.

1 Waikiekie
2 Te Roha o te kawau
3 Waipata
4 Pukeiti

At North end

5 Karapu or Moana Karapu
6 Te Namuiti
7 The Hokio outlet to sea beach.

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Photographs by G. L. Adkin.

TE HEKENGA

REMINISCENCES OF HOROWHENUA

CHAPTER I.

OLD HOROWHENUA.

In the year 1886, as I shall relate later, the Hon. James McKerrow, then Secretary of the Lands Department under the Stout-Vogel Government, characterised the Horowhenua District as one "where the winds never blew harshly, and where all the land was good." He added further, "that at Hector McDonald's homestead at Lake Horowhenua the stranger was sure of a real Highland welcome."

Some seventy years earlier, the Nga-Puhi chieftain, Tamati Waka Nene, stood with the Maori Napoleon, Te Rauparaha, then chieftain of the insignificant Kawhia tribe, the Ngati-Toas, on the coast below Kapiti, and saw a vessel beating through Cook Strait.

"Oh, Raha" he cried. "Do you see that people sailing on the sea? They are a good people, and if you conquer this land, and hold intercourse with them, you will obtain guns and become very great."

It was just fourteen years after that speech, in 1832 to be precise, that from a whaling vessel, my father, Hector McDonald stepped ashore at Rangiuru, Otaki, and became the first settler on this coast, although not the first white man. A whaler in many seas, a rover by disposition, here he cast his anchor, and from the day he landed in 1832, until his death over fifty years later, he was faithful to the land which in his youth had enslaved his wandering fancy.

A strong man, with all a Highlander's virtues and many of his failings, he lived on the coast as a chieftain, respected by the Maoris for his firmness of character, and the honesty which he always displayed in his dealings with them.

A life it was, essentially different from that of today, in a land whose physical characteristics would not be recognised by its present inhabitants, and in that district, still unchanged in the 60's, I was born, and have lived also, seeing the country change from its olden aspect, seeing a great deal that is good come in, and seeing also, much that was picturesque and kindly, and native to the soil, go out irremediably to the limbo of forgotten things.

Before preceeding further, I want to state clearly, that the essence of the difference between the days I shall write of and modernity as it affects Te Horowhenua, is not the physical changes which have taken place in the landscape (great as those have been) but the changes brought about by the reversal of the numerical superiority as between the Maori and the *pakeha*.

In the early 70's six white men only, leased the whole of the coastal land from Otaki to the Manawatu, from Maoris whose occupation of the country was based on conquest, and whose tenure had been continuous since that time. Many of those who had followed Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata on their march of conquest from far off Kawhia were still alive, and with them members of the original owners—the Muaupokos. These were the landlords of the soil to which the *pakeha* was admitted only on sufferance, and where he was judged according to a high code of conduct and ethics as being worthy of chiefly rank, or as being merely a *"tutua"*—a nobody.

The Maori was then a power in the land; armed with *tupara* and tomahawk, he still fought a hopeless fight in Taranaki and the Urewera Country, against the Imperial and Colonial troops, and only the influence of a few leading local chiefs prevented the blaze of war spreading to the Manawatu.

Briefly it may be said that the Maori was then the Maori, not the half-*pakeha* product which loafs around the townships today; with all his faults (and they were many) but with all his virtues, his dignity unimpaired, and his nature unspoilt. His *mana*[1] was strong in the land, he was a power to be reckoned with; and Governments trod warily lest an ill-considered act stir him to armed revolt in defence of his rights. Civilisation had touched him but lightly, and, in essentials affected him not at all. His traditions were unchanged, though changing, as were the old customs. The wave was rearing above his head, but so far he had not been submerged.

But here, around the Horowhenua Lake, there was one little tribe, which from the peculiarity of its position, maintained the old order even after such things had been given up or modified by the surrounding Maoris. The Muaupokos, living in subjection to the conquering Ngati-Raukawas, by whose tolerance alone they had survived, cut off to a great extent from communication with the *pakeha*, through their forfeiture of practically all rights, maintained longer than any other local tribe, the old customs unchanged. Thrown back on themselves by their enforced isolation, they escaped to a later date that progress which has been the Maori's retrogression; living by, and to themselves, in all the old-time simplicity of the primal Maori.

1. Reputation.

It was from these men, to whom those customs were part of their daily life, that I learnt what I did of the old-time Maori, just as I have had the details of the fighting of the '29 and early '30 period, not from hearsay, but from the mouths of the actual actors in that drama.

Although the facts of which I write go no further back than the 70's, or at earliest, to the later 60's—I refer to those things which have come under my own personal observation—and the seventies to the average person seems but of yesterday, still it takes but little reckoning to realise that they are fifty years away. Perhaps because the end of a century marks such a definite limit of time, and an appreciation of the fact leaves in the mind of the average person a sensible hiatus between the past and present centuries, so that it is difficult to think of the years they cover as continuous, the period of time from 1870 to 1920, seems shorter than say, from 1870 back to 1820. Nevertheless, an appreciation of this distance of time may be useful as enabling the reader to grasp aright, the difference between the days I write of and the days that are; to realise the changes, social and physical, which have taken place on this coast, and of the changed relations between the *pakeha* and the Maori, that came with the advent of the settler proper, and which have gradually pushed the Maori into the background.

At the time I was born in my father's accommodation house-homestead at the mouth of the Hokio stream, the Horowhenua district as it is now known, did not exist. A narrow strip of grassed sandhill country, of an average of some two miles in width, followed the coast line from the Manawatu to Otaki, and lying between that and the mountain tops was an unbroken stretch of bush. Certain clearings there were in this bush—the Weraroa clearing, and patches along the Ohau river, where the wild horses were to be found, and those other clearings, ancient lurking places of the harassed Muaupokos from Te Rauparaha's implacable vengeance, but they hardly broke the timber's continuity.

The district, as nature intended that it should, fronted the sea-shore. From the 40's, the *pakeha,* and for hundreds of years before that, the Maori, had stood on the beach, and looked inwards over a land which became further "back" as it receded from the shore-line. It is a point perhaps not easy to grasp now, but with the coming of the railway the whole centre of gravity, as it were, of the locality changed. Where one now goes "out" to the beach, then one went "back" to where the present main artery of communication runs. The old order changeth, but when I knew it first, the beach was the country's "Main Trunk Line" down which the mail coaches, and all the traffic between north and south, flowed.

The strip of sand-hills was the only portion of the district which received consideration, from either the original Maori, the run-owner, or the casual traveller, and the present district where the plough of the dairy farmer scarce disturbs a forgotten root, was then a terra incognito, where the Maori snared *kakas* in the tall *rata* trees, and which they were careful to leave early, lest the *patupaiarehe*[1] take summary vengeance for the invasion of their territory.

1. Fairies, more or less malignant.

Chapter II.

TE RAUPARAHA'S CONQUEST.

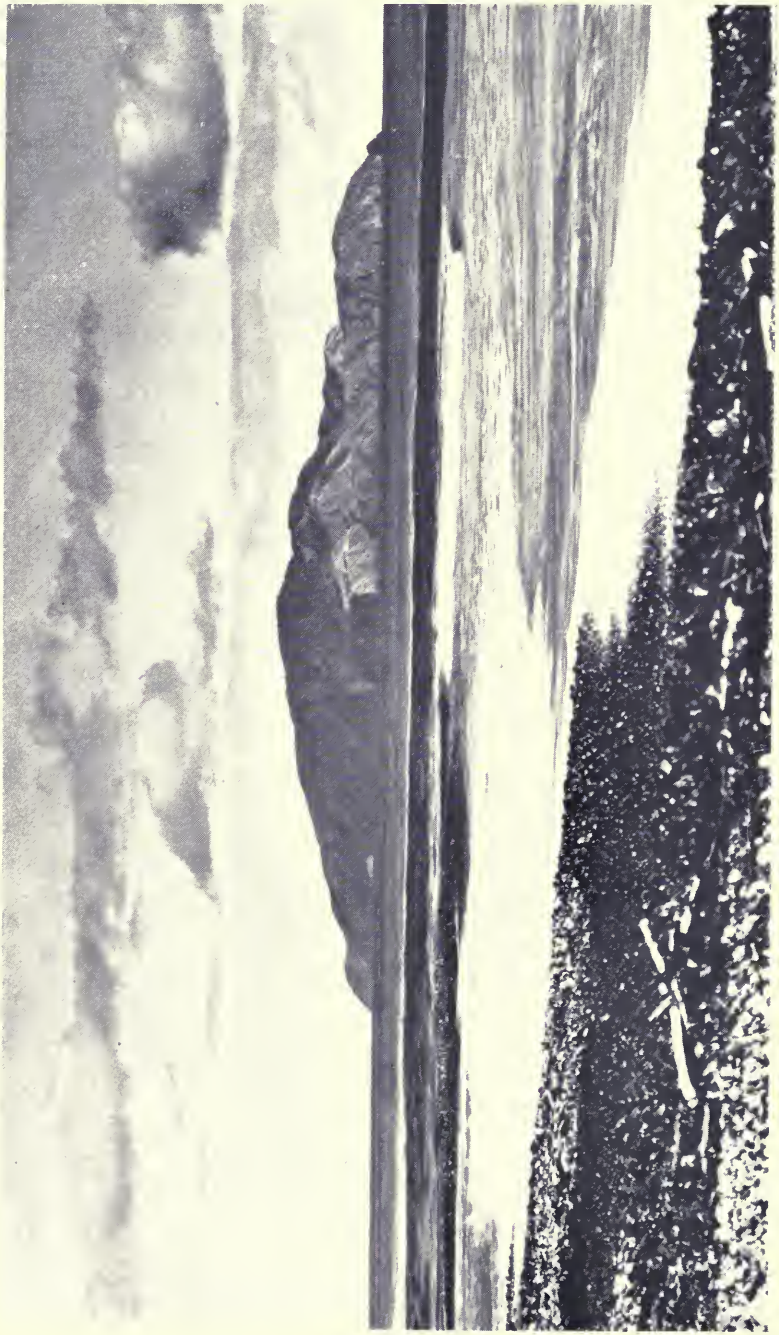
To understand much of what follows, and indeed to get a correct mental picture of this coast of fifty years ago, it is essential to know something of the history of the Ngati-Toa invasion under Te Rauparaha, in the second decade of last century, and of the changes of ownership which followed the conquest. Prior to that time, the whole of the western side of the Tararua ranges, from the Rangitikei to where Wellington now stands, was owned by the Muaupoko tribe. The name *Muaupoko* (The Head of the Fish) did not indeed indicate clearly the position of the tribe on Te Ika a Maui, or "The Fish of Maui," which was the original name of the North Island.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Muaupokos were a numerous and warlike tribe, moreover closely related to the tribes of the Wairarapa and South Island, and occupying a country which, judged by Maori standards, was the garden of New Zealand. The great swamp of the Moutoa, and the various lakes and streams along the coast, provided an abundance of eels, the sea-coast insured variety of fare, in kahawai, schnapper, and the sharks, which, dried in the sun, made that odorous Maori delicacy, *mango-maroke*. The bush inland was the feeding ground of thousands of pigeons, and in the rich warm soil of the coastal flats the taro attained its full proportions. Truly a favoured land, and a fortunate people, those who possessed it.

So decided Te Rauparaha, chieftain of the small, but fiercely self-reliant Ngati-Toa tribe, who in their small territory at Kawhia, were feeling more strongly every day, the pressure of the more numerous Waikato tribes, whose ire his restless energy had provoked. A remarkable man, Te Rauparaha, who fully subscribed to the creed of Judge Manning's old rangitira, who stated "that everyone did exactly as he liked—in so far as he was able."

His mother was daughter of Karoaputa, a prominent chieftain of the Ngati-Raukawa tribe living at Maungatautari in the Waikato, a fact which later secured him allies when he stood badly in need of them. It is related that when his father, Werewera, chief of the Ngati-Toa, went to Maungatautari to ask the old Ngati-Raukawa chieftain for his daughter in marriage, Karoaputa answered, "I have only got the slave left," (meaning the one that carried water and waited on him generally) "but the son of that one will be a *taniwha!*"[1]

1. Figurative way of saying that he would be a mighty warrior.



Kapiti—the Island Stronghold of Te Rauparaha. [*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

Even as a youth, Te Rauparaha's boldness and assurance gave promise of bearing out the old man's prophecy. When the paramount chief of the Ngati-Ruakawa, Hape, lay dying, he called his sons and the chiefs of the tribe around him in his *whare,* in order to choose a successor. Anxiously the old chief scanned the faces of his sons—perhaps he had already weighed them in the balance and had found them wanting.

"Who will take my place?" he asked. No one spoke. The question was repeated, and still they hesitated. Not so Te Rauparaha. Standing outside he had heard the query, and now he strode boldly into the chief's presence.

"I will take your place!" he said confidently.

"What!" exclaimed the chief scornfully, "a *taurekareka* like you?"

The boy's faith in himself was supreme.

"Yes, I will take your place," he answered boldly. "You go to the bowels of the earth and listen to what I will do!"

Te Rauparaha's confidence had its effect. Here at any rate was one who had confidence in himself, and the dying chief handed him his *mere*[1] and with it his *mana.*

It was in 1818 that Te Rauparaha accompanied Tamati Waka Nene and a *taua* of Nga-Puhi warriors on a foraging expedition down the West Coast of this Island. The *taua* fought its way down through Taranaki and the Manawatu to Wellington, ravaged up the East Coast, and returned again by the Western route. The guns with which the whalers had supplied the Nga-Puhis, ensured them victory everywhere. It was when passing Waikanae on the homeward journey that Waka Nene pointed out to Te Rauparaha the advantages of settling on the land which had been raided.

Te Rauparaha took the advice tendered, and the story of his *heke* or migration overland, with his whole tribe, women, children and aged included, through 300 miles of mostly hostile country, finding it necessary to stop to grow potatoes en route, since he had no transport other than the backs of his women and slaves, and could not rely on the country for provisions; fighting everywhere, and conquering by force or stratagem, will one day inspire a New Zealand epic. That is another story, however, as is also the immediate cause of the outbreak of hostilities between the Muaupokos and the Ngati-Toa, after he reached the Horowhenua. An outbreak was inevitable, and the cause came with treachery and murder, from which Te Rauparaha narrowly escaped with his life. His favourite son, a warrior of great promise, and his daughter were killed, and on the spot where they died Te

1. A weapon of stone. It was by handing his mere to a successor that a chief transferred his authority.

Rauparaha swore his famous oath "that he would slaughter the Muaupokos from the rise of the sun to its setting."

Terribly he kept that oath. When the Muaupokos, determined that having roused the lion, the only thing to do was to boldly take the initiative and wipe out the Ngati-Toa once and for all, he met the assembled tribes—the Muaupokos had called in their allies from the Wairarapa, Rangitikei and the north of the South Island (Wanganui, Ngati-Apa, and Ngati-Kahungungu)—where they attacked him on Kapiti, so many "that the sea was black with their canoes," and in the battle called "Waiorua" drove them back into the sea with immense slaughter, the flash and roar of his musketry contributing to the victory perhaps more than the force of arms. The rout was complete, and like a wise general he gave the army no time to reform. With his fighting general, the truculent Te Rangihaeata, he pursued them to the mainland and slaughtered them as far north as the Manawatu River.

Many of the old men I knew at Lake Horowhenua in the early days, had been through that fight and the subsequent forays which destroyed the coastal *pas.*

One splendid old fellow I knew, Ihaka by name, 6 foot 4 inches in height, and one of the most perfect specimens of manhood I have ever seen, had been a young warrior of sixteen on the day that Te Rauparaha attacked Te Rangihiwinui's *pa* at Katihiku. He escaped, he told me, and joining a party which included women and children, had retreated towards Lake Horowhenua. To have kept to the open beach would have been, with the slow-travelling women and children, to invite certain destruction, and the party had struck up into the untracked bush, hoping to find a safe, if difficult route northwards, along the more or less open ridges.

By evening the party had reached Pukehou, the precipitous-faced hill which rises smooth and grassed now, behind Manakau. Standing at the crest of the hill where it drops away at an angle of 45 degrees towards the road, was a tall rata, in the branches of which the neighbouring Maoris used to snare pigeons. Here they camped for the night in fear and trembling. With the coming of morning all was silence, and hope arose that the invader had retired again to Kapiti. They decided to reconnoitre the position from the top of the rata.

Ihaka was deputed to climb the tree, and fortunate it was for him that that was so. Hardly had he reached the top than a crash of musketry shattered the silence of the hill-top, and from the smoke-wreathed undergrowth, a band of Ngati-Toa, with Te Rangihaeata at their head, dashed out with the tomahawk on those who survived that first volley.[1]

1. A few women were saved for slaves, and it was one of these, Peta (Betty) te Uka who used to tell the story of Ihakas leap. Peta's elbow was shattered by a musket ball, her arm being permanently crippled.

It was then that some movement of Ihaka's, perhaps, betrayed him. Te Rangihaeata looked up, and looking laughed aloud.

"He kaka mo taka hangi!" ("a *kaka* for my oven") he cried in savage glee, and loading his musket again, fired at the boy in the branches. He missed, and laughing still, he rammed home another charge, whilst the remainder of his party gathered round, and roared with amusement at the unexpected sport. The chief fired again, and a second time missed, and then Ihaka jumped . . . out and down over the sheer face of the hill, hurtling down on to the tree-tops below.

But luck was with Ihaka; he crashed through a tree-top into a mass of tangled supple-jack, which broke his fall, and although he bore to his dying day the scars inflicted on his naked body by the vines, he reached Horowhenua safely.

An incident is related of Major Kemp's father, Tanguru, in connection with this flight. Tanguru was a man of magnificent physique, and a noted warrior; in the pursuit, Te Rangihaeata, also a man of more than 6 feet in height, and a stranger to fear—he was the Maori Ney to Te Rauparaha's Napoleon—singled him out for personal pursuit. Te Rangihaeata was armed at the moment with a tomahawk only, and Tangaru with a *taiaha,* so that the odds were reasonably even.

Mighty runners both, they speedily outdistanced the remainder of the pursuers and pursued, and then when Tanguru saw that it was a case of man to man, he ran no more. Facing his foe, he dropped on one knee, the *taiaha* grasped firmly in both hands and pointing to the front with the butt planted firmly on the ground by his knee. There, in the traditional pose of defence under the circumstances, but one which only a tried warrior undertook, he waited, his eyes fixed on his pursuer's *feet.* Waited for the moment when Te Rangihaeata, rushing to close quarters would rise to strike; then when the flexed toes of his opponent indicated the uplifted arm, he would have lunged swiftly upwards at the unprotected breast of the foe. . . .

Te Rangihaeata came up, but whether his heart misgave him as he gazed on the confident bearing of the Muaupoko, or a more generous feeling moved his relentless breast, who shall say, he stopped.

"Go," he said, "I spare you. Escape while you may."

Even yet one will hear a Muaupoko, when arguing with a member of the conquering tribes, make capital out of this failure of Te Rangihaeata to engage as man to man.

"Yes," he will say, "you conquered us because you had guns, but when Tanguru and Te Rangihaeata met, who was it refused to fight?"

And triumphantly he will go on to tell of the battle at Raia te Karaka, before the white man's guns had negatived the value of individual prowess, when Rangiwhakaotia, Te Rangihouhia and Tanguru had defeated the Amiowhenua.

At the lower end of Lake Horowhenua may be seen to-day, two small islands, set some distance apart and covered with flax and scrub. On the lake there are, or were, six islands altogether, Waikiekie, Roha-o-te-Kawau, Waipata, and Puke-iti, at the lower, or southern end, and Karapu and Namu-iti at the northern. With Waikiekie and Roha-a-te-Kawau only, we are concerned for the moment. Standing in the shallow water of the lake as they do, these islands present something of a puzzle to the observer, since there is no reasonable geological explanation for their being, and one is therefore not surprised to hear that they are artificial.

The method of their construction has been described, but is worthy of repetition. Strong stakes were first driven into the muddy bottom of the lake, and interlaced with manuka, after the form of the old Maori *taiapa*.[1] The circular space thus formed was then filled in with sand brought out in basketfuls in canoes, and the area of the islands was said to have been still further extended by a platform built out from the sides. On the north-western shore of the lake, opposite Waikiekie, may be seen a wide scarp into the hillside, now grassed over, but undoubtedly the place from which the land for the islands was obtained.

Upon these island *pas* the Muaupokos felt reasonably safe. Built a hundred yards or so from the nearest shore, they conceived themselves secure from the *pakeha's* weapon. Only by canoe could they be reached, and they had carefully hidden, or sunk, all the canoes on the lake with the exception of a few which they had with them. To make assurance doubly sure, however, they had driven, just below the level of the water, a wide forest of stakes surrounding the islands, leaving only a narrow tortuous passage by which a canoe might approach.

Two important factors they had, unfortunately for themselves, underestimated. One was the carrying power of the *rakau-pakeha*, and the second the indomitable nature of the man with whom they were contending. They were quite right in thinking that only by canoe could they be effectively attacked, but Te Rauparaha's next move they never for one moment imagined. With a party of Ngati-Toas he left Kapiti by canoe one afternoon, arriving at the mouth of the Hokio stream as night fell, and then in the darkness boldly began the herculean task of taking the great war canoes up the three miles of narrow winding creek, hardly more than a ditch in width, to the lake. Anyone who examines the stream to-day can imagine the labour involved in getting a big canoe along it, but

1. Fence of watt'ed manuka.

on that night it had to be done without even the daylight to show the difficulties ahead, silently, and in haste.

It is not difficult to reconstruct in imagination, the scene. The velvety blackness; the hissing breath of the naked warriors as they heaved the heavy canoes overland across some bend too sharp to negotiate; the tatooed faces set with anticipation of the coming combat; the whispered order and muted reply; and directing everything the short, strong figure of Te Rauparaha as he moved here, there, and everywhere, hauling, lashing with a tongue that cut like a knife, speeding the work in his realisation of the need for haste.

As old Te Rangi Rurupuni, who went through the fight, has told me, on that morning the day dawned clear, with a light mist lying low on the water, so that those on the island of Waikiekie could not at first see the shore, nor the other island of Te Roha-o-te-Kawau alongside.

As the sun rose, however, the mists began to thin out, and from the shore, where a low bush of karaka trees fringed it on the north-western side came a succession of heavy rumblings.

"Thunder," remarked the Muaupokos one to another.

They were quickly undeceived. On the close packed island first one and then another man went down, struck by the big, shattering bullets from the flintock muskets. A ball smashed through the palm of Te Rangi Rurupuni's[1] hand; and with a wail of horror, the Muaupokos realised that what they heard was not thunder, but the roar of the dreaded *rakau-pakcha*.

On that small space, without any defence against musketry, there was no shelter from the deadly bullets, and panic-stricken, some of the garrison seized the canoes and struck out for the further shore. They only hastened their end, certain in any case.

No sooner had they left the islands, than Te Rauparaha's canoes dashed out from the shore, and musket and tomahawk ended the flight. Then flushed with victory, the canoes swept down on the islands. Yelling, brandishing their muskets and blood-stained tomahawks, the Ngati-Toas came, paddles flashing frenziedly as the crew of each canoe sought to be first to the slaughter. Fifty yards, twenty, ten, and suddenly the canoes crashed to a stop upon the protecting stakes. But of what avail was it; foiled for the moment, the Ngati-Toas poured volley after volley into the packed Muaupokos as fast as they could ram the charges home, until in one last despairing effort, the islanders plunged into the lake and swam for the nearest shore—that on the southern end.

1. A well-known chief of later days.

Two Artificial Pah Islands constructed by Maoris on Lake Horowhenua.
Roha a te Kawau (left) and Waikiekie (right).

[*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

Then the most fearful thing of all occurred; as the swimmers neared the shore, from the raupo-fringed water's edge came one crashing roar of musketry, that wiped out half the swimmers in one fell sweep. Te Rauparaha, strategist that he was, had planted the main body of his force at this point in anticipation of just such a move. One withering volley there was, and then the Ngati-Toas had leapt into the shallow water with the tomahawk to complete the work.

A few only of the 300 souls on the islands escaped. Te Rangi Rurupuni was one; a strong swimmer, he swam a long way under water, and came up amongst the raupo on the lakeside, whence he escaped to the bush.

Following on the battle of Waiorua, as the defeat at Kapiti was called, which event succeeded that just related, the Muaupokos abandoned the open coastal country altogether. A number of them escaped from the district and joined the Rangitane and Ngati-Awa tribes in the Rangitikei, and the remainder, with whom we are more intimately concerned, cleared—with infinite labour, one can imagine, since they had no other tools than stone—patches in the bush, and lurked there in fear and trembling.

Those clearings were at different places, widely separated, but all within a mile of the Horowhenua lake. One named "Kawiu" was situated on the present Kawiu Road near Mr. T. Vincent's property; one alongside Queen Street, a short distance in from the present boat-shed, was known as "Kapu"; a third lay round Mr. W. S. Park's property in Kawiu Road, extending across the road to Messrs. Hughes', Webb's, and De May's properties, and was known as "Te Kama." A further clearing known as "Hawera," was on the flat portion of my property; "Mounu-wahine" (the place of women) was on Mr. Prouse's farm on Queen Street East, and "Kohi-tane," on the north side of Heatherley East Road.

Te Kama is now the only one of these old clearings which can be clearly defined. By a strange reversion, this place once a clearing in the bush, is now represented by a patch of bush in the surrounding clearing, being one of the few pieces of bush remaining in the locality. As the observer may note, the trees are all young, and have grown up within the last seventy or eighty years. I can recollect when, fifty years ago, the whole of these clearings, then surrounded by bush, could be clearly defined by the relative smallness of the trees. On Te Kama the tawas were then no more than good-sized saplings, and the towering trees of the older bush emphasised their new growth.

Many and many a time when hunting pigs or cattle in the bush which then stretched in an unbroken sweep from Lake

Horowhenua to the mountains, we have come across one of these clearings, and I would hear again from the accompanying Muaupokos, the story of that time of dread; of how they had cleared the bush with a vast expenditure of labour, and with infinite caution also, lest the sound of their working should reach the ears of a prowling Ngati-Toa; of how for long periods at a time they dared light fires only at night, if at all, lest the rising smoke should betray their whereabouts; of the hunger and misery and the general wretchedness of their situation; and of how, despite their utmost care, some of the clearings were surprised and the occupants slaughtered by the implacable Te Rauparaha.

Their relief came from an unexpected quarter, and because the manner of it was so contrary to the usual Maori character, it would be worth relating even if it did not concern our story so intimately.

Despite the fact that the Muaupokos had practically ceased to exist as a tribe, and now lay hidden on their clearings, continually hunted and harried by bands of Ngati-Toas, Te Rauparaha was by no means secure in his possessions, and with his undoubted sagacity, recognised that fact clearly. Sooner or later, he knew that the tribes which he had defeated at Waiorua would return for *utu*[1] for those who had fallen on that occasion. They could not be prevented from acquiring muskets, and with his 400 warriors, desperate though they were, Te Rauparaha knew that he could not indefinitely hold out against the thousands which they could bring against him.

At this juncture, when help was most urgently required, it came rather unexpectedly. The Ngati-Raukawa, whom even Te Rauparaha's fiery eloquence had failed to persuade to join him on his migration, had in the three years or more which had elapsed since he left Kawhia, become anxious as to the fate of their ancient allies. Rumour had reached the Waikato that Te Rauparaha and the whole of the Ngati-Toa had been wiped out, and Te Ahu Karamu, with several other chiefs and a sufficient party, started for Kapiti to ascertain the truth.

This expedition which became known later as the *heke karere*[2] reached Otaki in 1825-6, and found Te Ruaparaha at his peacetime *pa* at Rangiuru. The words used at this historic and momentous meeting have been carefully preserved by the Ngati-Toa tribe. The visitors, as hospitality demanded, were sumptuously feasted, and then when a sufficient time had elapsed—time no doubt used by the Ngati-Toa to impress on the visitors, the extent of his conquests—the formal meeting took place on the *marae*.

1. Payment, i.e., revenge. 2. Expedition of the messenger.

Te Rauparaha rose. Once before he had begged for co-operation, long and earnestly. Now he had, alone, done what the Ngati-Raukawa had hesitated to attempt with him. As befitted the man whose *mana* was something to conjure with, his words were few, and almost indifferent.

"Kia Te Ahu Karamu, kia Ngarangiorehua, kia Te Horohau" he began, "e aku tuakana teina kua kite nei koutou kei te ora ahau, Ara a Ngati-Toa. Teni taku kupu kia koutou. Haere e hoki ki te tiki ia Ngati-Raukawa kia haere mai ke konei ke te noho i te whenua i taroroa e aku paihau ki taku rakau na e takoto nei haha te whenua. Harere mai! Harere mai!" (To Te Ahu Karamu, to Ngarangiorehua, to Te Horohau (three of the leading chiefs), my elder brothers and my younger brothers: you see I am still alive, and with me the Ngati-Toa. This is my word to you: Go back and get the Ngati-Raukawa. Come down to settle on the land I have laid bare with my spear. Come! Come!)

Waitohi followed him Sister of Te Rauparaha and mother of Te Rangihaeata, she was a woman of great strength of character and indomitable resolution. Being a woman she was supposed to lean fore to the distaff side and to be therefore more closely allied to the Raukawa than her brother. She was more explicit in her invitation.

"Haere ki aku werewere haere-mai hei noho i taku whenua, e takoto nei i te takutai moana atu ano i Kukutaueki puta noa ki Rangitikei. Ka mutu aku kupu. Haere-mai! Haere-mai!" (Go to the heirs of my body (the whole of my relatives) and bring them down to settle on the land which lies along the sea-shore from Kukutaueki (a creek two miles south of Otaki, now known as Gear's drain), to Rangitikei.)

Te Ahu Karamu had without doubt already made his decision before this formal meeting. At any rate he did not hesitate now. He rose, and with the simple and expressive imagery of the Maori, made answer:

"Tenei te tuara nui o Pakake hei whakawha mai ia Ngati-Raukawa ki runga i to one noho ai to iwi." (Here is the broad back of Pakeke (a famous ancestor of Te Ahu Karamu) which will carry the Ngati-Raukawa down to settle on your soil.)

But although Te Ahu Karamu had been won over, the main body of the Ngati-Raukawa still hesitated. It was a big thing that Te Rauparaha asked: that the tribe should leave the land which had been their home for generations; around which all the traditions of their people centred, and where the revered bones of there ancestors reposed to leave a land of safety and peace, to face they knew not what dangers.

So thought most, if not all of the tribe, and so thought Te-Whatanui. But Te Ahu Karamu, fiery materialist that he was,

had no such scruples, and was not to be swayed from the promise that he had given. No! Let the women and old men talk of safety and tradition: Te Rauparaha promised them fighting, change, conquest, and stay who would, he was going. When his people demurred, he burnt their *whares* about their ears to make their going easier, and shortly he was ready for the first migration, the *"heke whirinui,"* so called from the fact that the "whiri," or plaited collars of the emigrants were made extra large for the journey. Te Heu Heu, chief of the Taupo tribes, and Te Whatanui, accompanied the *heke*, and visited Te Rauparaha on Kapiti, but apparently Te Whatanui arrived at no decision.

Still Te Rauparaha's influence was undoubtedly making itself felt, for next year Te Whatanui again visited Kapiti, this time coming down with a heke of 150 warriors, the *"heke kariritahi,"* a name bestowed on the party from the fact that they had enlarged the touchholes of their muskets, so that, no priming being required, a more rapid fire might be maintained. This time apparently Te Rauparaha succeeded in persuading the cautious Ngati-Raukawa, for next year Te Whatanui began his real migration, called the *Heke mairaro,* or *"Heke"* from below" (the Maoris always referring to the north as "down") taking the main body of his people south through Hawke's Bay and the Manawatu Gorge, to Horowhenua.

Coming down through Hawke's Bay, Te Whatanui was opposed by the natives of that part, and a battle fought near where Te Aute College now stands. Although having the worst of the fight, Te Whatanui was able to continue his march, and on reaching Horowhenua collected the whole of his warriors, and returning, inflicted a crushing defeat on the Hawke's Bay tribes. A number of prisoners were taken, some of whom provided fresh meat on the return journey, the remainder being brought down for slaves.[1]

The Ngati-Raukawas were granted the whole of the land from Waikanae, north almost to Wanganui, and Te Whatanui himself settled at Lake Horowhenua. It was when returning here from Hawke's Bay that he performed the act which saved the remnant of the Muaupokos from extinction. A party of these had finally determined to migrate from Horowhenua to the Wairarapa and in the Manawatu Gorge were met by Te Whatanui's returning warriors.

1. I recollect on an occasion when my brother J. R. McDonald and I were excavating for the site of a stable at a spot on the Horowhenua Lake where Te Whatanui eventually took up his permanent residence, two old men of the Raukawa tribe coming along and telling us that on that spot one of these slaves was buried, just where they could not say, as he had been a *"tutua"* (a fellow of no account)—but somewhere there. A little later in the course of the excavation, we came across a skeleton, without doubt that of the Hawke's Bay slave. He had been buried in a sitting position, with his knees up to his chin, and only about two feet below the surface. Apparently a dead slave was of so little importance, that even in that sandy soil, no one was going to the trouble of giving him proper burial.

What followed illustrates one of those strange quirks in the old-time Maori mentality which has always proved so puzzling to the *Pakeha*. In a day when inability to follow a given line of action imposed the only prohibition; when war was carried out to its logical conclusion of utter extermination, sometimes still the Maori would suddenly cease his slaughter, and instead, perform some act of almost quixotic generosity to his late foe, acting on some deep principle of abstract justice perhaps, but one incomprehensible to the foreigner.

Such an act was apparently Te Whatanui's. Instead of slaughtering the helpless Muaupokos, as would have been quite *tika* (correct) under the circumstances, he treated them well, and induced them to return with him to Lake Horowhenua. More than that, he promised sanctuary to all their tribe and bade them go to the hidden clearings in the bush and convey his invitation to their fellow-tribesmen that they should come to him at Raumatangi[1], where he would settle them on their old tribal lands at Raia te Karaka.

That Te Whatanui should have made the offer is sufficiently remarkable; that the Muaupokos should have accepted it is perhaps more remarkable still. But perhaps they had no choice in the matter, and certainly on their return to Horowhenua they existed as little better than slaves—a subject tribe would be a more correct definition.[2]

A meeting of the tribes was arranged with some difficulty at Rau-Matangi, the new *pa* which Te Whatanui built on the low sandy ridge under the shadow of the towering white pine bush. The Muaupokos were suspicious and doubtful. Te Whatanui assured them of his goodwill.

"Koai nu ai he maru koe"[3] said old Taueki, bluntly.

"Heoia no te mea e pa kiau ko te ua anake o te rangi,"[4] answered Te Whatanui confidently.

The truce suited neither the policy nor the personal feelings of Te Rauparaha. Policy urged that with so many Muaupokos still alive, future disputes as to the ownership of the land might arise; personal hate urged their utter extermination in satisfaction of his desire for *utu*.

"There are too many stars in the sky" he argued with Te Whatanui, "let us thin them out somewhat."

To Te Whatanui's credit be it said that he never wavered from his promise:

1. Here Te Whatanui built his *pa*.

2. Testimony of the position occupied by the Muaupokos after their return existed in the name of a clearing known as Whatatua (the time of slavery) at a spot where the northern end of Lindsay Road touches Park and Best's run—a clearing made during the early years of that time.

3. (I doubt whether you are safe rata to shelter under.)

4. (Nothing can touch me but rain from Heaven.)

"No, Raha," he answered, "What is left will do for slaves for you and for me."

But he argued without a full appreciation of his kinsman's subtlety. A portion of a Taranaki tribe, the Ngati-awa, had also accepted Te Rauparaha's invitation to colonise the captured land, and were now living at Waikanae. These the wily Ngati-Toa stirred up to invite the Muaupokos down to Waikanae to a feast, promising the prospective victims that they would receive a new food "all red inside and very good to eat," this food being said to have been the pumpkin, but was more probably the water-melon.

Four hundred of the Muaupokos accepted the invitation, despite the warning of Te Whatanui that treachery was intended, and that he could not protect them out of his own territory. They went, and were met at the Ngati-awa *pa* with a *haka* of welcome. Then when they put aside what weapons they had in order to return the civility, the Ngati-awa, snatching their muskets, had dashed between the Muaupokos and their arms, and commenced the slaughter with a point blank volley into the mass of their unarmed foes. For two miles up the beach the fleeing Muaupokos were shot down and tomahawked, the number who fell amounting to several hundreds.

It was the hatred of the Taranaki Maoris, engendered in the breasts of the Muaupokos by this unprovoked treachery, which was in a large measure responsible for their taking the British side in the Hauhau wars, as will be described later.

With "The Battle of the Pumpkins" ended the harrying of the Muaupoko tribe. What was left of them were gathered together at Horowhenua, and here Te Whatanui marked off for them the territory, within the bounds of which they were still living when I first knew this coast, and indeed, for long afterwards.

The total area of this block of land was about 20,000 acres, the boundaries being carefully defined by high carved posts, which stood up conspicuously on the sea-shore, and at the landward angles of the block. On the top of Tena-mairangi—the high grassed sandhill, which until it began to drift in the 80's, rose just across the Hokio stream from the present Hokio township—stood the first of these posts. The boundary line ran from there straight inland to Tauataruru, a point directly across the Horowhenua lake from the boatshed, leaving in the Raukawa territory the whole of the Hokio stream and lower half of the lake, a fact which was the direct, though not the fundamental cause of the land troubles later on.

From Tauataruru the line ran directly to the snowline on the ranges, being roughly defined by two peaks, and the next peg on the other, or northern side of the block was on an island in the middle of what is now known as the Poroutawhao swamp, more

The Hamaria Canoe. The last of the old war canoes on Lake Horowhenua. [*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

correctly named Kopuapangopango. This island was called Ngatokorua, meaning "belonging to two," a name probably bestowed on it in recognition of its position as a boundary mark. Another boundary post was set up on Oioao flat, at the spot where Te Rangihaeata's *pa* was built, the line running in a southwesterly direction from Ngatokorua to this point.

Within these boundaries was the whole Muaupoko world. Surrounded on both sides by the Raukawas, they were effectually cut off from contact with the outside world, whilst their position as a conquered people precluded any great intercourse with their captors, imbued with all the fierce pride of caste of the old-time Maori, and contempt for anyone bearing even a suspicion of slavery.

That they had not actually been conquered by the Raukawas made no difference to the position, however the Muaupokos might quibble on this fine point. And they did always strongly oppose any contention that the Ngati-Raukawas were their conquerors. Te Rangi Mairehau at the Royal Commission which in '96 was set up to inquire into disputed lands in which some of the Raukawa tribe were claimants, answered scornfully to a question by Kipa Te Whatanui.

"Ngati-Raukawa made no conquests; let some old woman of Ngati-Toa who are here talk of conquests, but not Raukawa nor Whatanui!"

The point was, as has been stated, merely a quibble; the Muaupokos occupied their limited domain through the forbearance of Ngati-Raukawa; they had no rights, but only such privileges as were allowed them by the toleration of that tribe.

Chapter III.

HOROWHENUA OF THE 60's.

My father, Hector McDonald, was born in the West of Scotland, in the country of the McDonalds, and came to Tasmania about the end of the 18th, or beginning of the 19th century, with his parents, he being then six years of age. His father, who was related to the McDonald of the Isles, had come out as one of a party organised by that chieftain, in a ship specially chartered to carry the intending immigrants. The colony settled on the Derwent River, where my father's people had a large block of country, and where some of my relatives still live.

Whaling was in those days the one settled industry of the Southern Seas, and having little taste for the uneventful and unprofitable life offered by farming in Tasmania, my father took to the sea, drifting down to the New Zealand coast with a whaler in the early 30's. He landed on Kapiti in 1832, some ten years after the conquest of this coast by Te Rauparaha, who was then at the height of his "mana."

One of his most vivid recollections in after years was of being met on the beach as he landed at Rangiruru[1] for the first time, by Te Rauparaha himself with the whole of his 400 Ngati-Toa warriors drawn up in battle array.

My father had brought with him the men to form a shore whaling-station on Kapiti, and had landed to purchase pigs and vegetables from the Maoris. From the marshalled ranks stepped forward Te Rauparaha, noticeably short where nearly every man was six feet in height, but with that in his manner which proclaimed the great chief. He shook hands in *pakeha* fashion, and invited my father to his *pa*, where he entertained him for the night in his own *whare*.

I have heard him describe the scene so often that I can reconstruct it; the lumbering old whaler anchored in the lee of the island, the boats rushing towards the shore, and marshalled there, the ranks of Maori warriors, stripped naked for action, each man armed with flint-lock musket, cartridge boxes on breast and back, with a third fastened on the belt behind the left hip, gleaming tomahawk tucked into the belt, out of the way but ready to

1. Te Rauparaha lived mostly at Rangiuru, his *pa* on Kapiti being largely a retreat in time of danger.

flash out at a word, and on their fierce tattooed faces, the consciousness of sustained victory. The finest body of men, my father used to state, that he had ever seen; probably New Zealand held no finer—nor more ruthless.

Across the narrow straits rose the steep bush-clad island of Kapiti, with its palisaded *pa*; behind them the stockade of Rangiuru, with the bush stretching out across the flat, sweeping up the hillside, and crowning the heights of the Tararuas beyond. The fiercest, most warlike tribe in all New Zealand, at that time, those 400, and yet perhaps they expressed more the character of their indomitable leader, Te Rauparaha, than their own, for when I knew them thirty years later, a few old men, and their descendants, they were noted amongst all the Maoris on this coast for their gay high spirits, and fund of humour.

My father knew Te Rauparaha well, and respected him for what he undoubtedly was, a very great chief, and a man of indomitable courage, resource and self-reliance. The general idea of Te Rauparaha as a blood-thirsty bully, who would bluster or cringe according to the occasion, has been taken from Jerningham Wakefield's account of the chief in "Adventure of New Zealand." But it must be remembered that Wakefield was a prejudiced chronicler, Te Rauparaha having killed his uncle, whilst the fact that Te Rauparaha would expect young Wakefield to be looking for revenge, would make him show at his worst in meeting him.

With the establishment of settlement at Wellington in 1840, my father took to trading, having large stores at Otaki, and buying from the Maoris, pigs and potatoes, which he despatched to the new town in two schooners of his own. There are still in different parts of Otaki, areas amounting in all to about 100 acres, purchased by him from the Maoris, and duly registered in the Lands Office, which could be claimed by my family. Most of it is in Maori occupancy however, and knowing that my father did not wish these Maoris dispossessed, it is unlikely that we will ever press the claim.

In the 50's my father had extended his activities to farming, and had leased from the Ngati-Raukawa and Muaupoko tribes, the whole of the coastal strip from the Ohau river to Poroutawhao, in all some 12,000 acres, on which later he ran about the same number of sheep. It was in 1858, when he finally gave up trading, and moved from Otaki to the mouth of the Hokio stream, that our real connection with the Horowhenua began.

Northwards of the Horowhenua run, Thos. Cook's[1] Wirokino Run took in all the open country from Poroutawhao to the Manawatu, save for a long narrow strip belonging to us which

1. Cook was married to a Maori, his wife owning the greater part of the land where Foxton now stands. Nicholson took over the run from Cook in the 60's. John Davis obtaining it in '72.

followed the sea-coast northwards for some few miles between that run and the sea. From the Ohau to the Waikawa was stocked by the Maoris; from the Waikawa to Waiorongomai Lake was leased by Thos. Bevan; and on the south, Bishop Hadfield leased the land from there to Otaki. When I first remember, however, my father had given up what was later known as Kebbell's Run, between the Ohau River and the Waiwiri creek, this being leased by a man named Knocks, so that with this piece we are not concerned.

For the land from the Waiwiri creek to the Hokio stream my father dealt with Te Whatanui alone, having received a lease from him, and paying him the whole of the rent. North of the Hokio, in the Muaupoko country, a number of the leading men—old Taueki, Rangi Rurupuni, Matene and old Magere (Margaret) each received rent. North of the Muaupoko block again, the run extended into the country of the Ngati-Huia hapu of the Ngati-Raukawa tribe, and rent was paid to He Hoia, Te Rau, and Hutana—perhaps to others. Each of these had a document, probably legally drawn up, and always referred to by the possessor as his "rent" with which on rent days he presented himself to the hour at our house to receive his money.

Rent day was a special holiday: early in the morning, the chiefs, armed with their "rents" would begin to arrive, on horse back and in bullock drays, each accompanied by a retinue of relatives and friends, and gravely they would gather outside in the sunshine, where dignified greetings would be tenderd one to another, with the *"hongi"* or ceremonial rubbing of noses and a reflective pipe amongst the elders.

The younger people spent the time as young people will. There was wrestling, and races on the beach to determine the relative merits of their respective horses—always perhaps with a thought as to whether the dark eyes of the *kotiros*[1] were upon them. A few glasses of ship's rum—rarely too much—and a bottle to take away to the *pa*, and in the evening they drifted homeward again, happy, carefree, to wait without anxiety for next rent-day, or *tangi*, which would bring another holiday.

The landward boundary of the old run was, roughly, a line drawn from the Waiwiri Creek, just inside the sand-hill formation to Lake Papaitonga (Buller), thence more or less directly to Lake Horowhenua, and from there practically in a straight line to Poroutawhao *pa*. Beyond that line was the bush, which was stretched without a break to the Wairarapa, and bounded our world arbitrarily on that side, as did the sea on the other. To us that bush, covering the country which is now the Horowhenua district, was no more than a place in which to shoot pigeons, and in which cattle went wild and were lost.

1. Unmarried women.

Ours was a narrow world, but a satisfactory one—easy grassed hills, not over clean perhaps, there being whole ridges covered with fern as high as a horseman, and *tutu* of tree-like dimensions, amongst which the wild run cattle would lie hidden until the stockmen actually stumbled upon them. On the grassed flats, or many of them, the flax and *toetoe* grew high in scattered patches, admirable shelter for stock.

Later we cleared much of the country, felling the *tutu* and burning off the fern and *toetoe*, but I am sure the flats ran less stock thereafter, whilst the destruction of the cover on the ridges, aided the breaking up of the sandhills which has now so altered the appearance of that country that a man who had not seen it from 1870 to the present time, would not recognise it.

To those who know the present barren stretch of tumbled sandhills along the coast, a description of the locality as I first knew it will be of interest.

On the site of the present Hokio township, a small grassed hill rose up from the Hokio stream, and on a rise in front of this, was situated my father's accommodation house. Across this small hill, and south of it along the coast, taking in 50 to 100 acres of land eaten away since by the stream, were large flats, sown with lucerne, and used as a holding paddock. With the exception of one low partly-covered littoral dune, or ridge, immediately along the shore, the whole of this country from Otaki to the Manawatu was grassed, and remained so until the 80's, when the first drift began.

On the northern side of the Hokio stream, immediately across from the township, there arose Tena-mairangi, the high grassed hill on which the first of the boundary posts of the Muaupoko territory was placed, and which has now completely blown away. Lying north of this again, and a little further inland, was the first of a chain of small lakes which have now disappeared. This was Paeka-a-Tai (the snare of Tai) and was particularly deep and picturesque lake, set in a large and fertile flat of the same name. A steep *karaka*-covered ridge swept semi-circularly round the back of the lake, and between the two extending horns of this crescent it lay, calm and very beautiful.

North of Paeka-a-Tai, and opposite where the wreck of the Hyderabad now lies, was Oioao lake, on the wide flat of that name, where Te Rangihaeata built his first *pa*, after he had been driven out of the Hutt Valley by the Government troops in the late 40's. Three-quarters of a mile further north again, was still another lake called Te Karangi. A dozen smaller lakes there were on different parts of the run, some of which have, with these, been submerged by the drifting sand, and some—lakelets in which the Maoris of old fattened their eels—have since dried up.

But of the lakes along the coast, the gem of all was Horowhenua. Horowhenua remains, and even now can only be fully

appreciated when viewed from the hills on the seaward side, with sweeping flat on its eastern shore, and the Tararuas forming a background which limits the view and completes the picture. But no person seeing the lake now, even though gifted with the most sympathetic imagination, can conjure up its beauty as it appeared in those days. Papaitonga is rightly esteemed as the beauty-spot of the Manawatu, but in the days I speak of it was not even considered as challenging Horowhenua's claim to pre-eminence. Where Papaitonga is supremely beautiful from one or two angles, Horowhenua merely revealed new beauties to the beholder with each change of location.

I recollect an occasion, when I was about 15 years old, when a young Englishman, travelling for his health, came up from Wellington, and, as was usual with all visitors to the district in those days, stayed at our place at the lake, remaining for some weeks.

It was during the winter, and the Tararuas were covered with snow half-day down their sides, when one day I took him to the hill called Te Maai, to see the lake from what I considered the best angle. It was one of the not infrequent winter mornings which we get on this coast, when the sun after a heavy frost, is as warm as in summer time, and the air like wine. From where we stood we could see the whole of the lake, save where the bush sweeping round the face of Raia te Karaka on our left, cut off the arm running northward to Poroutawhao.

With scarce a ripple on its surface to dim the reflections of the fleecy clouds floating overhead, the lake lay clasped in the emerald arms of the bush which surrounded it on every side save immediately about where we stood. Mile after mile the bush stretched across the flat on which the town of Levin now stands, and swept up the mountain-side to the relief of the white snow-cap. Straight and tall the timber grew to the water's edge, fringed with flax and nodding *manuka,* and over the bush, flashing their white breasts as they circled and wheeled in the sunshine, pigeons flew literally in thousands, singly drifting from tree to tree, rising in flocks of half a hundred or so, with a whirring of wings plainly to be heard across the calm waters; circling round in a wide sweep with characteristic rise and dip of flight, skimming the crystal-clear surface of the lake as they passed over, to rise and sweep back over the bush and settle on some other tree which caught their errant fancy. No other sound was in the air, nor sight of life was visible, save where the smoke curled slowly upwards from the stockaded *pa* of Raia te Karaka. Across at Te Hou and Kouturoa, some Maoris called musically one to another: in front of us was only the lake, the unspoiled bush, and the mountains beyond, and the young Englishman—he was only in the twenties, and dying of consumption—lay there in the sunshine and gazed on it for a very long time.

"I have been all over the world, boy," he said, "and nowhere, I think, does it hold anything so beautiful as your Horowhenua."

Chapter IV.

THE OLD BEACH ROAD.

It was the starting of the mail coach service between Wanganui and Wellington, by Cobb and Co., which had determined my father to shift from Otaki to the mouth of the Hokio creek, and there build an accommodation house. Situated half-way between Foxton and Otaki, the position was an ideal one for a change-house, whilst it had the further advantages of being in probably the most convenient place from which to work the widely-flung run, and to accumulate "trade" from the Maoris living in the interior at Horowhenua and Poroutawhao.

He built the accommodation house therefore, obtaining a license to sell liquor—by no means a difficult thing in those days—and for the next decade we were established there as a kind of local connecting link between the civilisation which flowed up and down the beach road, and that other life which went on only a few miles back from that route—a life in which the old customs were still followed, the old tribal hatreds and jealousies still flourished, where musket and tomahawk were still kept bright for possible future use, and where the *pakeha's* law was only dimly acknowledged as a restraining, and not as a compelling force.

In that accommodation house, I was born, the third son of a family of eight, and there we were reared, and received such education as my mother could find time to give us. Ours was a curious upbringing, possible only to the time and place. Isolated as we were, there were no white companions of our own age, and such companionship as we had, outside our own large family, we found amongst the Maori youth of the *pas*.

When my father shifted inland from the beach to the Horowhenua lake, this was even more so. A constant stream of visitors made the accommodation house their stopping place for a spell and moved on—drovers, traders, many friends and guests of my parents, but they were not companions for us. Amongst the Maoris we found those, even while with the arrogance of youth, we asserted the superiority which the white man always feels over the coloured, and demanded from young and old, a difference which, although by no means servile, was granted us freely as "Hector's" sons. The Maori language we spoke as freely as we

did English—perhaps more freely—and that we still remained essentially *pakeha* in thought and spirit was, perhaps, entirely due to my mother's influence.

My mother was in many ways a remarkable woman—or perhaps it might be more correct to say that in her were demonstrated at their best, the traits which made the wives of the old colonists the splendid women they were, and sustained them through difficulties, hardships, and dangers which to the women of to-day would seem beyond endurance.

Looking back now, I can only marvel at the courage with which she bore a life which even in the hard days of early settlement was more trying than that of the average colonist's wife. Those at least were generally situated in settlements, where they had the companionship of other women, but at Horowhenua my mother was the only white woman for miles, living among a large population of turbulent natives: left alone for days at a time, when my father was absent in Wellington or the Rangitikei, with a young family around her, probably without even a white workman on the place, she had only her own courage to sustain her in the inevitable difficulties and dangers which at times arose. That she was as safe amongst the Maoris, even in cases where they were in the madness of religious hysteria, as she would have been with her own family, was a tribute to her own character, and—let us give honour where it is due—to the essential chivalry of the Maori race.

She was a deeply and simply religious woman; nothing, she would assure us—and many times perhaps, she had to assure herself also—could happen without the will of God, and that fact sustained her in situations where most women would have collapsed. A great faith, a great charity, and a great kindliness of heart, large enough to encompass all, brown and white alike; which could love all and help all, however unpromising, for the good which was in them beneath the outward seeming, or for the love of God if no other virtue were there—those were the characteristics which made her loved and respected by all who knew her, and which made the Maoris of the district lament her death, when it came, as if she had been a mother to them, as indeed she had for forty years. She had nursed them and doctored them, and for their own good, bullied them; and the Maoris, always appreciative of character, had repaid her with a respect, not less than that accorded to my father, and which insured her safety under any and all circumstances.

My mother had been a Miss Carmont, and was born at Castle Douglas, Scotland, where her parents were substantial farmers. She was brought up mostly, however, in the household of her uncle, Dr. McCartney, of Glasgow, and from childhood had assisted him in his dispensary, gaining a knowledge of medicine which was afterwards to come in useful amongst the Maoris.

Hartley's Bend on Manawatu River. Site of the old coaching stables. [*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

She was only nineteen, when in 1850, she answered an advertisement from the wife of Mr. Charles Clifford,[1] father of the present Sir George Clifford, for a companion to accompany her for three years to New Zealand, where Mr. Clifford was a large land owner in Marlborough. And although the whole family influence was brought to bear against her, she was not to be moved from her decision. For a long time she had wished to visit New Zealand; here was the opportunity, and accordingly in 1850 she sailed in the ship "Phoebe" for Wellington, where in 1854 she married my father. The remainder of her life was spent on this coast.

With my father, she passed through every phase of the transformation of this district. My parents were living at Otaki, when at the instigation of Tamahana Te Rauparaha, and Matene Te Whiwhi, the great *runanga* was held there in the early 60's to discuss the inauguration of the "King" movement. When the Hauhau hysteria—that unfortunate aftermath of an unfortunate war—started, they were living at Horowhenua, but when the *runanga* of the local tribes to decide whether they should join the movement, was held in the great *whare-runanga*, at Puke-Karaka (Otaki), my father was present, and heard Matene Te Whiwhi in measured words refuse to join with the Taranaki Maoris.

"You would have us kill all the *pakehas* in the country" he said. "That we will not consent to. Hector, and Bishop Hadfield, and the *pakehas* here are our friends: you may drive all the other *pakehas* into the sea, but these must be allowed to dwell in peace amongst us."

And that there should be no chance of accident, he ruled that there should be no fighting south of the Wanganui River.

"Let us keep the Manawatu for a playground for the children" he said.

I can recollect, myself, the red-coats marching up the beach to the second Taranaki war, and the departure of the Muaupokos to fight with Major Kemp against the Taranakis.

From Foxton to Wellington in Cobb and Company's coach was a long day's journey, in winter a journey of infinite difficulties and delays, but in summer one of the pleasantest trips which could be undertaken. At six in the morning the coach left the company's big slab and *toe*-thatched stable on the southern bank of the Manawatu River, across which the passengers from the north, who had come by another coach to Foxton the previous night, had been rowed, shivering, a few minutes earlier, after a more or less satisfactory night's rest at Langley's hotel on the further bank.[2]

1. Later Sir Charles Clifford.

2. Later a detour was made inland across the sandhills to take the coach to the Foxton township.

Spanking down the level beach, the coach reached my father's accommodation house, or hotel, at 8 a.m., and was off again in a few minutes, and away, with a fresh team, for Otaki. Mile after mile along the firm sand, with the six horses swinging the heavy leathern-sprung coach along effortlessly, harness rattling as the cantering leaders tossed their heads, straining at the bits: on the right the sea sparkling mile on mile away to the bold peak of Kapiti, on the left the grassed sandhills, and the bush beyond. At the Ohau the guard would fling out a mail-bag to the boy from Kebbell's run, sitting statuelike on his horse beside the track, then across the river at the shallow mouth and away without a stop for Otaki.

Down along the wide beach it would speed at a slashing ten miles an hour, past a heterogeneous procession of men and stock, everything giving way to Her Majesty's Mail. Here in charge of a mob of wild-eyed station steers for the Wellington butchers, would ride quite capable stockmen, with fourteen foot stockwhip coiled, and trained thoroughbred stock horses, to chop back on to the road any attempt of the jostling bullocks to stampede to the sandhills; there a mob of sheep which had left the Hokio at dawn are making for Tom Roach's accommodation paddock at the Ohau hotel for the night; here a long line of drays carry potatoes and corn to Wellington for the *pas* along the coast; there a drove of pigs a hundred strong, are being driven, some to be sold to the farmers on the further side of the Paekakariki Hill, and some for the butcher's shops on "The Beach," as Lambton Quay, one sided then and huddled insignificantly up against the steep ridge behind, was called. A smart buggy, behind a pair of clipping trotters, belongs to one of the Rangitikei squatters; a party of horsemen are riding down from Wanganui to Wellington, in preference to taking the boat; a settler for the Foxton Block passes with the whole of his possessions heaped on a bullock dray, on which find a place also his wife and a long string of children, whilst behind them a few cows, and perhaps a horse or two, are driven. Swaggers, drovers, pedlers, all the traffic, and all the trade of a great highway before the railways were, a collection which to modern eyes would appear of the strangest, the coach rattles past.

Half a mile north of the Otaki river the route left the beach, this being on account of the boulders at the mouth of the river, and struck inland, passing along the old road constructed by the Maoris in the 50's when they obtained the first bullock drays, past the present Convent property to the Otaki township. In the yard at Martin's hotel opposite the Maori church, the whole population of Otaki would gather beneath the shade of the elderberry trees waiting for the big distraction of the day. Why not? There was nothing much to do—anyone could get food, and why worry about anything else? So they would gather, and smoke, and make bets as to whether the coach would be late or not.

Maoris, *Pakeha*-Maoris, all sorts and conditions of men, and then having exhausted the possibilities of its arrival, drift off to wait for the next excitement, the evening up-coach.

Horses were changed again at Waikanae, where Tom Wilson, an old ex-Kapiti whaler married to a Maori, kept the hotel, and away once more, trot and canter, canter and trot for Paekakariki. Here in the shadow of Pai-a-te-Rangi, "Black Harry" Elkins, the Negro proprietor of the hotel, or later "Curly" Bright, would meet it, not with the restive light-boned seventeen hand coach-horses, but with a pair of stout draughts, slow, but solid and sure for the up-hill climb to the top of the Paekakariki Hill.

A long slow climb it was up that steep incline, the narrow road twisting and turning through the bush, where its sinuous length was laid along the face of the hill. A long road for the passengers walking behind to relieve the sweating horses, but the walk was not without compensations, for from unexpected corners the traveller caught views of the vast panorama spread beneath, that was worth it all, and more.

Lying below was the great sweep of the coastline, showing clear and straight right up past Rangitikei, and then swinging away west in the wide curve of the South Taranaki Bight. On the left, seemingly just beneath, was the sea, with grim Kapiti looking almost smiling in its glittering expanse, and all in front as far as the eye could see along the coast, and over the right, was one wide unblemished cloak of virgin bush.

The motorist who drives across the easy road to-day can still see Kapiti and the sweep of the coast-line, but the bush has gone to build the houses of Wellington and Palmerston North; and the dairy farms of Horowhenua, which have taken its place, are, perhaps more profitable, but hardly as picturesque.

Across the Paekakariki Hill in the Horokiwi Valley the full team was harnessed in again, and then on through Porirua, where the horses were changed for the last time, to pull up at the "Settlers Arms" in Courtenay Place, a long day's journey finished.

A history of this old road would in itself fill a volume. From Wanganui to Paekakariki the road followed the beach, with only slight detours inland at the Foxton and Otaki rivers in order to obtain better fording places. Across the Paekakariki Hill, the correct name of which incidentally is Pai-a-te-Rangi, "the beauty of the skies," Paekakariki being merely the name of a small *pa* which used to stand at the root of the hill, the route followed that used at the present time—the old road constructed in '48 by Colonel Russell of the 58th regiment.

The service was at first a tri-weekly one, but was shortly afterwards run daily, the first day's journey north from Wellington, with which we are alone concerned, extending to

Foxton, which was reached at an hour depending entirely on the state of the road from Wellington to Paekakariki, and of the rivers to be forded from there on. The coaches used were of the usual heavy American style introduced into Australia and New Zealand by Cobb and Co.—huge lumbering vehicles swinging on leather springs, capable of carrying 24 passengers, with the 20lb. of luggage permitted to each, and drawn by five, or more often six, horses.

Every ten miles or so along the route the horses were changed, and at thse spots accommodation houses, which were licensed, were situated. My father's place at the Hokio, was not different from the others along the route, except that it was the largest. It was a low rambling building of 15 rooms, the timber for which had been pit-sawn at the Horowhenua lake, on the spot where Winiata's house now stands, and carted out to the beach in bullock drays. The roof was of *toe-toe* thatch as were most of those of the buildings about at the time.

My father had not altogether given up his trading when he shifted to the Hokio, and situated at the back of the house was a huge—or so it seemed in my youth—slab-sided and thatched granary, where used to be stored the maize and potatoes which he bought from the Maoris and later sent by bullock-dray to Wellington. The stables, also slab-sided and *toe*-thatched, were situated on a wide flat in front of the house which has now disappeared, having been gradually eaten away by the Hokio stream, forced ever south from its direct course by the inward drift of the sand from the sea.

Here would arrive twice daily the coaches travelling south and north. Early in the morning the Foxton coach would come swinging down along the wide beach with a mighty jingling of harness and creaking of leathern springs, the leaders cantering and the shafters at a smart trot. The finest horses I have ever seen, all seventeen-hand coachers, bay and grey animals mostly, with the lines of a thoroughbred, who could do the ten-mile spin along the beach with hardly a break from trot or canter, and almost without turning a hair.[1] The stablemen would have the new team waiting harnesed on the beach as the coach pulled up; a few straps were unbuckled, and inside two minutes the new team was in and dancing to be away, and it was only when the beach was soft from a particularly high tide, that the coach waited longer at the Hokio.

Such was the route and such the method of travel until '86, when the railway line to Palmerston North was finished. Pleasant in summer, it was a fiendish trip in winter, when the lumbering coach dragged foot by foot through the heavy clay across the Paekakariki Hill and the flooded rivers were each a danger as well as an inconvenience. At Otaki, a spare coach was always kept,

1. These horses were fed on maize, with boiling water poured over it.

as this river being swift, and moreover not affected by the tide as were the others along the route, it had no "dead" period, and it was not possible to swim the coach across. In flood time, therefore, the horses would be swum across, and the passengers and mails taken across by boat or canoe. There were times when even the horses could not be got across, and the coach would be held up for a day until the river subsided somewhat.

At the Ohau river, on the other hand, it was customary in flood-time to wait until the tide was in, when the coach could be swum across in the "dead" water. On the further bank the shivering passengers, weary from the long day's trip from Wellington, would climb perforce back into the soaking coach for the further four mile run to Hokio, where a hot rum and water would send them more cheerfully on the road to Foxton.

Until early in the 70's, when it broke straight out to sea, the Ohau river ran south into the Waikawa, inside the line of sandhills, the inward drift of which during their formation had no doubt turned it from its direct course. At a spot a mile and a half north of the Waikawa, and three-quarters of a mile in a direct line from the sea, there was a ford across the Ohau, and here a small hotel was situated. The first licensee was named Spackman, who was succeeded by a man named Dawson. Prior to the Ohau breaking through the sand-hills it was, of course, unnecessary to ford the Ohau, which was crossed in conjunction with the Waikawa, but afterwards, the licensee of Ohau hotel was paid £50 per year by the Government, to maintain a ferry at this spot for the carriage of mails and passengers, by the coach or otherwise. On the northern side of the river a bell was fixed on a post, and rung by anyone desiring passage from that side.

I recollect on one occasion after we shifted inland to Lake Horowhenua, I rode out to the Hokio on a winter's evening, as I did daily, for the mail. Usually the coach passed up about 5 p.m., but it was frequently late, and many a long hour in winter I have sat shivering on my horse, and wondering if it would ever come. This evening I waited for an hour or more, and then decided to ride down toward the Ohau, expecting at every turn of the beach to see the three great headlamps which were the trade-mark of Cobb & Co.

At the river I met Kebbell's boy who was also waiting with a mail-bag for the coach. It was bitterly cold, and as the river was in flood we took up a position from which we could see the coach, whether it crossed at the ferry or the river-mouth, and lit a drift-wood fire. Here we sat until ten o'clock, keeping a watchful eye meanwhile on our tethered ponies, the swaggers having a pleasant habit at times, of "borrowing" a horse, riding it ten miles or so along the beach, and then turning it adrift.

At long last we heard the bell ring at the ferry and galloped down. We found the driver, Alexander, on the northern bank, having just swum the coach across. He told us that the hotel-keeper was blissfully drunk, and that the passengers were looking up and down the river for the boat in which to get across. Borrowing the other boy's pony, he stripped to his shirt, and cursing Cobb & Co., the hotel-keeper, and the river in one comprehensive anathema, he plunged into the water and swam back for the mails. Even now I can hear him gasping as the icy water rose around his waist, and see his white shirt grow dimmer in the darkness as his horse struck out for the further shore.

Tom Roach, at present living at Otaki, was a later licensee of this hotel, which was a stopping-place for drovers along the beach road. He was a fine cheerful man with a ready tongue, which on one occasion at least, enabled him to get the last word with a woman. He had had a quarrel with Hetau, niece of Te Whatanui, and the lady, in the midst of a furious tirade, taunted him with his Muaupoko blood (he was a half-caste, his mother being a member of that tribe).

"What are you, anyhow?" the old lady screamed contemptuously. "But for me (speaking of herself as representing Te Whatanui) you would have been in Te Rauparaha's oven."

"How many battles did you win against me?" Roach retorted. "How many times did you beat the *Pakeha?*"

He had cleverly shifted the point of attack by claiming his *pakeha* father's people, as according to Maori law he was entitled to do, and his reference to the discomfiture of the Waikato tribes, to whom Raukawa was related, was too much for Hetau.

Chapter V.

THE MUAUPOKOS.

Up and down the old coach road flowed the tide of *pakeha* life, growing steadily always, so that even in the 60's such clear-headed Maoris as Tamahana te Rauparaha and Matene te Whiwhi, recognised its menace to the Maori *mana* and even possession, and commenced the well-designed but fore-doomed "King" movement. As yet, however, it was merely a menace; it took the Taranaki, Waikato and Hawke's Bay wars and subsequent confiscations, and the more effective, but even less scrupulous, operations of the land sharks in the following thirty years, to finally reverse the relative positions of the two races, and reduce the Maori to the status of an alien in his own land.

I saw the process through those years, but nothing of this had, so far, touched the Horowhenua district. The *pakeha* passing on his narrow strip of coach-route gazed with interest, if familiarity had not robbed the sight of attraction, at the tall, tattooed, *rapaki* clad warriors, who *taiaha* in hand, stood gravely watching the coach go by. Enquiring, some fellow traveller would volunteer information.

"Oh, yes . . . . a number of big *pas* in the interior. Civilised? Don't believe it. Half of these fellows have fought against us, and would do so again to-morrow if they got a chance. Cannibal Hauhaus the best of them!" and would launch into a garbled account of "Robulla's"[1] wars.

Which summing up was only half true in externals, and wholly failed to reach the essence of the case.

When I first remember the Horowhenua in the late 60's, the local tribes were each living on their own well-defined domains. Te Whatanui the elder was dead.[2] He had been succeeded by his son, Whatanui te Tahuri, who in turn died within a few years, and a second son Whatanui Tutaki, was now the reigning chieftain. He was a fine-looking portly old man with the same fair skin for which his father had been remarkable, but without his father's high clean-cut Roman features. He occupied Te Whatanui's *pa*,

1. The old settlers' pronunciation of Te Rauparaha.
2. He died in 1849.

situated on a rise, rather toward the Horowhenua lake from Winiata's present house, and here with him and his people, the Ngati-Pare-wahawaha *hapu* of the Raukawa tribe, lived a number of old Muaupokos, survivors of the days of Te Rauparaha.

At Poroutawhao, the main body of the local Ruakawas lived, this being the headquarters of the strong Ngati-Huia hapu, whose *pa* stood on the hill named Paeroa, which is the site of the present Catholic church. The carved gateway of this *pa*, a very fine piece of work, stood for many years beside the track leading from the lake to Foxton, the totara still as sound in the 80's as when it was carved out of the logs in the 40's by Te Rangihaeata's warriors, when after a temporary settlement on the Oioao flat, they found a surer refuge at Poroutawhao amongst the Ruakawa.[1]

Settled between these two *hapus* of the Ngati-Raukawa, strictly isolated, and conscious always of their inferior status as a conquered people, were the Muaupokos, who when I first knew them, practically all lived in the palisaded *pa* of Raia te Karaka, on the headland forming the extremity of the long ridge named Puke-Aruhe (the hill of fern-root) which juts out into the Horowhenua lake on the western side where the lake curves northwards.

The position of these Muaupokos was curious. They were not "*makai*" (slaves); perhaps the situation may be summed up briefly by saying that, their land having been conquered and occupied, they had been given back a corner of it on which to live in semi-independent fashion—neither fowl, flesh nor good red herring.

Of slaves proper the Ngati-Raukawa had a-plenty, which probably had saved the Muaupokos from this final degradation. So many slaves had been captured by the Ngati-Raukawa and Ngati-Toas in their Hawke's Bay and South Island raids, that they did not need any more, and Te Whatanui's humanitarianism had saved the Muaupokos from slaughter. A few amongst them when first I knew them had been slaves, but had been liberated, as had the whole of those held in slavery, when the Ngati-Toa and Raukawa embraced Christianity. There was a fairly large settlement of ex-slaves in a *pa* on the side of the small lake at the northern end of Paeroa Hill, where they dwelt in strict isolation and social ostracism, from their former masters of the Ngati-Huia *hapu*. Eventually these returned to the Nelson district, from which they had been taken, and with them went a number of other slaves of the Raukawa who for some years had lived at Otaki, working mostly at flax-dressing for the Kebbell Bros.

1. Incidentally it was always said by the Maoris who fought on the British side against Te Rangihaeata in the Hutt campaign, that they had invariably abstracted the bullets from their cartridges, when firing against the Ngati-Toa, using powder only, and that they merely joined the British in order to get muskets. Whether this was true, or merely a policy statement circulated after the King movement had healed the breaches between the tribes, it is difficult to say.

Here then at Raia te Karaka, lived some 200 Muaupokos, under their chiefs, Taueki, Himiona te Haupo and Te Rangi Rurupuni. Many of these people had been through the wars of Te Rauparaha's time—on the wrong side.

Splendid old fellows mostly; old Ihaka, the finest built man in the *pa*, where hardly one was under 6 feet in height; Herewini, who used to state that in his youth he had seen, at a spot on McKelvie's run in the Rangitikei, now known as Governor Hunia's lakes,[1] the remains of a moa, not long dead, with the feathers still adhering to the dried skin; Noah te Whata, who died about 20 years ago at the estimated age of 115 years, had been on this coast at the time of Te Rauparaha's conquest, but had escaped to the South Island, coming back after the trouble ceased; Ehaka te Rangi-houhia; Wairama, a splendid looking old man, 6ft. 3in. in height, with strong Roman features tattooed almost black, who invariably carried a *taiaha* when he walked abroad; Pioho Tamata Maunu, the oldest man in the *pa*, older than Noah te Whata; Matene; Rihara; Matenga; Te Rangi Mairehau, Peta (Betty) te Uka, who had been a slave for some years.

Scores of others there were, fine tattooed old fighting men, cannibals in their time, but now subscribing to a Christianity whose tenets were mistily entangled amidst the old beliefs—the unspoilt Maori of the olden time, men and women who had gone through an experience which tinged their whole thoughts, their memories harking back always to those days of their youth, and many a day as a boy I have lain beside the old blanketed men, as sitting in the sun on the *marae*, they talked of raid, and ambush, and slaughter, with a bitter hate of the Ngati-Toa, engendered by suffering and loss.

There were other Muaupoko settlements round the lake. There was a small *pa* at Te Hou, where Mr. J. Proctor now lives, and another at Otaiwa, near the spot where the Hokio creek leaves the lake. Here lived the chief Hanataha Kowhai who was afterwards killed while fighting on the British side in the Hauhau wars in Taranaki. Another fairly large *pa* stood at Kouturoa, although this was practically a Ngati-Raukawa settlement, where only a few Muaupokos were permitted to live.

These were, however, mere settlements as it were, in contradistinction to Raia te Karaka, which was a regular fortified *pa*. These fortifications, which were still intact in the 70's, consisted on the landward side, of a ten-foot palisade, composed of heavy posts at intervals of ten feet or so, with the spaces between filled in with heavy *manuka* stakes driven firmly into the ground. Each of the posts was surmounted by the customary carved head

1. As confirmation of this I recollect that in the 80's, long after the old man had joined his ancestors in Te Reinga, a moa's skeleton was discovered on this spot, when a sand-hill, evidently formed after the bird died, blew away.

known as *"whakapakako,"* or *"tekoteko,"* these images representing the god of war, "Uenuku," or often some deified ancestor of the tribe, whose special duty it was to protect the *pa*.

Near the top, the whole stockade was strongly braced with a heavy cross-piece, firmly lashed in position with the tough *takoraro* vine. Outside this stockade a ditch about ten feet in depth, by seven or eight in width, prevented ready access. The stockade along the lake-side was a slightly lighter construction than the other, and here there was no ditch.

It must be explained that this *pa* had been built before the era of the *rakau-pakeha,* so that the defences were only such as were suitable for the old hand-to-hand weapons, there being none of the intricate system of traversed rifle-pits, for which the later Maori fortifications became remarkable.

Inside the *pa,* probably fifty *whares,* large or small according to the importance of their owner, *raupo*-sided, and thatched with *toe toe* or *nikau* palm, were built in more or less haphazard fashion around a central square, the *marae*. Half a dozen *whares,* perhaps, stood outside the *pa*: on the baretop of Te Maai, a quarter of a mile away, above the *karaka*-clothed slope which dropped steeply to the water's edge, the old chief, Taueki, had one, and his potato-pit may be seen there to this day. The others, built with the usual folly of the Maori when he deserted his hill-top *pas,* stood on the sodden ground of the lake side, already sowing the seeds of those pulmonary diseases which later became such a scourge of the race.

The *marae* was the social centre of the *pa*. Here the old people, wrapped in their blankets, sat blinking in the sun, buried in old memories, or with infinite patience scraped away at the fashioning of *manuka* paddle or canoe-bailer; here visitors were met, whether in cases of friendly visitation, *muru* raiding-party, or in the melancholy event of the *tangi*. On one side stood the great carved-fronted *whare-runanga,* or meeting house—Te Rongo-kahu.

The *whare-runanga,* which was the town-hall of the tribe, was under the especial care of some old man, a bachelor petty chief usually, who lived there, rent-free as it were, in return for being responsible for its being kept in proper condition. Usually also, two or three old women would live in it—widows, or those who for some reason had no definite home of their own.

Everything within the *pa* was spotlessly clean. Every *whare* was carefully swept out daily, and the *marae* swept as often as weather permitted. Previously this latter work would have been done by slaves, but now it became an extension of the women's household duties. No dogs were allowed inside the *pa*, kennels being built for them along the lakeward or sheltered side of the stockade. The strictest sanitary laws were enforced, conveniences being arranged fully a quarter of a mile away. At about the same

distance the pig-sties were built, the tribal pigs running together, but each lot being fed at its own sty, and no food thrown out that would attract them closer.

On the north-eastern slope of Puke-Aruhe, a thick low bush of *karaka* trees swept round towards the *kahikatea* swamp at the head of the lake and topped the ridge behind the *pa*. At the back, the *pa* was protected from the prevailing westerly winds by another large clump of bush which practically covered the flat called Whare-o-tauira, this, however, being a high bush of *rimu, kahakatea, pukatea*, etc.

Here on a reserve of 200 acres cut off from the run, the tribe lived their lives in a fashion little different from that obtaining for hundreds of years past. On the further 100-acre reserve of "Mairua," on what is now Park and Best's run, most of their cropping was done, *kumaras* and potatoes being put in with due propitiatory rite and incantation from the *tohunga*. Mighty indeed might be the pakeha's God, but the old *Atua* of the Maori must not be slighted if a good crop was to be obtained.

Crops were put in on a tribal basis; each man had his own plot, but all helped with the work of planting and taking in the yield. The procuring of food was their occupation in life—not a strenuous one in that favoured locality—for their other wants were simple. The little *raupo whares* obviated the house-work which is the bane of the modern house-wife, and where clothing was reduced to the *rapaki* or loin mat, and a shawl, the provision of dress was not a weighty consideration. *"Ko a ki te puku"*[1] was more than a mere expression of contentment; saying it they thanked God, and asked for little more.

It was outside their cropping activities, however, that the old time customs of the tribe were principally demonstrated; in the catching of eels, snaring of pigeons and *kakas*, and securing of the yearly draught of *inangas*, the other less important, but equally interesting *tawhara*-gathering expeditions, etc. Here was the old life still followed in the time-honoured fashion, and looking back even now, one can only marvel at the ingenuity they displayed in the business of securing food. Considering the means at their disposal, one wonders how their contrivances could have been bettered.

1. My belly is full.

Chapter VI.

MAORI BIRD-SNARING.

The dress affected by the members of the Muaupoko tribe at the time of which I write, and indeed by all the Coast Maoris, save perhaps on special occasions, or when they visited a township, was the *rapaki*, which was worn by men and women alike. With this, men usually wore a shirt, and in wet weather a thatch-like cloak of partly dressed flax, called a "*koka*." The women wore a shawl as covering for the upper part of the body, instead of the shirt affected by the men.

These *rapakis* were made of a coarsely dressed flax, the finely woven mats of silky fibre seen in museums being the ceremonial garments only. A large part of the women's time was taken up by the dressing of flax and the manufacture of these mats, which under the conditions of life as they existed in a Maori *pa* were peculiarly suitable. There was nothing to prevent the wearer getting wet, but equally there was nothing to prevent him throwing off the garment as soon as he entered his *whare*. It was when the Maori gave up his old style of clothing and adopted *pakeha* garments which could not be readily removed when wet (a fact which tempted him to dry himself in front of the fire instead of changing his clothes), combined with his removal from the dry hill *pas* to the warmer, but damper, valleys and creek-bottoms, that he became a prey to consumption and a host of kindred ills.

The *rapaki* also, like the Scotch kilt, was an admirable garment for a people who, before the advent of the white man's horse, did all their travelling on foot, a form of locomotion which without doubt helped to develop the splendid physique of the old-time native. The flabby, fleshy Maori of to-day did not exist amongst the people I speak of, even an idle Maori was a rarity. In the days of warfare, the continual martial exercises kept the men of the tribe always fit for battle, and even when I knew them, these exercises had not been forgotten. The *haka* was a prominent and serious part of all ceremonies, and its rehearsal, under the direction of the old men, was a combined amusement and exercise which was of almost nightly occurrence.

The old men, who looked back regretfully to the days when hand to hand weapons were the only ones known, still instructed

the youths of the *pa* in the use of *taiaha* and *patupatu*. Cut and parry, thrust, feint and guard, were taught and practised on the *marae*. Lying about in different places were lengths of the long *korari,* the flax-stick, and an old tattooed warrior drowsing in the sun would suddenly seize one and charge without warning on some unsuspecting youth. Then woe betide the young fellow if he did not swiftly grab up a *rakau* in return, and woe also if his lesson of defence were not well learnt. Ignominiously he must flee before the mocking ancient, with the jibes of the tribe ringing in his ears.

But high the commendation for the wary one, who, seizing a stick, dropped into a posture of defence, and with skilled hand, returned blow for blow and thrust for thrust. Around the *marae* the old warriors would smile their approval, and urge him on with yells of encouragement.

"Ha, a *"toa,"* this young fellow! Warily, warily, watch the tongue of the *taiaha!* Like a false friend it is, stabbing when 'tis least expected. Ai-e-e! a goodly stroke! What a warrior he would have made in the days gone by. Ah, the good hand-to-hand fighting before the *rakau-pakeha* came to make all men equal!"

The birdsnaring, where a man climbed an eighty foot *rata* daily and waited patiently on a small platform throughout the long day, was not a sport for a flabby man. Pig-hunting on the run, and in the bush—the continual if not exacting labour of food-getting, kept them hard and fit, whilst the women found sufficient to do in keeping the cultivation clear of weeds, weaving flax, and looking after their *whares* to keep them fit also.

Simple living under natural conditions resulted in extreme longevity, and a surprising standard of physical ability up to a great age. Ihaka, when he was over 60, could run all day. He was absolutely tireless, and could outlast most of the young fellows on the Coast. Noah, at the time of his death at the age of 115, was only half gray, and had not lost any of his hair or teeth. He was a stoutly-built man, short in comparison with the average Maori of the time, being only about 5ft. 7in. or so in height, and when ninety years of age, his usual method of progression was a rapid walk, breaking into a run for a few steps and then back into a walk again, and so on for mile after mile, getting over the ground nearly as fast as a horseman, travelling at an ordinary pace, would do.

Of all the various branches of the Maori's food-getting (it is questionable if the Maori ever indulged in sport as the term is understood by the pakeha) the snaring of the pigeons[1] and kakas,

1. Incidentally a curious thing about the pigeon was that it never slept in the bush in which it fed, but towards evening would gather in flocks, flying up stream in thousands, probably to some defined sleeping- ground. Whether the Maoris knew of these camping places I do not know, but it is certain that their fear of the *Kikokiko* would have kept them from taking any advantage of the knowledge if they did possess it.

which in the autumn and winter were to be found in the bush in thousands, was probably the one that would appear most difficult to the ordinary gun-carrying *pakeha.*

The bush-pigeon, or *kuku,* is remarkable for its stupidity, so much so that amongst the Maoris the fact has passed into a proverb, but at the same time the task of capturing them by hand would appear a difficult one. In districts where the thirst provoking *miro* berry is the principal food, a water-trough set on a tree-top with nooses overhanging the water was used, but here in the low country the *miro* was hardly ever found, and another system was adopted, based on a knowledge of the *kuku's* habits.

A pigeon, either when disturbed, or merely desiring a change of feeding ground, will circle round and settle on a prominent tree, perching on any branch which stands out conspicuously. This was the fact which determined the Maori's method of securing them. First a conspicuous tree, usually a rata with a closely leafed rounded top, was chosen, and a platform erected amongst the topmost branches, so as to be immediately beneath the outer fringe of leaves, which if necessary, was made denser by the addition of small branches, so that the fowler beneath would not be visible from the air.

The snare used, called a *"tekateka"* was constructed as follows: Into an upright stick would be fitted a horizontal bar about 18 inches in length so as to form a perch. In the upright, about two inches above the perch, a hole was bored, and through this a strong cord was run, a wide loop on the end lying open across the perch. The other end of the cord hung down through the leafage to the fowler's hand. The upright was placed in a socket cut in a branch, the perch standing a few inches above the smooth top of the tree—just the thing a circling pigeon was looking for. It settled on the perch, a sharp jerk of the cord imprisoned both legs, the fact that the hole through which the cord ran was some little height above the perch insuring that the cord would rise when jerked, and the fowler removed the snare and secured his catch.

Usually two or three *tekateka* would be operated by one man, and when the pigeons were thick I have seen a man catch them as fast as he could clear the snares. Kakas were also caught by this means, a tame kaka being used as a decoy. A tame pigeon was often used also to attract pigeons to a tree.

I once saw a man spearing pigeons with a 30ft. spear with a stingaree barb on the end. It was the only one I have ever seen used, and he told me it belonged to his grandfather.

There were snares of different sorts for catching every variety of bird and wild fowl. Shags (*kawau*) were caught in an arrangement of two posts set in the water with a cross bar placed some

distance from the top. Across the top of the uprights a cord was stretched with nooses depending from it at such a distance that the shag alighting on the bar would poke his head through a noose. This snare was called a *"paaeke."* Ducks and teal were caught in a *"mahanga."* A canoe would be pushed through the raupo or rushes growing in the shallow water, leaving a track of open water between the packed growth. Across this track a cord was tied with nooses hanging down to where a swimming duck would run its head into them. *Tuis* were called with a smooth leaf, and when they came close a long slender rod with a noose on the end would be pushed up through the bush on which the bird was feeding, securing them in that way. This was called a *"tari,"* the meaning of which is merely "a snare," and was generally used when the bird was sucking the honey from the *konini* or *kowhai* flowers.

[*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

Maori Eel Basket (hinaki), Hokio Stream.

Chapter VII.

THE EEL.

No one writing of the food supply of the Maori can afford to overlook the important part played by the *tuna,* or eel, in his dietary. The existence of a swamp or lake which provided a constant source of supply of what to him was one of his chief delicacies, constituted in a large measure his standard of the desirability of a locality. It was without doubt this fact which in a large measure determined Te Whatanui's selection of Whare-puhanga, sometimes also called Te Rau-matangi, as his place of abode.

In fixing the boundaries of the Muaupoko territory from Tena-mairangi to Tauataruru, he was careful to exclude the whole of the Hokio stream from their jurisdiction, thus assuring to himself the absolute control of the eels of the lake. To understand this fact fully a knowledge of the habits of the eel is necessary.

That the eel goes to sea to spawn has recently been hailed as a scientific discovery by European scientists, but this was a fact which was known to the Maoris hundreds of years ago, and on this knowledge was based his method, on this Coast at least, of catching them, which was not by hook or "bob"[1] but by means of the *hinaki,* or eel-basket, set at weirs constructed on the streams. The eel would appear, from my observation, to go to sea to spawn at an age of four or five years after reaching its feeding-ground from the sea where it is born, running to the salt water in great shoals at seasons according to its species. From this migration it never returns, and it was on these runs that the eels were caught, not in dozens, but in thousands, by the Maoris, in their skilfully constructed *"pa-tunas."*

In Horowhenua, Papaitonga,[2] and most of the local lakes, there are two broad divisions of the eel family. Firstly there is the dark brown, copper-bellied species. Apparently there are two varieties in this division, the longer of which is known as the *"puhi,"* and the shorter as the *"hau."* This species, which in the case of the *hau* is about 18 inches in length at the time of the run to sea, the *puhi* being a few inches longer, is never caught on the hook, the only means of taking them being by means of the *hinaki* during

1. The Maori name is tui toke or herehere tuna.
2. Now known as Buller Lake.

the annual run to sea, or by spearing. It is not even possible to catch them in a baited *hinaki* set in lake or pool. The species differ slightly in different lakes, a point which it will be of interest to note, so that a Maori by looking at one can tell at a glance whether it has been caught in Horowhenua, Papaitonga, Pakauhokio, or other lake along the Coast.

The second species is divided into three branches, the main one of which is the "*papaka*," this being the ordinary silver-bellied eel caught on the hook. The next branch, which was not eaten by the Maoris, is a peculiarly large-headed, yellow-bellied eel called *rehi rehi*, which the Maoris claim to be one that, under ordinary circumstances, attains the huge size sometimes found in our lakes and rivers. Under unusual circumstances the first species—the *puhi* and *hau*—also grow to a great size, but of that more anon. The third branch of the species is the "*ringo*."

Professor Schmidt, the Danish scientist who is devoting some time to the study of the habits of the European and American eel, has discovered that those species are bred all together at a certain spot in the Atlantic, thereafter separating, and the different varieties, urged by some inherent directing-power, finding their way back across the ocean and to the very locality from which their parents started. That the New Zealand eel does the same thing is conclusively proved by the fact that the different variants of the *puhi* and *hau* species are never found mixed in the local lakes. For instance, in the Pakauhokio Lake this species is broader and shorter for their weight than in the Horowhenua Lake, and this is especially remarkable from the fact that to reach Pakauhokio the young eels have to come up the Hokio stream, pass through the Horowhenua Lake, follow the stream up through the Poroutawhao swamp, in all of which places the Horowhenua variety is found, and then—most remarkable of all—cross a grassed ridge 50 yards wide and forty or fifty feet high, before reaching their home.

In the Wairarawa and Buller Lakes the eels of the *puhi* and *hau* variety are slightly longer and slimmer than elsewhere, and are distinguished by a peculiarly high crown to the head, Wairarawa being also peculiar in the fact that it, of all the lakes on the Coast, is inhabited by this species only, whereas in the others, all the different varieties are found together.

The habits of the eel are so interesting that a brief digression at this point may be excused. The two divisions of the local eel-world make their runs to sea at different times of the year, the *puhi* and *hau* leading off in the autumn, starting at the beginning of February and continuing through March, a remarkable thing being that the migration is always headed by two or more unusually large eels called by the Muaupoko "*ruahine*,"[1] or " old woman,"

1. A ruahine was a woman who had passed the age of child-bearing. This would indicate a recognition by the Maori that this eel had passed the natural breeding age.

and by the Ngati-Raukawa "*Tahi-maro.*" A number of such eels also bring up the rear of a migration. The other species of eel commences its migration in August, continuing until early September.

Eels commence to travel at about 6 p.m., or as soon as dusk begins to gather, and run for two or three hours. Wherever they may happen to be at the end of the running period, there they remain until next evening, and during the season they may be found lurking by day, in dozens, under banks and in the weeds at the bottom of the creeks. On moonlight nights they do not run unless there should happen to be rain and the moon is obscured.

Although these dates are arbitrary under ordinary circumstances, if for any reason the eels are prevented from running at the correct times, they will begin to travel upon the first opportunity which presents itself. Mention has been made of the Pakauhokio lake which is cut off from the Poroutawhao swamp by a low ridge. In the distant past, so far back that no Maori I have spoken to could give any idea of when it was done, a drain 6ft. wide at the bottom and gradually widening towards the top, according to the requirements of the sandy soil, has been cut through the ridge to connect the lake with the swamp. This drain was invariably kept blocked by the Maoris with boards and earth, so that there was no escape for the eels within. There is no creek leading into the lake, which is probably fed by springs, and any over-plus of water escapes by seepage. It is only for about a week in December, nine months after the proper migration period, that the block was removed, and *hinakis* set in the drain, but as soon as the eels felt the pull of the escaping waters, they flocked to the opening in hundreds, and were duly caught. An interesting fact is that, despite the long stretch of suitable feeding ground through which the young eels had to travel to reach Pakauhokio, an eel of the peculiar variety found there was never caught in the Hokio, nor was one of the Horowhenua variety ever caught in Pakauhokio.

Curiously enough, although eels would appear to go to sea as soon as maturity is reached, and, having bred, never return, apparently dying as soon as this final act of their life-history has been accomplished, the evidence against this being necessarily the limit of age to which they may attain, is conclusive.[1] A remarkable illustration of this fact is offered by the case of Lake Rakau-

1. There are, on the old Horowhenua Run, several small lakes with no outlet whatever other than evaporation or soakage. These lakes, up to 35 years ago, the Maoris regularly stocked with eels, using only the common variety, which would take the bait, for the purpose. In connection with their liberation in their new home a peculiar ceremony was gone through. A piece of fern along the bank of the lake would be burnt, and in the light fluffy ashes the eels were rolled, the Maoris claiming that this cleaned them, and by splitting the skin, permitted them to grow to a larger size. These eels were caught in the ordinary *hinaki* in the lake, so that they already must have been more than half grown. They were never fished for until six years had elapsed, when the Maoris would carefully count the ones they took out, and always got the tally pretty nearly correct.

hamama, which lies about a mile to the south of the Hokio stream, and which, within my memory, was connected with the sea by a creek. Owing to the sand-drift, this creek, together with part of the lake, has been filled up, the final blocking taking place at least 35 years ago.

Now, although eels have been known to cross dry land, they are absolutely helpless in sand, yet there are still eels in the lake, and of enormous size. They are of the *puhi* and *hau* variety, which explains the fact that they have not been caught, this variety, as has been explained, not taking the bait; and, whereas before the blocking of the creek they were of the same size as those caught in the other lakes, they now occasionally are speared up to twenty pounds in weight, which would seem to prove that age is not responsible for the death of the eel so much as the fact that, having completed its life-work by breeding, Nature has no further use for it.

At the time of Te Rauparaha's conquest of the Horowhenua there had been eight eel-*pas* on the Hokio creek. Te Whatanui promptly escheated these to his own use when he settled at the lake, but at the time I first knew the locality, the Muaupokos, by gift and purchase, had got back three, whilst another two had fallen into disrepair.

The construction of these eel-weirs is so generally known that there is no necessity to describe them.

The first *pa-tuna* from the lake was that of Rau-matangi, constructed where the creek opens out of the lake through three channels which unite into one a chain or so lower down. The *pa* is constructed on the middle channel and probably because there are two other channels for eels to pass by, is built right across this branch of the creek, the usual procedure being to build only half-way across so as to enable the *pa-tunas* lower down to obtain their fair share.

The name Rau-matangi is worthy of explanation. A *rau-matangi* was, properly, the name given to a special variety of *pa-tuna*, built, not on a stream, but usually on a stretch of shallow water such as, on many parts of the Horowhenua run, connects one lake with another. As the water was not flowing in such places, it was evident that the eels could move freely in either direction. Across this stretch of connecting water was built the *rau-matangi* which was really a deeply indented zig-zag fence with openings for *hinakis* at the apex of each angle, which necessarily faced in oposite directions. The result was that eels coming from either side found their way down into the angle opening from their side and so into the *hinaki*.

The *pa* at the source of the Hokio stream was not of this description, but the name of Rau-matangi was probably given in recognition of the three channels where it was built. There used

[*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

Maori Eel-weir on the Hokio Stream.

to be a proper *rau-matangi* on Lake Rakauhamana, and another on the Horowhenua lake some distance above the intake of the Hokio, this latter belonging to an old Wairarapa Maori named Ngatuere, who lived on the lakeside. Incidentally it may be mentioned that whilst the possession of a *pa-tuna* constituted one of the best claims to the land in the vicinity, so that the right to build one was jealously guarded, any one was at liberty to construct a *rau-matangi*.

The next *pa* on the Hokio creek was called Pukahau, and was owned by the Muaupokos, having been bought back from Te Whatanui by Hanataha, for the sum of £10. At the lower crossing by Winiata's house was another *pa*, called Tutiri, meaning "to kneel." Tradition has it that the name was that of a man who had been killed in a fight which started in connection with the building of the *pa*. Tutiri was disused when I first knew it, being *tapu*, probably in consequence of this death. Also there was said to be a lizard which watched over it, and prevented eels from being caught there. After Major Kemp succeeded in regaining this land for the Muaupokos, my father got permission from that tribe to rebuild the *pa*, we having by this time moved inland. In deference to the Maori reverence for *tapu*, he built it about a chain above the old structure. Evidently this implied homage was satisfactory to the guardian lizard, for we never had any difficulty in catching eels.

Below this again was another *pa* called "Taua," where an old semi-pensioner of my father's, the Ngapuhi chieftain Te Wiiti, lived, and lower down again, opposite Neville Nicholson's present house, was still another. Just opposite to the present Hokio township were the two remaining *pa-tunas* which belonged to the Muaupokos, these being called "Ringa-whatu" (broken arm) and "Tarere-mango," the latter belonging to an old fellow named Wairama. The two disused *pas* which had belonged to the original Muaupokos, and traces of which still remained, were Tau-a-nui and Pokaka.

I recollect later on, when Kawana Hunia desired to fence off the Ngati-Pariri portion of the Horowhenua Block, a course which was opposed by the remainder of the Muaupoko tribe, an argument arising between two men of the opposing factions. Kawana Hunia with an escort of his own men, was at the time carting, per bullock dray, some hundreds of posts on to the run, when the opponents of the scheme met him on the track half way to the Hokio. While the two factions vociferously contended for and against and sticks were freely used—mostly on the bullocks—these two old men drew apart.

"Let us trace our genealogies back," said the Hunia partisan Puki, "and see if I have not a right to Pakaka."

Honi Puihi returned the crushing retort:

"Even then your claim will never be equal to that of your elder brother!" meaning that as a descendant of an elder branch of the family, his own claim came first.

The eels caught in the annual run to sea were frequently kept for a long time in huge *hinakis* in the creek or lake, these being known by the Ngati-Raukawas as *"Whaka-tikotiko"* and by the Muaupokos as *"Poha."* The practice, whether approved of by the eels, or otherwise, insured the Maoris a stock of fresh eels for an extended period.

To rob one of these *"poha,"* or indeed to take eels from another man's hinaki under any circumstances, was one of the most heinous crimes in the Maori calendar. In the Rai te Karaka *pa*, there was still living in the 70's an old Muaupoko named Wirihana Tarewa, or "Wilson Hang," who had been guilty of robbing Te Whatanui's *hinaki* at the *pa-tuna* of Te Rau-matangi. Te Whatanui discovered who the offender was and was furiously angry. He demanded that the Muaupokos hand over the guilty man immediately, that he might be hanged. Eventually the Muaupokos bought off Wirihana with a sum of money, but the name "Tarewa" stuck to him.

In cooking eels, which was done either by thrusting a stout fern stalk through them from end to end, and standing them up before a fire, or by steaming them, wrapped in leaves of the *raurekau,* in a Maori oven, or *"umu,"* the Maoris were careful not to either clean or cook them anywhere close to where they were caught, such a procedure being a certain means of preventing further catches in that *pa-tuna.* For the same reason, fish caught from the sea were never cleaned on the shore but taken some distance inland for the purpose.

Chapter VIII.

FISH LORE—THE INANGA.

Whilst catching eels was the primary reason of the *pa-tuna's* being, there was a further use to which they were put, which is probably more interesting as being less known. This was the catching of the great shoals of *inangas,* which, in the autumn, ran to sea to spawn.

Like John Ridd's loach, the identity of the *inanga* may be a puzzle to the ordinary *pakeha,* but to the Maori there was no question on this point. He was the parent of the *ngaore,* or whitebait, and it was for the purpose of developing into the *inanga* that the *ngaore* came up the Hokio stream in the spring time in thousands, to feed fat in the sedgy bottom of Lake Horowhenua during the summer months. The local Maoris are still convinced of this fact, which indeed I see no reason to doubt. In the old days they would not catch the whitebait coming up the Hokio, preferring to wait and take them when, full-grown, they ran to sea to spawn. A few netfulls might be scooped up for a chief's delectation, but no more. No Maori would be foolish enough to destroy the source of his food supply, and the generally accepted reason for the greatly reduced numbers of the *inanga* at the present day, is the fact that the young are caught in such quantities as they go up stream.

The *inanga* is a beautiful little silvery fish about four inches in length, and in shape is very similar to a herring. They have been variously stated to be the young of the *kahawai* and of the herring, but as I have seen them full of roe as they were caught on the Hokio, I can vouch for the fact that they are full-grown at four inches in length.

The argument in favour of their being the full-grown white-bait seems to be fairly conclusive. The Maori was not prepared to argue on the subject—he knew—but for the *pakeha* there is the fact that the white-bait is not a full-grown fish when it runs up the rivers in spring. No one has ever found a whitebait carrying roe, and as they must breed, it is evident that they develop into something. The similarity between the *inanga* and the white-bait is just what would be expected between developed fish and the young of the species. Whilst the whitebait is a round pencil-like,

transparent fish, with gold-rimmed eyes, the *inanga* has with age, developed from transparency to silver, and had added girth and length with the passing months. The characteristic gold-rimmed eyes still remain, however, and much of the shape, whilst the fact that the whitebait is always caught running upstream, and the *inanga* running down, is further evidence, if any is wanted. No one has ever seen the *inanga* running upstream in shoals; no one has ever seen the whitebait running down, therefore what more reasonable than that the one develops into the other?

It was in connection with the running to sea of the *inanga,* which took place in February or March, that the Maoris had full scope for the remarkable fish-lore which they possessed. Certain amongst them, old men, could tell to a day when this annual run would commence, and this despite the fact that there would be, at times, as much as a couple of weeks difference in the date for one year as compared with another. Questioned on the subject, they would talk vaguely about a study of the stars, the season experienced, and the phase of the moon, but would say nothing definite. My mother, who was particularly interested in the matter, kept dates of the annual runs, extending over many years, with notes as to the phase of the moon, state of the season, etc., but found that all her reasoning did not enable her to even approximately arrive at the correct date. Her most elaborate conclusion would be upset by seeing the Maoris arrive for the catching, a week later, or a week earlier, than she had reckoned, and always right to an hour.

The fact was the more remarkable in that the limited time occupied in the "run," put guess-work out of the question. Three days it occupied—never more. Early one morning a few *inangas* would be noticed in the Hokio. These were the advance guard—the *"mataaika"* or "leaders of the fish." For a couple of hours that morning these would run at intervals, a few at a time. In the evening a few more, and then throughout the night the creek would be empty. But early next morning they would come down, a shimmering shoal. . . . The third day brought a few stragglers and the run was over.

I recollect one morning in the early 70's when I was a lad, arriving at Kouturoa while looking for some strayed cattle. An old fellow named Mauunu, said to be over 100 at the time, was sitting huddled under a blanket in the sun outside his *whare,* his wrinkled and shrivelled knees up under his chin. Over them, piercing black eyes looked out from an incredibly old and wrinkled tattooed face. We exchanged the customary greetings.

"Did you see any *inangas* in the Hokio this morning?" he asked suddenly.

Instantly I remembered that that morning when I went down to the creek for some water I had noticed a few, but had thought no more about it. I told him so.

The old man smiled.

"Those will be the *mataaika*," he said, "the big lot will be to-morrow. It would be well to tell the Maoris that they are running—they are out at the Hokio fishing . . . . but never mind, they will know. Rawiri (another old man) will know anyhow."

Sure enough, that evening the Maoris arrived from the beach, where they explained that they had been delayed by an exceptionally large catch of fish. "But never mind," they said, "it is only the *mataaika!*"

Preparations were quickly made and next morning at daybreak everything was in readiness. At the different *pa-tuuas*, Te Raumatangi, Pukahau, etc., the separate parties gathered according to whether they claimed descent from this *hapu* or that. The closely woven *hinakis* were set; on the ground close to the weirs the green flax "*whariki*" (a large variety of mat) were spread to receive the fish spilled from the *hinakis*. In the keen air of early morning all was excitement, but subdued excitement.

It was about 6 a.m. and the sun had just risen, when from above Te Rau-matangi came the cry "They are coming!" From *pa* to *pa* down stream the word was called, and then at the first *pa* the shoal appeared. Not in hundreds or even thousands—there must have been millions of them. From bank to bank they came down, a mass of shimmering silver. The creek was full of them, and down through the *pa-tuna* they crushed and filled the *hinaki* to overflowing. Then the wisdom of blocking only half the creek might be seen; despite the thousands which crowded into the *pa-tuna*, a solid mass of fish moved down the open half of the creek to the benefit of the *pas* below.

But the work is getting hot. The "run" is now in full flood. One *hinaki* is removed—a solid mass of fish—and while it is being emptied on to the *whariki* another one is fastened in place. Up and down the creek the wildest excitement prevails.

"Quick with that *hinaki*. Oh the clumsy fingers. See the fish escape."

Something goes wrong: the *hinaki* cannot be fastened quickly enough, and young men and women spring into the cold water scooping back with their hands the crowding fish. There is laughter and shouts and gasps as the shock of the cold water gets them, but there is little to wet beyond their skins. Men and maidens alike are in the *rapaki*, and the girls fling off the sodden shawl as they warm to the work, leaving themselves bare to the waist. Shout answers shout from *pa* to *pa*.

"A splendid catch. Five times already has the *hinaki* been emptied. And still they come. Ai-e-e! E ka nui te inanga!"

Suddenly comes a stentorian shout from the shore, and a blanketed chief who has been calmly smoking his pipe amidst all the excitement, strides to the water's edge. A saucy-eyed girl, looking like a brown mermaiden as she stands with the water about the top of her *rapaki,* who has allowed the excitement of the sport to overcome her sense of what is *tika* (correct), has moved upstream to the intake of the *pa-tuna,* and is turning the running *inangas* out of the open stream into the weir.

"Thief!" the Chief thunders at her. "Would you steal that which rightly belongs to those below? Out of the way girl, and let the fish run as they will."

For a moment she stands like a startled naiad with glistening wet brown skin and streaming hair, and then shame-faced, clambers out to the bank.

"Half way across the stream may the *pa-tuna* extend, and right or left the fish must go as they will—for that is the law as handed down through the generations. But these young people have no sense of what is correct. They are half *pakeha,* with no respect for the old beliefs. Shameless ones! It was not so in the days of their fathers." And with a brooding, smouldering eye, which can still command respect, albeit a weakened respect, the old chieftain retires, muttering, to his interrupted pipe.

For two hours the run continues, until the *wharikis* are piled high with the shimmering mass, and the little naked children run round shouting with joy as they seize the spreading fish that flap off the mats, and throw them back to safe keeping. The strength of the run diminishes, and already women are beginning to thread the fish on strings of flax run through the gills. In this way they will be strung in thousands and partly dried in the sun and partly smoked for winter use.

The *inangas* would come again at two o'clock, to run as thick as ever for an hour and then stop suddenly, and again next day the stragglers would follow at the same hours in small groups as one sees whitebait coming up-stream to-day.

For a day or two the Maoris would linger, feasting on the *inangas,* little balls of fat and roe—and very excellent they were, too, cooked in a frying-pan with butter—and then the *inanga* season was over for another year, save that dried, they provided an occasional winter meal, or that a child cooking a potato to stay the pangs of youthful appetite between the two meals of the Maori day, would beg for a few to roast in the coals for a relish to his *rewae.*

Besides the *inanga* there was another run at about the same time, but quite distinct, of a fish called the *tiki-himi,* which was about the size of the largest whitebait. This was, however, a comparatively small affair, and the *tiki-himi* was looked upon as the exclusive property of the Chiefs, to whom they were presented on being caught. The run was foretold in exactly the same way as that of the *inanga.* Both these fish run to-day, but in greatly reduced numbers; but I am afraid that the old lore has died out with the old-time Maori.

Chapter IX.

DIETARY OF THE MAORI.

Orderly and duly, life proceeded in the *pas*. The Maori of that time used to take only two meals per day, the first about 9 a.m. and the second at 4 p.m. The children, however, were fed more frequently, the young ones receiving a meal at midday, whilst the older ones would roast potatoes, and perhaps a few *inangas* in the coals—many a time as a child visiting the *pa* I have joined them—or bake corn on the embers, with great joy at the "popping" thereof. Pork and potatoes, eels, fish from the sea, occasionally beef or mutton, and *mango-maroke* (dried shark) made up an ample diet, whilst for a relish there were pigeons and other bush birds, either fresh or preserved in their own fat, *pipis* (either the salt-water variety, or from the lake) and such peculiarly Maori dishes as *kaanga-pirau* and *kotero*.

In passing it may be mentioned that *pipis* were preserved for winter use by being strung on threads of flax, and dried in the sun. This work was done by the women while the men were fishing, and the huge mounds of *pipi* shells found along the coast in places were formed as the result of this, and not, as has sometimes been said, being merely the refuse from an adjacent *pa*.

Kaanga-pirau—literally "rotten corn"—was, and is, made by steeping maize in stagnant water until it ferments. It has by this time become mushy, and is made into a kind of porridge. Possibly the taste is all right—I have never tried it—but the smell is more than *pirau*, it is *"kanui te pirau"* (very rotten). The Maori has, however, as much relish for it as has some European epicure for his cheese no less highly-flavoured, but there is no doubt about its potency. The smell of *kaanga-pirau* lingers for days around the person who has eaten it, and a diet of it brings boils out all over the indiscreet gourmand. As a piquant addition to an unexciting menu, it is no doubt all right, but as a diet it is risky.

Kotero was another rather highly spiced dish which found considerable favour amongst those of cultivated palate. Potatoes were soaked in water, stakes being driven into the bottom of the lake—there were a number at each *pa* on Lake Horowhenua—so as to form a small circular inclosure, and in these the potatoes would be left until they turned black in colour, and the skin would

rub off readily. They were then peeled, mashed, and a cake made which was baked in the ashes. These, after being cooked, would often be kept for a considerable period, and were in great favour for journeys.

Cooking was never done in the living *whare,* each house having a detached *whare-umu,* or cook-house, a very sensible arrangement when the inflamable nature of the *whares* is considered. In this *whare-umu* a supply of firewood would be laid up in the autumn for winter use. There were several patches of bush, since destroyed, on the slopes and flats on the western side of Lake Horowhenua, but these the Muaupokos never touched, fetching all their wood by canoe from the Weraroa clearing across the lake. Any of the dry supply of wood left over at the end of the wet season was kept intact until next winter.

Each one of the foods mentioned in this and the preceding chapters had a definite and serious part in the Maori's dietary. On a different plane was the *tawhara,* which, to perpetrate an Irish bull, might be said to be almost the sole fruit known to the Maori. The *tawhara* is not a fruit, however, but rather the flower of the *kiekie,* that tough fibrous plant with long pointed flax-like leaves which is to be found through the bush in many parts, and on the edges of the timber climbing twenty to thirty feet up the trunks of the trees, wreathing the gray boles in a rich green mantle. From October to the middle of December, according to the season, the flowers begin to ripen. From the centre of each bunch of leaves a green flower-shaped growth pushes out, and gradually, with the increasing strength of the sun, swells and becomes fleshy. Then at the base it begins to turn white; this slowly spreads up the petal, if it may be so-called, which by this time is about three inches long by two across and a quarter of an inch thick, until the whole flower is white and soft. A well developed *tawhara* is some four inches across, and has four to five petals, growing round a central stalk.

The flavour of the *tawhara* is rathed peculiar, and to the uncultivated palate slightly insipid. In a well ripened specimen it is something like a soft-flavoured apple, with a suggestion of pear-flavouring, and decidedly pleasant. Because of the absence of tartness many *pakehas* do not care for it, but in the estimation of the Maori it has no peer. A liking for the *tawhara* is to a certain extent a cultivated taste, but once acquired, it has a charm of its own and one ceases from comparisons.

There was another variety of *kiekie* called Te Ori. This produced two distinct types of flowers, one called Kehu or "yellow," which had a pollen-covered stalk, and the other Te Ori. The *Te Ori,* by the way, does not ripen in the same way as does the *Kehu.* The leaves are smaller, and do not swell to such an

extent; they become slightly white, but lack flavour, and gradually wither. The black central stalk, however, continues to increase in size, until from the thickness of a pencil by about three inches in length, it has by the time the frost gets on to it, increased to two inches in thickness, and is marked on the outside in sections like a pineapple. This was the part that was eaten, the stalk, beneath the hard outer shell, being filled with a soft jelly containing a number of small seeds, slightly tart and very pleasant to the taste. The ordinary *tawhara* had a stalk covered with a white flour-like pollen, and produced no seeds whatever.

As has been mentioned earlier, several patches of bush grew on the flats across the lake, between Raia te Karaka and the sea. Beautiful little clumps they were, each distinctly marked, and in the wide valley growing green and straight between the grassed hills which sheltered them. Across the western slope of the Puke-aruhe ridge on which Raia te Karaka was built, the bush swept down to the flat named Hiha, lying immediately beneath, this bush being called Whatawhatakaaha. Across the ridge this was mostly composed of *karakas,* with, on Hiha, *mahoe* and trees of such small growth. West of this, across a low ridge, was another piece of bush, of perhaps ten or fifteen acres in extent, called Whare-o-tauira, on a flat of the same name, where Levin's first race-course was afterwards situated, and unlike Whatawhatakaaha, was of *kahikatea, rimu, tawa* and the larger timbers. On the northern boundary of this bush rose a small knob, perhaps 50ft. in height, clothed from base to top with the lace-bark shrub, and in the flowering season, when the lace-bark was a mass of white blossom, one of the prettiest things I have ever seen.

Further back on the flat of Whare-o-tauira, where Mr. Peter Arcus now owns a property, was a small but perfect clump of bush called Taingaehe.

The fact that these pieces of bush had survived hundreds of years of Maori occupancy of the country, seems remarkable, especially when it is remembered that the members of the Muaupoko tribe had to fetch all their firewood, per medium of canoe, from across the lake. The explanation, however, simply was that in all these patches of bush, the *kickie* grew thickly, and in the summer and autumn seasons the Muaupokos fed full on the succulent *tawhara* therein produced. They were their orchards, and they preserved them accordingly. The *tawhara* was a toothsome sweet in a land where sweets were few; these pieces of bush were a regular, even though inconsiderable, source of food supply; the Maori was not lazy, although he never hurried, and he cheerfully paddled his canoe-load of firewood a mile or more across the lake rather than destroy this source of a much-prized delicacy.

In all of these clumps of bush across the lake where the *kickie* grew high on the trees, the ripening *tawhara* was watched care-

fully. As the time drew near when it would be at its most luscious stage, a flag was hung out in a conspicuous place close to the bush, this being a warning that for the time being that bush was *tapu,* and no one might enter to pick *tawhara* until the prohibition was removed. Then when the local chief decided that the crop was at its best, word to this effect would be sent round to all the tribe, thus ensuring that all would get an even start. Old and young would gather at the bush; it was picnic time, carnival time, and they feasted and frolicked in an abandonment of enjoyment. Early in the day they gathered, and all day long laughter and shouts rang out. Then in the evening, men and women wandered homeward, in the lethargic contentment of surfeit.

There was one other sweet which the Maori had at his disposal before the advent of the *pakeha's "huka,"* which, strangely enough, is not a corruption of the word sugar, but is the Maori name for snow. The appearance of sugar no doubt suggested snow to the Maori when he first saw it, and the similarity of name was an adventitious coincidence. This second sweet was *wai-korari,* or the water of the flax-flower, which is the literal meaning of the word.

Wai-korari is a sweet syrupy fluid, which fills the large reddish-brown flowers of the flax-stalks, and was sucked out of the flower by the Maoris and also gathered in calabashes and brought home to the *pa* for more leisurely use. A curious thing about the flower of the flax is that the state of the tide can be told from them with considerable exactitude. I will not guarantee that this holds good everywhere, but on the coastal country I can vouch for the correctness of the statement from personal observation. At low tide the flower is empty, and as the tide comes in, so the *wai-korari* gradually rises in the flower, until at high tide it is full to the brim, and at spring-tide actually flows over in a steady drip. As the tide goes out, the *wai-korari* recedes until the flower is dry again, and so on twice a day while the flowers are in full bloom.

The season of the *wai-korari* was another carnival time for the Maori. A naturally sweet-loving people, they revelled in the bountiful supply where every flax-bush was a sweet-shop, and wandering homeward at night, they daubed their faces in streaks with the sticky pollen of the flower, a time-honoured method of a people, childlike in their simplicity, of announcing to all whom they might encounter, that that day they had been gathering *wai-korari.*

Home from the *tawhara* or the *wai-korari* gathering they would drift in the fall of the evening, nature's children, without a care, and on the *marae* stretch in full-fed contentment with the smoke of a hundred pipes rising like incense to a bountiful God, until the bell, rung by the local lay-reader, summoned the tribe to communal prayer.

Chapter X.

VIRTUE—PRO AND CON.

On Sunday no work of any sort was done. The Maori when he embraced Christianity, did so with a thoroughness which put his white brother to shame, and his religious observances were strict and rigorously performed. That he ever understood the inner meaning of Christianity is doubtful, but that, for the moment, is beside the point. At Raia te Karaka the natives were practically all adherents of the Church of England; at Kouturoa they were Catholics, as were most of those at Poroutawhao. Every evening in each *pa* a bell would be rung and the whole pupulation would gather for prayers before dispersing for the night.

As dusk was drawing in they would assemble on the *marae*, where some old patriarch, reverend and gray-headed, would be waiting, prayer-book or Bible in hand. With deep impressiveness he would read the prayers, and reverently the assemblage would make the responses, the scene, with the old blanketed chief standing with hands uplifted in prayer above his kneeling tribe, being patriarchal and impressive to a degree.

Sunday saw a special morning service, a priest or minister usually visiting the *pa*, and then, firm believers in the saying that cleanliness is next to godliness, the Maori began to spruce himself up for the Sabbath with as much care as my lady exercises before her mirror. The young fellows might shave, but no such effeminate method was tolerated by the older men. No, every hair was plucked out separately, and on Sunday morning they might be seen with an open *pipi* shell as tweezers, and with mouth and eyes puckered up under the stress of the operation, stoically enduring agonies for the sake of fashion. Fortunately for them they were not a hairy race.

Their faces bare, they would carefully rub them all over with pigeon-fat, the women doing the same, until they shone like polished bronze. A liberated slave, a South Islander named Motutohi, who worked for my father at the Hokio for many years, used, I remember, to rub himself all over with oil each Sunday, having first bathed, but this was not usual. Motutohi was

a big powerful man and lived by himself in a *toe-toe whare* at the back of the accommodation house, never mixing with the other Maoris nor having any intercourse with them whatever. Incidentally oil seemed to be a weakness of his, for when my mother was cooking mutton he would ask for a pannikinful of the hot fat, which, when it was cool enough, he would drink like milk.

Of all the *tapu* parts of a Maori's body the head was most deeply sacred, and this condition, which attached to his hair as being a part of his head, made hair-cutting amongst the old Maoris a solemn rite. Situated at a short distance from each *pa* was a small area, called the *tuahu*, originally the spot in which in pre-Christian days, the tohunga performed his religious exercises, where the hair of every member of the tribe was cut, this hair being afterwards carefully gathered and buried within the *tuahu*. At Raia te Karaka this area was bounded on one side by the lake, and extended up the hillside for a chain or so, being marked out with corner stones, whilst a post in the middle fixed its location beyond question.

It was an inviolable rule that the hair of any person should not be cut by one of inferior rank. Generally a relative performed the ceremony, this applying particularly to chiefs, but the rule held good amongst all ranks. A man might cut the hair of an inferior, even of a slave, but never vice versa.

A thing is valued by the difficulty of its attainment, and the Maori, his toilet complete in each separate part, and dressed in his best garments, must have felt a wholly sabbath calm and contentment descend upon him. Trimmed, their bared faces oiled until every line of the elaborate *moko*[1] showed up distinctly, the men lay around the *marae* smoking in the sun, drowsing until the bell summoned them to evening prayer, whilst even the women's customary volubility was stilled to Sabbath proportions.

But let it not be thought from this that the Maori of that time was, within the new garment of his Christianity, free from all the sins that flesh is heir to. Not for a moment. The Maori *taipo* (devil) was just as strong as the *pakeha* devil, and worked in much the same way to the upsetting of a hardly-won virtue. Promiscuous intercourse between the sexes in the unmarried portion of the community, had been largely checked by the missionaries' influence, but even yet a breach of the prohibition was not considered a very serious matter. The mentality of a people cannot be changed in a day, however a new belief may be grafted on to the old. But the marriage tie had always been held sacred; a girl might have as many lovers before marriage as her wandering fancy and physical attractions permitted, but once

1. Tattoo.

married, she must cleave unto one man, and unto him alone, or trouble was brewing in that *hapu*. But human nature is human nature, and an errant heart, fancy led, had wandered whither it listed, cannot be subdued in an hour. A side-long glance from beneath black lashes, is native to brown as well as white, and shall the passing youth who is so favoured stop to consider that she is now a *wahine*[1], and no longer free to love where she will? And then followed discovery, distress, and the *muru* raiding-party.

Although the law of *muru* would appear to have been designed as a deterrent, and used as a punishment for any class of wrong-doing, and even, by a queer subversion of justice, as a punishment for what was pure ill-luck, when I first knew the Maori, it was used only in cases of infidelity. By the *muru* raiding-party the damages in which the co-respondent should be mulcted were fixed. It was the primitive court in which the price of virtue was assessed, and was no doubt useful, in that it is only in the punishment of vice that the reward of virtue is obvious.

Pini Whare-a-kaka was an old man of the Raukawa tribe who made the marital blunder of marrying a young woman, she being a Muaupoko. Pini, as was a common practice amongst the Maoris, lived with his wife's tribe, and here at Raia te Karaka the lady so far forgot herself as to contract a liaison with a fellow Muaupoko, one Hino Puihi, who had no excuse whatever for his share in the incident, as already he had two wives of his own. However, there it was, and when the husband was apprised of what was happening he withdrew in high dudgeon from Raia te Karaka, and taking his wife with him, returned to Waikawa to assemble the raiding-party which the seriousness of the occasion demanded.

I was present at Raia te Karaka when, a couple of days later, the party arrived, it being correct that no longer time than was necessary to assemble a party commensurate with the rank of the offended person should elapse before satisfaction was sought. A force of some eighty men and women approached the *pa*, where on the *marae* the whole of the Muaupoko tribe was gathered, sitting in ranks before the carven *whare-runanga*, silent as the etiquette of the occasion demanded. A few hundred yards from the *pa* the *muru* party halted, and here the women remained for the time being, while the men, to the number of between thirty and forty, stripped to the *rapaki*, and brandishing *taiaha* and *tokotoko*, came on in battle formation, led by the husband, whose weapon quivered in his hand as he leapt menacingly forward, stamping in the preliminary movements of the *haka*.

Twenty yards from the silent ranks of the Muaupoko the *taua* drew up in two lines. Pini Whare-a-Kaka dashed to the front;

1. Married woman.

every line of his furious face asserted that he was thirsting for blood. With his quivering left hand he slapped his thigh; in his right the *taiaha* quivered in the wonderful muscular contraction of which the Maori is capable, and then with a roar, the *taua* broke into the wild rhythmic frenzy of the *haka*. They finished, the back-flung head with tongue out-thrust, the quivering bodies in that last splendid culminating pose of the *haka*, vengeance personified.

Pini rushed out before the sitting Muaupokos. His *taiaha* was held ready for action:

"Where is the man who has stolen my honour?" he yelled furiously. "Bring him forth that I may slay him—that in his blood the stain of dishonour may be wiped away. Bring him forth," he yelled. "From this *taiaha* shall he taste death." Furiously he bounded up and down before the tribe. "Blood alone can wipe out the injury that has been done. Where hides the coward who would injure me, but now fears to face me like a man, to fight it out to the death?"

But Honi Puihi understood too well what is *"tika,"* to come forward. The Muaupokos sat silent under the taunts of the infuriated husband. They were playing their parts correctly even as he was.

In the midst of the tirade one of Honi Puihi's wives came to the front, and silently laid a bundle of wearing mats on the ground between the contending parties. The husband noted this out of the corner of his eye, but did not alter the tenor of his denunciation. It was noticeable, however, that he became less insistent. The action was a formal acknowledgment that the tribe would pay *utu*—satisfaction. Gradually Pini became quieter and presently laid down his *taiaha;* behind him his supporters also laid down their weapons.

Then in the midst of the Muaupokos, old Taueki arose. In studiously conciliatory tones he deprecated the shedding of blood over such a business.

"It is regrettable," he says, "that this thing has happened—it was very wrong—but such things have always been. In the days of our fore-fathers it has been the same, and it would be foolish to have bloodshed about it. It would be better to settle the business amicably."

To this course, with many protestations of reluctance, Pini agreed, and then the members of the two tribes mingled amicably. All that day they argued about the compensation to be paid. The Waikawa party stayed the night at Raia te Karaka, and next morning returned home with two bullock drays loaded with goods and driving several cattle with them—the *"utu-hara,"* or payment

of guilt. The co-respondent kept out of the way during the whole proceedings and for a long time after was very subdued.

In another instance which I remember, affairs did not go so smoothly as in Honi Puihi's case. Here the husband was of lower rank than his supplanter, and committed the tactical error of threatening to shoot the young chief. He reckoned without the fierce old fighting pride of the young man's mother, a fine old chieftainess, who in the ordinary course of events would have had to pay for her son's indiscretion. The old lady's indignation knew no bounds: a *taurekareka* to threaten to shoot her son! then let him do it! She stood up before the raiding-party, and in unmeasured accents told the husband to do his worst. If he thought he could shoot her son, well and good. She was quite willing that the young men should fight it out, but as for her, she declined unconditionally to pay anything!

Both parties had been fishing at the Hokio when the discovery and consequent meeting occurred, and now the conference broke up in confusion, the tribes retiring to their respective *pas,* breathing threats. There was no fight, however.

Polygamy amongst the Maoris before the coming of the "*mihinari*"[1] was common, and for more than one reason. A chief usually had a plurality of wives more or less as being commensurate with his dignity. Another reason, however, was that the Maoris as a race are deficient in fecundity, a fact which is not unconnected with the rapid decrease in their numbers. Lack of fertility was always considered a warrant for putting a wife away, and the missionaries found it very hard to convince the Maori of the essential impropriety of the practice.

I recollect an amusing example of this in connection with the opening of the Catholic Church at Ohau, which had been built by the efforts and contributions of the local Maoris. Bishop, now Archbishop, Redwood had performed the dedication ceremony, and in his sermon at its conclusion, congratulated the assembled Maoris on their generosity and on the spread of Christianity amongst them which had prompted the building of such an edifice.

"There is, however," he said, "one custom still followed by you which is to be deplored, as being against the teachings of the Church, and that is the putting away of one wife and taking of another."

The congregation listened to him with the courtesy which the Maori always extended to a speaker, however much they might disagree with him, but when the sermon was finished an old Maori, curiously named Aka Pita, or St. Peter, who had been away from the district for some time and had just returned, arose in the body

1. Missionary.

of the Church. He in turn congratulated his co-religionists on their effort; but there was one point in the Bishop's speech, he said, with which he must disagree.

"My father," he said, "had one wife for three years, and turned her away; he had a second wife for two years, and put her away; then he took a third wife, and," patting himself triumphantly on the breast, "here I am, talking to you!" Even the Bishop joined in the laughter.

Polygamy proper, or plurality of wives, was, however, not common amongst the Maoris during my time. Beside Honi Puihi, whose two wives lived together in perfect amity, I knew only one or two other instances, always excepting old Kawana Hunia, of whom I shall have more to say later, who was in the habit of bringing home a new wife practically every time he visited a distant tribe. He was a remarkably fine looking man, and a splendid orator, and evidently he "had a way with him." Polygamy was indeed rather looked down upon; it was not good form, and although a change of wives might be tolerated as being in the best interests of the body politic, living with two women at the same time was no longer "*tika.*"

The Maori was, as a rule, very good to his wife, a fact which may have been either the cause, or the effect, of the remarkable equality of the sexes (a woman had as much right as a man to speak in the tribal councils) which existed among them. Naturally husband and wife quarelled at times, and on one occasion a man named Kingi Puihi, a son of the Honi Puihi mentioned earlier, called me in to endeavour to persuade his wife, who had run away, to return to him. He was exceedingly fond of his wife, a very pretty girl, dying even then, poor child, of consumption, but during a quarrel had struck her. She promptly ran away to her mother, as many another woman in similar circumstances has done before and since. Kingi Puihi followed her, and a meeting of the tribe was arranged in the *whare-runanga* at Raia te Karaka, such troubles being usually decided in this way, for although no attempt was ever made to enforce the decision of such a meeting, the interested parties generally accepted its ruling.

The meeting was held at night, and when I arrived the meeting house was one sweltering mass of humanity. The two small window-openings in the building were tightly shuttered, and the place was unbearably hot.

The wife's aunt, who as the eldest member of the family, took on herself the office of spokeswoman in precedence of the mother, who was a younger sister, refused to hear of a reconciliation. Her niece, she stated unconditionally, should not go back to a man who had struck her. Puihi explained that in reality his wife had struck him first, but the old lady was adamant. I endeavoured to throw

[*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

Carved Post on Maori Meeting House at Waikawa.

oil on the troubled waters by arguing that it was foolish to endeavour to keep the girl away from her husband—that although they had quarrelled they were probably both equally sorry, and that it was best that they should make it up and be friends.

And then arose a Waikawa Maori, who not being a member of the tribe, had really no right to a voice in the proceedings—one of those fools who rush in where angels fear to tread.

"Certainly the wife should go back to her husband," he said. "When two people are married, acording to the Scriptures they are made one. If then a man thrashes his wife he is really only thrashing part of himself."

The argument was received with amused approval by the meeting, but the aunt refused to let the girl go. A month later, however, she ran away again, this time from the aunt and back to Puihi.

Chapter XI.

THE CURSE OF INTEMPERANCE.

The great vice of the Maori (for his easy morality was not vice, but custom) was, and is, drink. Introduced by the first whalers and traders as a current article of trade, it has come at last to supply practically the only stimulation to a people thrown sadly off their balance by the destruction of their old social system. That system, with its exacting demands and responsibilities, its constant hunt for food, and its equally constant wars, which brought out all that was best, as well as all that was worst in his nature, had developed in the Maori a fierce pride and independence of character, which was as much the dread as the admiration of the early settlers.

The *"mihinari"* and the Government between them, by curbing his natural warlike proclivities, and the spreading tide of settlement, by forcing too insistently on his notice a recognition of his own shortcomings, have destroyed both the one and the other. In drink the Maori can recapture for a moment his old pride of race, and in the bar-room genealogies are traced back, old tribal glories recounted, and the old out-worn inter-tribal jealousies become sentient realities. His drunken swagger is a last pitiful attempt at self-expression, as the fumes of the *waipiro* momentarily wake the sluggish fires of his self-respect.

To blame the Maori for his present day shortcomings is to admit one's own lack of knowledge of primary psychology. Had the Maori been of the same mentality as the Negro, able to accept a position of inferiority without resentment, one could have more hope for the race—and less respect. But when a people, to whom *"mana"* meant nearly as much as does "caste" to the Brahmin, suddenly find shattered the whole structure on which their social system is built, the loss of their self-respect is inevitable. From a position of the proud possessors of the soil, warriors, turbulent, recognising little restraint save superior might, independent, yielding to even their Chiefs only a limited obedience, they were hurled in one dizzy flight from the Stone Age into that of Iron, and with their Stone Age psychology disguised, but only disguised by a quick mentality, left to grapple with the problems of a bewildering civilisation.

Old communistic habits, the ingrained instincts of a hundred generations, hold the Maori back from an absolute adaptation to the altered circumstances of his life. Mentally he can grasp, what, tradition if you will, prevents his complete acceptance of, and over all, deadening every effort, cramping every aspiration towards advancement, is the knowledge that he is not wanted. The "Rohe-Potae"[1] was denied him, and in the old life there is no promise; with the *pakeha* the bar of colour prevents his mixing on terms of more than superficial equality—less than his self-respect demands; nowhere is there a solid foothold whereon standing he may reach upward as the soul demands. Failing this, his retrogression is inevitable.

Sufficient of this for the time being. Had the Maori been less intelligent he would have been protected from himself, and the colossal blunders of which the various Governments of New Zealand have been guilty would never have been perpetrated. Unfortunately a study of psychology was not considered an essential part of Colonial administration, and the Administrators themselves were inclined to look upon the Maori more as a difficulty than as a problem.

This apologia for the almost universal intemperance of the Maori must not be taken for more than is intended by it, namely, an explanation of its inevitable continuance as an expression of a psychological state. The Maori is, and has been from its first introduction, fond of *waipiro* for its own sake. The records of the old whalers, my own observation, prove this conclusively, but I can say emphatically that it was only where the Maori became submerged by the flooding *pakeha* tide—where his *mana* was destroyed—that he degenerated into a bar-room loafer.

As I mentioned earlier, my father's accommodation house at the Hokio was licensed, and naturally almost the whole of the drink consumed by the local Maoris was supplied by him. Possibly the fact that he knew the Maori thoroughly, and never supplied, or allowed them to be supplied with more than they could comfortably carry, with perhaps a bottle to take to the *pa*, had a certain influence, but the fact remains that they did not haunt the bar, as is too common nowadays. His reasons for limiting their drink were not all altruistic. The overproof ships' rum, poured straight from the cask, which was the staple drink, awoke a very devil in them at times, and under its influence they committed acts of which in their sober moments they would have been incapable.

My father had a big Buller Lake Maori named Tuwainuku working for him in the late 60's, a fine fellow and immensely attached to my father. Tuwainuku was one of those interested in the Raukawa portion of the run, and one rent day as usual the rent had been paid to Te Whatanui, who divided it out scrupulously

1. King Country—literally "under the hat."

among the attendant tribesmen, each according to his interest in the communal lands. Tuwainuku received his portion with the others, and promptly celebrated in ships' rum. One or two drinks sufficed the others, and presently they were all outside and ready to go home—all but Tuwainuku, who had had more drink than the others, and who was becoming quarrelsome.

My father tried to persuade him to go home.

Yes, he would go home if "Hector" would give him a bottle of rum.

Against this my father objected, saying that he had had too much already and would fall off his horse before he got to the Waiwiri creek (where he lived) as it was, if he was not very careful. Eventually he agreed, however, in order to get rid of him, and filled a beer-bottle with rum. Then Tuwainuku would not go unless he got another drink, but this my father absolutely refused.

"No," he said. "You have had too much now; you can go; you will get no more," and turned to enter the kitchen.

Without a word, Tuwainuku, as he turned, lifted the bottle of rum and brought it down with full force on the back of his head. Stunned, and with the blood gushing from the cuts inflicted by the smashing bottle, my father fell into the kitchen where my mother and a number of us children were sitting, the spreading blood-stained rum pooling on the white boards until one could not tell which was rum and which was blood. Tuwainuku dashed outside and ran for his horse, but some of the other Maoris, apprised of what had happened by the screams of the women, yelled out that "Hector" was killed, and he was seized before he could mount.

Te Whatanui had not yet left; he went inside, and pressing his nose to my father's as he lay apparently dead, bade him a last farewell, and then rushing out, seized a rail from the fence and deliberately walked over to brain Tuwainuku with it. The remaining Maoris restrained the furious old chief and the offender's life was spared.

Whether he was allowed to go free that night I do not know, but next day as my father lay in bed, his head, from which large pieces of glass had been taken by the Otaki doctor, swathed in bandages, Tuwainuku arrived at the house, and weeping like a child, pleaded for forgiveness. All day he remained in the room, alternatively covering himself with reproaches and begging forgiveness, and even repeated assurances could not assuage his remorse. He never got drunk again.

But although the Maoris did not drink heavily locally, when they got out amongst the *pakeha* they contracted the habit very

readily. There were the six sons of Hari Rewiti, who had been the finest fighting man in Te Whatanui's train, each of these young men, like their father, being over six feet in height—splendid fellows, spirited, fun-loving, fine workers. They had never drunk while living at Horowhenua, but when later they shifted to Bulls the whole six drank themselves to death while still young men. I have known a young fellow to drop dead from drinking a full pint pannikin of raw rum at a Maori race-meeting, but that was an accident induced by ignorance of the potency of the drink.

And after all it may be claimed that the greater part of the old-time Maori drinking was the result of ignorance. With his magnificent physique and constitution, the result of hardy clean living, his capacity for strong drink was enormous. He recognised the stimulation, but knew nothing of its danger, and before he could learn in the hard school of experience the necessity of restraint, he had been submerged as a race, and the effort ceased to be worth while.

With the spread of drinking, the old-time honesty which had characterised the Maori disappeared, but for this, drink was only partly responsible. It used to be quite safe to lend a Maori any sum he asked for, confident that he would not ask for more than he could repay, and as soon as he received his first rent, or earned a cheque, his first concern was to pay off the debt.[1] Low *pakehas,* the only sort who sought his society, taught the Maori much of their own loose code, but drink undoubtedly did its part.

Old Magere, the Muaupoko Chieftainess, as she looked upon the foundations being dug for the Levin hotel many years after, summed up the situation not inaccurately.

"They are digging a grave for my people," she said with grim prophecy.

1. The repayment of a debt, either actual, or of hospitality, was strictly enforced by Maori etiquette, so much so that a man who was under an obligation to another which he could not repay, was, to a certain extent, disgraced. I recollect an occasion when old Noah and another Muaupoko named Hapimana, quarrelled.

"Who are you anyhow?" Hapimana cried in scorn. When Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeta were killing us, you ran away—crossed over to the South Island from Pukerua (near Paekakariki). You come back, and when we are living in peace, you make a curse (*kohokoho*) against Te Rangihaeata. When Te Rangihaeata heard of it, he was coming to kill us, and Te Whatanui ordered us to pay for your insult. I gave a greenstone *mere,* with other things. Now give me back my *mere* if you are a *rangitira.*"

On another occasion, during the original negotiations between my father and the Muaupokos for the lease of their lands, Noah laid claim to Moutere, and at a meeting of the tribe which followed, Noah looked like establishing his claim, when Te Rangi Rurupuni rose.

"Did you (your *hapu*) ever pay back the *hakari* (feast) that I (my *hapu*) gave you?" he asked, referring to a function which had taken place in the days of their mutual ancestors.

Noah appealed to Tamate Maanu, the oldest man of the tribe, as to whether the obligation had been wiped out. When he found that it had not, he sat down, relinquishing his claim.

Chapter XII.

FARMING IN THE PIONEERING DAYS.

Of the working of the run it is unnecessary to say much. It had to do only very indirectly with the Maori, of whom I desire mostly to write. True, the Maoris supplied the whole of the labour employed on the run. They made reckless riders and splendid stockmen. Perhaps in some other place I may write of the hunting down in the middle 70's of the hundreds of wild run cattle, born and bred on the run, and some of them 10 years old, which my father decided at this time to clear off the country. The work took all one long winter. We drove them out in mobs mixed with tame cattle; we ran them into carefully placed yards constructed on the track in some narrow steep-sided gully; we rode them down one by one as they became less numerous, and led them out, two men to each beast, holding ropes attached to its horns, and riding warily to dodge a sudden charge.

All this work the Maoris did and revelled in. It was labour in which even the sons of Chiefs were satisfied to take part, and their skill was to them a matter of the deepest personal pride. The shearing was done by Maoris, as it is on many a Hawke's Bay station to-day, with the women to pick up the fleeces. The race-meeting always held at the conclusion of shearing, I shall refer to in the next chapter.

As we children grew old enough to ride, the working of the run became our occupation. From the time I was ten years old I rode the boundaries of the long narrow 12,000 acre block—a whole day's saddle work from seven or eight in the morning until late afternoon. The run was unfenced; the cattle roamed back into the bush at will, but being bred on the place were seldom definitely lost, and sheep do not stray to an appreciable extent.

At the Waiwiri creek, after Kebbell's run came into the possession of Knocks, my father established in a *whare* at the only crossing on the creek, an old Waterloo veteran named Carter, whose job it was to keep the cattle, some of which had been bred on Kebbell's run, from re-crossing the stream to their old grazing ground. Carter was a fine intelligent old fellow who had been an N.C.O., and it used to be our delight as children to play with his heavy brass-hilted cavalry sword, and to listen to stories of "Boney's" wars.

Starting from home on my daily rounds, I would ride south to the Waiwiri and have a yarn with Carter.

"Any strays noticed?" Had he heard any wild dogs (the bane of our existence) on the run?

Then away north, keeping an eye open for sheep worried, or other signs of a descent of the wild dog packs; perhaps a ride up through the bush on what is now the State Farm, along "Hector's Road," a track cut by my father to the Weraroa clearing. Then north again across the Hokio, exchanging greetings with Te Whatanui, old Wiiti, and the rest, and on to Moutere, where the trig station now stands.

From Moutere the whole run could be surveyed—not the run to be seen now, sand for a mile or more inland from the beach, but grassed hills and flats inside the one long littoral dune. Now even Moutere is breaking—Moutere of a hundred traditions, which the Maoris used to say would move out to sea at times[1]—and if not stopped will irretrievably spoil the appearance of that country.

From Moutere I would continue across the run to where our land joined Davis's at Poroutawhao, the boundary running towards the sea at a point north of the Ngakawau Lake. It did not run directly to the sea, but from the lake ran north for several miles, taking in a strip of about a mile in width along the sea-coast, between Davis's run and the sea.

Like all our other boundaries this was unfenced, and was patrolled thrice a day. Early in the morning Davis's shepherd, who lived in a *whare* which is still standing beside the Wairarawa Creek on the Hon. E. Newman's Kaikai property, would ride the boundary, driving the sheep back from the line as he went. Early in the afternoon I would arrive and patrol it again. The sheep would by this time be closing in on the boundary again, but as soon as they heard the crack of a whip, or the barking of a dog, they would run, each lot back towards their own country, being well-trained from the daily driving. In the evening the shepherd would ride the boundary for the third time to prevent the sheep mixing at camping-time.

As I mentioned earlier, our great trouble was sheep-worrying, which was not all done by wild dogs. The Maoris at the different *pas* kept dozens of dogs. It was impossible to get them to keep these tied up, and sometimes they would take to worrying. Our sheep dogs were trained to hunt down and kill any Maori dogs found wandering on the run, on the principle that if not worrying then, they were potential worriers.

1. The tradition probably arose from the fact that Moutere stands up a conspicuous landmark in the wide sweep of coastline between Paraparaumu and Taranaki, which in the north forms the South Taranaki Bight. Under certain atmospheric conditions, viewed from either north or south the low lying coastal country cannot be seen, and Moutere appears to rise from the sea.

The Maori dogs were, however, merely occasional nuisances, but the wild-dogs were a constant menace. These would descend from the bush in small packs, kill during the night, and as a rule be away to the bush again before morning. Had they killed only for food, the loss would not have been severe, but dogs when worrying kill for the sheer love of slaughter. They will dash yelping into the middle of a flock of sheep, tear the throat out of one with a couple of swift slashes and on to the next. A pack of three or four dogs would sometimes kill as many as two or three hundred sheep in a night, and as they worked only at night, it was difficult to deal with them.

Hector's Road, the track leading from the Weraroa clearing to the open country, followed a narrow ridge of dry land between the swamps south of the Horowhenua Lake and north of Buller Lake, these swamps to all intents and purposes cutting off the run from the bush save at this point. At the end of Hector's Road we had a *whare,* where, whenever the dogs were troublesome, a man was stationed, whose duty it was to go out at intervals during the night and fire a gun to scare off the dogs. Many a night as a boy I have spent in that *whare* with a Maori who was too frightened of the *kikokiko,* or evil spirits of the night, to remain there by himself. Still in spite of all our vigilance we would find sheep worried.

My father used to hold that these dogs were a cross between the original Maori dog and the *pakeha* animal. We poisoned a young slut beside the Hokio track one night, with arsenic hidden in a lump of suet, the bait being hung on a manuka bush where a dog could just reach it by leaping. She was a small reddish dog with prick ears and a very bushy tail, which for many years adorned the wall of our kitchen at the Hokio.

Occasionally we would see them in the day time. A couple of us were riding across the run one morning, and reaching the top of the sand hill along the beach, saw three of them playing at the water's edge. Two were reddish and one black, and at the distance of 100 yards or so, looked like a cross between a Scotch collie and a kelpie.

At one period when these wild dogs were particularly troublesome, Te Wiiti offered to construct a Maori dog-trap, a *tawhiti,* at the beach end of Hector's road. Te Wiiti was at this time a very old man, and nearly blind, and we took him out to the place on a quiet old pony.

Under his direction the trap was built between the swamps in the following fashion:—First a wattled manuka fence sufficiently high to prevent a dog jumping it, was erected across the width of the dry land, leaving only one small hole where the track ran. Opposite to this hole two strong stakes were driven into the

ground about two feet apart and braced at the top and at the ground level with cross-pieces at each side. To one side of this arrangement a strong sapling was fixed in the ground and bent over until its top came directly above the frame. To the end of the sapling a stout noose was affixed, which depended between the two upper pieces of wood bracing the uprights, and came down nearly to the bottom braces.

The method of holding down the sapling and springing the trap was ingenious. A few inches behind the cord on which the noose was fixed, another cord was tied, this being attached at its other end to a short piece of wood, a half inch or so in thickness and somewhat shorter than the distance between the top and bottom braces to the uprights. The cord was attached to this stick half an inch from the end, a groove being cut in the wood to prevent it slipping. This short end of the stick was now slipped beneath one of the upper braces, and the other end brought down perpendicularly inside, and a short distance from the upright, a cross piece being slipped up between it and the uprights so as to just engage the lower end. The idea was that a dog going through the opening in the fence would run his head into the noose, and in struggling would displace the key-piece, when the sapling would spring up, strangling the dog against the upper braces.

We never had any success with our trap. On the morning after it was built, we boys, wild with excitement, rode out to examine the result, and great was our disappointment when we discovered that a dog has been caught, but evidently round the body instead of the neck, so that it had gnawed the noose through and so escaped.

The old *tawhiti* stood for a long time, and although we often set it, we were never more successful. One day my brother Johnny and I were riding across the run and found some sheep worried; we rode on carefully, and across the next ridge came on five wild dogs tearing at a sheep which they had just killed. As soon as they saw us they headed direct for Hector's Road where the *tawhiti* was set, and setting on our sheep dogs, we followed them at full gallop, feeling certain that we would get one at least. The wild dogs led to the fence by a bare ten yards, with our dogs, a good half dozen of them, in full cry behind, whilst we followed all agog with excitement, to see the trap spring up. Again we were doomed to disappointment. The dogs, wild and tame, poured through the gap, and on into the bush beyond, and on investigation we found that the trap had jambed. Truly the Maoris had need of all their patience if they relied on the *tawhiti* to supply them with a large measure of their *"kai."*

This form of trap, in miniature, was also used for catching rats, and here was successful enough; as a boy I have often caught them by this means in a potato-pit.

Chapter XIII.

THE SPORT OF KINGS.

Racing was a sport which the Maoris adopted with avidity from the time when they obtained the first horses, and at the time I speak of, every *pa* had its race track, and its yearly race-meeting. Meetings had been held in Otaki from very early times; my mother came to this coast in '54, and has told me that a meeting was held in Otaki at that time, my father holding the combined positions of steward, starter and judge. The race-course was then across the river at the Katihiwu *pa*, and events were run on a straight course, the riders doubling round a post and finishing at the starting post.

A race meeting was for many years held at Waikawa, on the flat where the Ohau river at that time flowed into the Waikawa. The name was afterwards changed from the Waikawa to the Ohau races. Another meeting was held at Horowhenua, the old course being immediately across the lake from Levin, and still another at Poroutawhao, this being held on Xmas Day. Besides this we had a circular course of about half a mile near our house, and used at times to hold scratch meetings there after the shearing was finished, these, however, being purely private affairs, attended only by our friends and the neighbouring Maoris.

Most of the horses competing at the local meetings would be Maori hacks, but as some of the best blood imported into New Zealand was to be found on this coast, there were among those hacks some splendid gallopers. The difficulty was to get the Maoris to train a horse properly, and generally they were run off the grass—a gruelling test under the system of heats then in vogue.

Whilst this applied to the average horse run at these meetings, there were notable exceptions; some of the best performers on the New Zealand turf in those days were first tried out on the Waikawa and Poroutawhao courses. A horse of mine which won his first race at Poroutawhao in the 80's, was Volcano, by Southern Chief out of a Don Juan mare. His father was descended from Maltan, and Don Juan from Riddlesworth. I won races later with Volcano at Otaki and Foxton, and after I sold him he accounted for most of the big steeplechases in Auckland and Taranaki. Another horse which I raced here and which afterwards got into big money was Uranus, by Blair Athol from a

Kakapo mare. Shortly after I sold him he won the steeplechase and two hurdle races at one Auckland meeting.

The wonderful thing about the horses in those days was their staunchness, the gruelling races which they were compelled to run, necessitating good stayers and strong constitutions. I ran Volcano in two one and a half mile races at Rangitikei in one day, with nine stone on his back, and next day rode him down to Horowhenua, the route I took being over 50 miles, and yet he never turned a hair nor missed a feed.

Practically all races were weight for age events, welter weights being the usual thing. Hurdle races, which were popular, were of two miles, and even pony races, which always drew large entries, were not less than a mile. Events were usually run in heats, all horses finishing the course, within the distance, being eligible to enter for the second heat. Under this system a horse had to win two heats straight out to win a race. Should two different horses win first and second heats, they ran it off again for first place, and in a two mile hurdle race, this must be agreed to have been a fair test of condition, especially at the smaller meetings, where they were not particular as to weights. Everyone rode his own, or a neighbour's horse, and as no one thought of reducing, the jockeys rode a stone over weight as often as not.

The first race I attended at Otaki was in the early 70's, the starting post being outside the old Telegraph Hotel, which had just been built, and was kept by a man named Martin. The course was down Beach Road—there was no metal in those days—round a post at Dodd's corner, and back to the Hotel again.

The stakes, of course, were not large; £15 or £20 for the big race of the day was a handsome prize, but there was no Government tax to pay, which fact alone made these small meetings possible. I think we raced more for the pure sport of the thing than is done in these days of commercialised racing. On the minutes of one of those old meetings—the books were extant a few years ago—might be seen a record of a vote of thanks passed to my father for the gift of one white rooster, as the stake for a race!

Whilst this was smaller than usual, it was by no means an individual instance of "kind" being substituted for money as a prize. The next meeting run at Otaki after the one I mentioned earlier, was held at Rangiuru, where the first circular course at that township was situated. This was of a mile in length, and on one side followed the Rangiuru stream. The prizes in this instance were the stock-in-trade of a disbanded Maori co-operative store, which had been run by a half-caste named Ransfield. These prizes, consisting of saddles, piles of blankets, clothing, bags of

flour, etc., were laid out separately on the grass, as trophies are to-day exhibited in the stewards' stand, and were surrounded by a large and admiring crowd of Maoris.

The attendance at these meetings was, naturally, almost entirely Maori, for the very good reason that there were practically no Europeans in the district. Such as were here went gladly enough, but the number of *pakehas* present at a meeting at Otaki would probably not be more than a couple of hundred—many of whom would come from Foxton and Wellington—out of a total attendance of three or four thousand. Maori was the language universally spoken, and only the man thoroughly used to Maori life and mode of thought, could catch the true spirit of the gathering.

A description of a typical Otaki race-meeting will serve to illustrate all of them, save perhaps in size. The day before the meeting the crowd would begin to arrive, families rolling up in bullock-drays, which were the usual mode of locomotion for those who did not ride. As the Otaki races were held on New Year's Day, camping out, where necessary, was not a great hardship. Every family brought its own food, and besides this, the resident Maoris with their traditional hospitality made both Maori and *pakeha* welcome, at least one feast of pork, potatoes, fish, etc., steaming hot from the earthen "*umu*," being made, to which all were invited.

The first race of the day commenced at 10 a.m., which was necessary on account of the number of heats. From early morning mounted race-goers in hundreds began to arrive, travelling along the beach from Foxton and Rangitikei on the north, and from as far south as Porirua and even Wellington, these latter having probably broken their journey at Paekakariki or Waikanae.

Whole *hapus* would arrive, the population of a *pa* turning out to the last child, and escorted triumphantly in the forefront of the cavalade would be the *pa's* racehorse, which had probably been shut up for a day or two in a *whare*, and given a few sacks of chaff in preparation for his four or six mile race. A few Rangitikei squatters would come, spanking down the beach behind a pair of fast trotters, and up from Wellington would come by coach, bookmakers, Jew peddlers, side-show men, thimble-riggers, and all the usual froth and frill of such a gathering.

They were the merest sprinkling, however, in the total gathering. On to the Rangiuru flat came a strong stream of brown racing enthusiasts: sedate teams of bullocks, the lumbering dray piled high with its laughing, chattering human freight; *rangitiras* in cords and top-boots, riding blood-horses; and crowds, mobs of all the other orders, riding every kind of animal from broken-down screws to thoroughbreds, and all carefree, happy and excited.

The bullocks of the family carriages were turned out on the flax to feed, and the drays became the grandstand of the more

[*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

The Coastline at Otaki

sober-minded. The younger generation gathered, mounted, inside the rail, which on the Rangiuru course, consisted of *manuka* stakes stuck in the ground at intervals of a chain or so, and followed the race round, yelling encouragement to their fancy, and when distanced, cutting across and joining the riders further on.

As the day progressed excitement rose to fever heat. The fact that the different tribes, Ngati-Toa, Ngati-Ruakawa and Muaupoko, were all running horses, insured a degree of interest that can hardly be imagined. Old tribal jealousies flamed up, and a victory was more than the winning of a race—it was a tribal triumph.

Let me give an instance: Preparations are being made for a race; in different parts of the staked-off saddling paddock a dense throng surrounds each horse which is to compete, watching the business of saddling-up, yelling advice and encouragement to the rider, and giving vent to ejaculations of admiration of their horses's points. Suddenly with a yell one crowd sweeps into a *haka*, hurling defiance at their opponents in word and gesture which means rather more than a reference to the occasion on hand. Other groups in front of their respective horses take up the challenge, and with the whole crowd seething with excitement the horses are led out to the track.

They're away, and amidst a perfect babel of yells and cheers steer down the course. Inside the rail the mounted brigade dash alongside, laughing, cheering, yelling, a thunder of hoofs rising as the hundreds of hard-riding men, women and children follow the race at full gallop.

Then, as the horses come up the straight, everything that went before pales into insignificance. The Maoris let themselves go with an abandon which makes the best efforts of a *pakeha* race crowd sound like a gentle murmur. One horse has won, and mad with excitement, the tribe to which it belongs dash out on to the course. Massing in front of their champion they dance a *haka* of triumph. Victory is theirs! They have conquered! *"Kamate! Kamate! Ka aora, ka aora! Tene te tangata puhuruhuru! . . . .* No champion from a stricken field was ever received with greater enthusiasm.

Not only tribal, but also district pride would be expressed by the *haka* of triumph. I have had victories of my own horses received in this way on three different occasions, twice at Foxton and once at Levin, and appreciated them for what they were intended for—a sincere expression of congratulation.

Post entries were the rule, and often a man arriving on a decent hack would be persuaded to enter him for a race, sometimes with satisfactory results. I recollect a young Maori named Noah riding in to an Otaki meeting one day on a big grey thoroughbred

gelding which his mother used to use as a harness horse. After some pressing, he entered this horse for a race, putting up a light Maori boy as a jockey, and borrowing a pony took his place inside the "rail" to follow the fortunes of his racehorse. As the horses entered the straight, the grey went to the lead, and Noah's excitement overleapt all bounds. Spurring on to the course alongside his horse he yelled to the jockey, breaking into English in the excess of his emotion:

"Hit the ——. Patua! Patua! Hit him! . . . . My God, Jack, we win!!"

The ambulance was, as may be imagined, a primitive one. I recollect Prosser, who is now training at Porirua, falling at a hurdle on the Rangiuru course and being stunned. A Maori arrived at a gallop, carried him to the stream which ran close alongside, and holding him by the legs, ducked him head first in the water, then sat him on a *toetoe* bush to recover. He won a race later in the day!

Between races the course was open to everyone to try the respective merits of their mounts, and private contests enlivened the wait, whilst many a disgruntled entrant would challenge the owner of some horse that had beaten him in a heat, and settle the matter in this way.

Wilder and wilder grew the fun as the day advanced—the publican's booth drove a roaring trade—until when the last race was run the whole crowd poured up into the town, to feast again at the *pa* and fill the hotel bars to overflowing until next morning.

This was at Otaki, where things were done, as it were, with a flourish. At Horowhenua we were more modest. Meetings had been held across the lake before we came inland in '68, but early in the 70's we got the Maoris together and cleared an 80 chain course, which started on the Whare-o-tauira flat, crossed a low ridge, swept round to the west on the flat called Hiha, and circled a small conical hill back to the starting point.

A great deal of these flats were at the time covered with *manuka* and flax, and a half chain track was cut through this for the course, and roughly levelled. The spectators gathered on the slope of the ridge next the *pa*, saw the horses start, and could follow them over the ridge on to Hiha, where they disappeared in the flax, and did not see them again until they had rounded the hill and were coming up the straight.

I remember winning a race on this track at one of the first meetings held there, on a hack named "Supplejack," belonging to my brother Hector. It was raining, and coming up the straight we had to gallop through two patches of surface water each a chain in length. It was bad enough for me in the lead, so it may be imagined how those further back fared.

When the bush was cleared from Whare-o-tauira after '73, the course was shifted on to the flat entirely, the conical hill I have mentioned earlier becoming the grand-stand.

The first meetings held locally were got up by my father, with the assistance of the Maoris, but as we boys grew up, we took over the running of them. A meeting of those interested would be convened, at which stewards would be elected, and two or three of these would be told off to canvass the district for subscriptions towards the stakes.

Everybody subscribed. Every old Maori woman would dig a half-crown out of some secret corner, and any amount, however small, was accepted. Five shillings was the usual sum, with £1 from the stewards. The entry fees were added to the amount of subscribed money allotted to the race, and made a large proportion of the stake. Twenty-five pounds was the big money at the largest meeting ever held at Horowhenua. Ten pounds was considered good for the big race, and £5 was the usual thing for the hack races. At one meeting we held there after the shearing, the whole of the prizes were sheep, the Maoris giving some and we donating the remainder. The big event of the day was the hurdle race for which five sheep was the stake.

Whilst many of the Maoris at this time bought good blood horses of recognised racing strains to run at these meetings, there were running wild up to Ohau river, on the natural grass flats, which were to be found at intervals along its course, and on the Weraroa and Ohau clearings, mobs of wild horses, with blood which entitled them to respect, and some of these when caught, proved excellent gallopers. A large mob of horses was to be found on the Ohau, being mostly sired by a Figaro colt. Figaro incidentally held the honour of having won a race in the first race meeting ever held in New Zealand, this having been run on the Petone beach in 1841.

This Figaro colt belonged to a Buller Lake chief, and had broken his leg when a foal. He was never broken in, but ran wild up the river, one of the most perfectly proportioned horses I have ever seen, and of a beautiful golden chestnut colour, with sweeping golden mane and tail. The Maoris used to turn out their mares when not in use, and got some very fine stock in this way. These horses were all bays, browns, blacks and golden chestnuts, and were without exception bad-tempered and bad buckers, a characteristic of the Figaro breed.

The wild horses on the Weraroa clearing were mostly grey, having a big strain of Arab blood in them, which came through an Arab stallion owned by Tamihana te Rauparaha. Another horse who left a lot of his stock in the district was Clymenas, by the imported horse Riddlesworth, owned by Bishop Hadfield. The horses of this breed were all good walkers, for which reason they were in great demand as hacks.

These wild horses, some of which we claimed, were still at large when the railway line was first put through the Manawatu, and a great number were killed by the trains. Knowing nothing of railways or their dangers, they would wander on to the unfenced track, and when the train approached, gallop away down the centre of the line. One driver particularly, used to boast of the number he had killed, his practice being to speed up when he discovered horses on the track and run them down before they could get to a crossing where they could get off. A great many were also shot by the Prouses when they put in the first grass after the timber had been milled, and the remainder were gradually rounded up and sold.

Chapter XIV.

DEATH IN DIFFERENT GUISES.

In 1869, my father removed from the Hokio, letting the accommodation house to a man named Walmsley, and came inland to the Horowhenua Lake, where with the help of the Maoris he had built a house on the spot where Winiata now lives. This house was of seven rooms, built in the usual old colonial style, with a high gable roof and upstairs bedrooms, with a long lean-to portion at the back. The walls were of slabs split from the bush that fringed the lake in front, the roof being of *raupo* thatch. Incidentally, the whole of the rooms were panelled with *toe*-stalks, in the style still to be seen in the old church at Otaki, and in a few meeting-houses, the straight golden *toe-toe* rods being laid side by side and bound with dyed flax in elaborate patterns.

Here, then, we arrived from the beach, one autumn morning, we children very excited at the change of residence and tremendously pleased at having to sleep on the floor that night. My first recollection of the place is of waking up very early next morning; somebody was walking on the verandah outside with bare feet, and looking through the window, we saw old Te Whatanui with only a shawl round his portly form, hang a string of eels on a nail, and stride away down towards his *whare,* through the morning mists that were rising thinly from the sluggish Hokio stream.

Walmsley failed to make a success of the accommodation house, and my father cancelled the license and brought Carter, the Waterloo veteran, up from the Waiwiri creek to look after it. Carter was now a very old man, and really unfitted for the job either of looking after the boundary or keeping the accommodation house, but he had nowhere else to go, and my father allowed him to stay on. At the accommodation house there was little to do. After we left most people passed on to Ohau or Foxton, and he merely got meals for the few drovers who stopped the night in passing up the Coast.

During the time he occupied the position, the only murder of a white man by a Maori, which I recollect on this Coast, took place. An old Jew peddler known as Myers used to travel through the district between Wellington and Wanganui selling the usual stock of clothing, cheap jewellery, etc., and was a very useful

institution to the scattered housewives of the Coast. A little harmless old man he was, with all the carefulness of his race, one of his economies being never to buy his pack-pony—he himself always travelled on foot—a feed, but to allow it to crop the grass along the road as he travelled.

Myers left Otaki one morning to come north, taking with him his usual pack. An Otaki Maori, a Hauhau named Whakamau, said he would accompany him as far as Ohau, where, he stated, he was going to visit friends. Whakamau wore a shawl, in place of a *rapaki*, round his waist, and a flax mat over his shoulders, and carried the usual tomahawk, without which, or some other weapon, no Maori travelled in those days.

On reaching the Ohau river about 10 a.m. Myers knelt down to drink from the stream, and Whakamau tomahawked him from behind. Myers fell forward into the river, but struggled to his feet again, whereupon the Maori fled.

It was after dark when Carter, living alone at the accommodation house, heard a knock on the door, and opening it was confronted by Myers. The Jew's face was covered with blood from the gash in his head; his clothing was splotched with blood and sand from frequent falls during his traversing of the four miles between the Ohau river and the Hokio, and he was gabbling incoherently, probably in fever—not a pleasant sight to be confronted with unexpectedly in a lonely spot on a dark night.

It was too much for Carter, who slammed the door and refused to open it again. It must be remembered, however, that he was over ninety years of age at the time, and if his nerve gave way at sight of what must have appeared to him to be a blood-stained corpse which gibbered at him from the open door, his age was undoubtedly to blame, and not his humanity.

Myers struggled on towards Foxton, and arrived some time that night at Langley's accommodation house, where he died before morning.

Carter died soon after. Towards the end he became very feeble, and one of us used to go out every day to see how he was. One afternoon my brother Hector rode out from Horowhenua and found him very ill. He sent Tom Roach, who was then working for my father, and a Maori boy, to stay with the old man for the night and until other arrangements could be made for looking after him.

During the night Carter knocked on the wall, and when Roach went to him he told him that he was dying.

"Nonsense," Roach said. "I'll boil the kettle and get you a hot drink. You'll be all right in the morning."

The old man knew better. He told Roach not to go to any trouble—that he would be dead before morning, and he set about

dividing his few possessions. His pony and saddle he asked should be given to me, his big turnip silver watch, to my brother Johnny, and his heavy brass-hilted cavalry sword and any other possessions he might have, to my father.

As he had said, he died before morning. The pony, an old bay, was my first horse, and I rode him for many years. The sword hung in the hall of our house at Horowhenua until after my father's death, along with many other prized relics—a couple of flint-lock muskets which had been carried by Te Rangihaeata's warriors, many wearing mats and Maori weapons, all valued as being gifts from old Maori friends.

Shortly after my father's death Sir Walter Buller came to visit my mother, and when passing through the hall on leaving stopped before the collection.

"I'd like to borrow these for my collection, Mrs. McDonald," he said. "I am exhibiting it, and want to make it as complete as possible. I will return them, of course."

My mother, still suffering from the shock of my father"s death, was indifferent, and Buller gathered up everything, and wrapping them in the mats took them away with him. I remember how angry I was about it, boy though I was; more especially as I was sent to carry the things out as far as the beach for him. They never returned, and as Buller later sold the greater part of his collection they no doubt figure in some museum to-day.

There was amongst the things taken away, an old wooden axe, or "*tewhatewha*" given to my father by an Otaki chief named Mukakai, which he valued particularly, and which had a long history of famous Chieftains and warriors which it had sent to *Te Reinga*. The muskets had been given to him by old tattooed warriors who had carried them—their dearest possessions—down from Kawhia in the 20's, when as young men they had swaggered and fought right through New Zealand. Every article had some personal association, and Buller's action in annexing them was—well, in line with many of his other actions.

Carter lies in the Raukawa burial place at the Hokio. When the news of his death reached them, the members of the tribe came to my father and asked permission to bury him there. He was a *toa*, they said, and moreover had always treated them well. So he was buried with the full rites of the "*tangi*," the Maoris mourning as for an old friend, and he rests in the peaceful Hokio valley, where surely nothing will disturb him until the last trump summons his spirit to the Great Reveille.

Chapter XV.

THE PASSING OF A "TOA."

With Carter's death the old accommodation house was abandoned, and we practically severed our connection with the coastal road, save that, as my father kept a post-office at Horowhenua for his own and the local Maoris' convenience, it became my job to ride out every day with the mail-bag. The *raupo* thatch rotted and the roof fell in, but the walls stood for many years, until indeed the sand began to drift inland from the sea, and finally swept the old house away in its path.

At Horowhenua then from the year '69 we were established, the only white family in the district, living in the midst of hundreds of Maoris, and taken on the whole, no more courteous and obliging neighbours than the Maoris at that time could any one wish for. The old-time Maori had too much self-respect to allow him to presume on hospitality, whilst my father's great personal influence among them prevented any attempt at the bouncing tactics complained of by some of the old settlers and missionaries, and which were unquestionably the result of a recognition by the Maoris of weakness in those who suffered from them.

An extra place was always set at table in readiness for any of the Chiefs who might in passing drop in for a meal. Old friends, men and women, would visit us with dignified ceremony, accept a meal and a fill for their pipes, and as ceremoniously depart, a kit of *pipis,* or a string of pigeons, or some similar gift, arriving later to mark their appreciation of hospitality received. They lived their lives, not seeking to ape the white man, sufficient unto themselves, proudly self-respecting, and demanding in return an equivalent measure of respect.

Just across the paddock, at the back of our house above the Taua eel-*pa,* which belonged to him, lived an old Ngapuhi Chieftain named Te Wiiti, who had been one of Te Rauparaha's warriors, and had taken part in practically every raid and battle of those turbulent times. A very old man he was, his strong frame bent with rheumatism, heavily tattooed, and with piercing black eyes beneath shaggy brown.

One exploit related of him explains his character and the indomitable old heathen spirit which made him to the end refuse

to embrace Christianity, and die the pagan that he had lived. He was fighting at the Pakaukutu Pa with the Raukawas, against the branch of the Taranaki Ngati-apa settled at Waikanae, and on his side was a man suspected of treachery, but against whom nothing could be proved. In the mind of Te Wiiti, however, he had been already judged and his doom pronounced. While the fighting raged among the sand-hills, the Ngapuhi, ignoring the enemy, who at the moment were pressing his party back heavily, calmly searched until he had found his man, and blew his brains out.

Te Wiiti lived in a two-roomed *raupo whare* above the stream, the first room of which was his living-room, the one at the back being used as a storehouse for his *hinakis* and his potatoes. Suspended from the ridge pole of the living-room were two flint-lock muskets which he had carried in his hectic youth, a *taiaha*, and two long wooden spears called *"tokotoko,"* which were used by the defenders of a *pa* to stab between the interstices of the fence at an enemy who was trying to cut the vine binding holding the *pa* together. His muskets were always kept bright and oiled, without a speck of rust on lock or barrel, and the other weapons were oiled, smoked and rubbed until they shone like ebony.

In this *whare*, which he always kept spotlessly clean, the old man lived all alone, a strong self-reliant character, of whom we children stood in considerable awe, despite his unfailing kindness to us. On summer evenings he would sit before the door and gather us around him. There in the dusk he would sing to us the old Maori *waiatas*,[1] explaining their origin and meaning, and then as the blood began to warm in his veins he would recount the traditions of his tribe and their exploits in war, his voice ringing like a trumpet as he described battle and foray. His bent frame would straighten and his eyes flash as he demonstrated the cut, thrust, and parry, of some sanguinary hand to hand conflict, and his voice would rise in a triumphant chant to the old gods whose allegiance he refused to forsake for that of any *pakeha* divinity.

Then as the night closed in and the shadows gathered, with silence hanging heavy in the valley save for the drowsy hum of the beetle and the call of the silent-flitting "mopoke" in the *kahikatea* bush along the lake, the old man would send us home. *"E hoki ko a po"* he would order with gentle firmness, and turning, would creep in through the low doorway of his *whare* to dream of who knows what exploits of his fiery youth.

When the weather was fine he would often walk down to our house, clad in the only garment he affected, a long cotton shirt, and leaning on his *taiaha* as became a warrior! When he was in a good humour he would allow us to play with his *taiaha*, and even permit my brother Hector, who was the eldest, to fire his musket, but at times there was a dark reserve about him, when we did not dare to take any liberties.

1. Songs, or chants.

He had been a cannibal and was quite frank about it, as were all the old-time Maoris. It was an accepted custom. I recollect asking him on one occasion if he had ever eaten a woman. The old man's eyes blazed with contempt.

"What?" he cried. "My people did not eat women!" and relapsed into offended silence.

How much reliance can be placed on the statement it is difficult to say—probably not much. At the same time the Maoris had, apparently, certain local prohibitions to the consumption of human flesh. Old Rangi Rurupuni informed me once that he himself had never eaten it. He was a *wahareka*, or "sweet-mouth," and as such did not eat men. He explained that the prohibition was confined to certain chiefs, but unfortunately I, a child at the time, omitted to ask the reason of the abstention, nor have I ever been able to ascertain anything definite about it since, although the Muaupokos all agree that there were such.

Old Te Wiiti, towards the end, became very feeble and was nearly blind, but he still insisted on living alone, and would set his *hinakis* and prepare his *kai* with undiminished independence. I recollect Kingi Puihi as a boy on one occasion taking advantage of his failing sight to play a trick upon him. Te Wiiti was sitting in the gloom of his little *whare* when Kingi called out from the doorway that he had come to visit him, and entering, rubbed noses with the old man and conversed with him awhile. Then he ceremoniously bade him goodbye and went out. A moment later, in a changed voice, he called out that he was another friend come to visit, entered, gravely performed the *hongi*, and conversed once more, and so on for half a dozen times before the old man discovered the trick, the while we other children, with the lack of reverence common to youth, stuffed handkerchiefs into our mouths to keep our laughter within bounds.

As he grew more feeble, my mother insisted that he should have at least one good meal per day, and on fine days, leaning on his eternal *taiaha*, he would hobble down to our house at dinner-time. At other times one of us was sent up to the *whare* with a plentiful meal for him, which he accepted with gratitude. In the lee of his little house in these days he would sit for long hours, patiently scraping away at the fashioning of a *manuka* paddle, or some such article, which when finished he would present to us, not as payment, but as the return which etiquette demanded for hospitality received.

Te Wiiti's end was tragic. One day a visitor to our house, a Miss Gray, went outside, and noticed that the old fellow's *whare* was afire. She called out to my brother Hector, who was working close by, and they rushed across. The *raupo* hut, as dry as touchwood, was ablaze from end to end, and Hector wasted a few

precious moments in running to see if Te Wiiti was down at the creek getting water or washing his shirts, which he did with unfailing regularity. He was not there, and next moment, hearing a faint voice calling from inside the *whare,* Hector tore away the flimsy wall and dashing inside saw the old man crouching in a corner.

When he got him outside only the neck and wrist-bands of Te Wiiti's shirt remained, the remainder having been burned off him. We carried him down to the house, and made him as comfortable as possible. His body was one great raw blister, and my mother did what she could with sweet oil and bandages, but he died that night, bearing his sufferings stoically to the end—according to his lights "a very gallant gentleman."

The Wreck of the Hyderabad on the Hokio Beach near Levin. [*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

Chapter XVI.

EARLY EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

So went another of the, even then, fast disappearing number of the old-time *toas;* one of those to whom might was the only right—in as far at any rate as their relations with those outside their own tribe went; one who scorned the ways of the *pakeha,* and of peace, and the strange effeminate religion which his fellows were adopting. His end was tragic, but who will say that he was not happier to go when he did, than to linger on and witness the submergence of his race. The tide was making even then, but as yet he could not see it; the Maori was yet a force; Te Kooti still pursued his turbulent way in the fastnesses of the Urewera country, and the fires of the King movement smouldered dimly in the Rohe Potae. But even these were degenerate days to the old Ngapuhi, and the common consolation of the aged, living in the past, was to him more than that—it was an escape from the present. May his spirit rest with kindred souls in Te Reinga, to which, with due rite and ceremonial of *tangi,* it was despatched.

A census taken in 1860 would have revealed the number of Maoris in the district from the Manawatu river to Otaki to be several thousands, but about the middle of the 60's, a violent epidemic of what would appear to have been influenza, broke out amongst them, and they died, literally like flies, in every *pa* along the coast. It was a disease of which they had no knowledge, and no experience. There were doctors, certainly, but in them the Maori had no faith. With incantation and strange remedies the *tohungas* strove against the evil, but it was a *pakeha* disease against which the power of the Maori *Atua*[1] was of no avail, and living in the low, ill-ventilated *whares,* with no knowledge of isolation, or, on the flats to which they had shifted with the advent of the pakeha, even the clean sweet air of the old-time hill *pa,* they could only suffer and die until the epidemic had run its course.

Another disease which appeared about the same time or somewhat later, and which took its toll of victims, was one generally known as scrofula, and which completely baffled the local doctors. This started with a swelling of the glands of the neck under the ear, this swelling breaking out later. When healed on one side,

1. God, or spirit.

it usually broke out on the other, and sometimes shifted to beneath the arm-pit when it was always fatal.

At an early period during her life on this coast, my mother, appalled at the mortality amongst the Maoris, often from the simplest ailments, had gone to Sir Donald McLean, the Native Minister, and asked to be supplied with medicines so that she could treat them when ill. The knowledge she had acquired in her uncle's dispensary in Glasgow stood her in good stead, and after an examination by a Wellington chemist as to her qualifications in dispensing, she was supplied with a medicine chest by the Government, which was kept replenished as required, and thereafter acted almost as the sole doctor to the local Maoris until the coming of settlement.

She it was who discovered the cure for the scrofula, finding that it yielded in all cases to painting with iodine. Even though the fame of these cures went abroad among the Maoris, and although she had their complete confidence, they displayed the greatest reluctance to coming forward for treatment. Still she persisted with the work, searching out cases she might hear of in the surrounding *pas,* and practically forcing the victims to submit to treatment.

The difficulty appeared to be that the Maoris were ashamed of the disease. It was to them, to whom disease had been practically unknown, an abnormality, and as such something to be shut away. I went on one occasion to the Rangitikei to buy a horse from a young Maori. At the *pa* his father told me that he was not at home, but eventually I found that he was suffering from the scrofula and was ashamed to appear. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to come back with me to be treated, but he agreed at last, and although an advanced case, was cured by the iodine treatment within a short time.

These, however, were only a few cases saved as against the hundreds who died, just as the two epidemics I have mentioned were only so many causes out of the many which contributed to the Maoris rapid decline in numbers during these years.

They were a people thrown off their balance by the advent of a civilisation for which they were not ready. They had during long centuries evolved a social system with rational safeguards fitting that system, and in one stroke they found it swept away. The laws which for centuries they had followed blindly because they were custom, and which were eminently rational, they had probably never understood. A strong fence of *tapu* had directed them into this path and that; the necessity of being prepared for war had kept them fit and mentally alert, whilst the constant labour of providing food from limited sources had kept them occupied. They were now in the trough between two waves.

Christianity had destroyed, or at any rate weakened, the effect of the *tapu*, which had supplied their guide to conduct; the introduction of pigs and potatoes provided them with food without continued work, and the practical abolition of inter-tribal wars destroyed their mental alertness, and almost, one might say, their great object in life. They relaxed. They were at sea mentally and physically, and, bodily and mentally flabby, were at the mercy of any disease which might come amongst them. The low floorless *whares* which had been suitable enough when built on a high wind-swept hill-top, became death-traps when located on damp water-logged flats. Pulmonary diseases ravaged them. Gout, the result of unaccustomed rich diet, made its appearance, whilst the death-roll amongst infants, as the result of improper feeding and care, was prodigious. The baby, which before the coming of the *pakeha*, lay around naked and happy, was wrapped in blankets until it practically suffocated. I have heard my mother say that it was quite a common thing to see a baby wrapped round and round with half-a-dozen blankets. They did not know; how could they? The mother knew that to wrap the child up warm was a good thing; how was she to know that too much of a good thing was worse than its total absence?

And so from one cause and another the Maori died, and after death followed the *tangi*.

Chapter XVII.

THE TANGI.

Probably no Maori custom has received, of recent years, more unfavourable attention than the *tangi,* and whilst in its present form it has certain indefensible qualities, it must be borne in mind that most, if not all of these, are the result of the modifications of the old customs brought about by the advent of the *pakeha.*

Two phases of the modern *tangi* are generally attacked; firstly the fact that the body of the person in whose honour the *tangi* is being held, lies in state during the whole of the proceedings, generally a matter of several days; and secondly that large numbers of people congregate for indefinite periods without adequate accommodation or sanitation, so that the meeting becomes a potent factor for the spread of disease.

These points can be conceded. The *tangi* is the expression of a natural desire on the part of the Maori to do honour to the departed, and it is more his misfortune than his fault if the customs imposed by tradition have been so warped by the debilitating influence of association with Europeans, as to rob them of the old-time safe-guards.

The *tangi* was in the old days more than a time of mourning, however. The Maori was deeply sensible of the solemnity of death, and it was an invariable rule that on such occasions all breaches between tribes and individuals should be healed. No one might attend a *tangi* and maintain a quarrel, and should tribes or members of a tribe be irreconcilable, the only course open to them was to absent themselves from the obsequies. To stay away from a *tangi* was tantamount to a declaration of enmity, and it is well to remember this fact, and that the feeling even now persists, before condemning the gatherings which still take place.

To each individual, according to his position in the body social, due honour must be done. To the *tangi* of the *tutua*—the nobody —or to that of a person of non-chiefly rank, would come, and still come, the members of his immediate *hapu.* But in the case of a chief, not only are the members of his own tribe bound to attend, but the neighbouring tribes, and all tribes, wherever they may be situated, who are related or friendly, must be duly represented.

Naturally, in the old days, this rule could not be rigorously followed, but whenever possible, occasion was taken to honour the observance. For instance, the relationship between the Ngapuhi of North Auckland and the Raukawa of this Coast demanded, according to strict etiquette, the presence of the Ngapuhi on the occasion of the burial of a Raukawa chieftain, and attendance which, in the unsettled state of the country prior to the 50's, was manifestly impossible, and which the difficulty of transport, even later on, rendered extremely difficult. But when Pomare visited the Horowhenua district in 1870 with a train of some 200 warriors of the Ngapuhi tribe, *tangis* were held at every *pa* along the coast, at which the illustrious departed who had died within the past quarter of a century, were duly "cried."

The practice, now general, of keeping a body unburied during the currency of a *tangi,* or at least for several days, is a modern one. Prior to the general adoption of the use of coffins in the 80's, it was the invariable custom locally, to inter the body within a few hours of death, the burial taking place either early in the morning or late in the evening.

Unquestionably, the origin of the custom was based on hygienic grounds, imperfectly understood though they might be. A people who put down all disease, more particularly such less obvious kinds as are the result of infection, to the action of malignant spirits, would naturally recognise in the disregard of such a rule the due punishment of violated *tapu.* The Maoris' newly acquired Christianity unfortunately discounted the value of the old safeguard of spiritual fear without supplying an effective substitute, and the introduction of the coffin did the rest.

In the same way it may be urged that the congregating of large numbers of mourners for a lengthy period is a new growth. In the old days, the struggle for existence was so stern that provision of large supplies of food, over and above that required for the use of the tribe itself, was a serious matter, so much so that it was customary to allow a certain time to elapse between the death and the ceremonial visit of sympathy, to permit of a supply being collected.

Etiquette demanded that visitors remain at least one night within the *pa,* the usual length of the visit being two or three days. The whole tribe assisted in the provision of food, and the honour of the tribe was involved in the visitors being adequately and even liberally entertained during their stay. Where the wealth of a tribe was assessed on its food supply, the name of the tribe must be kept free from any suggestion of poverty by an ostentation of its food-stores, but at the same time, in that simple society, it was recognised, and made a principle of etiquette, that time must be allowed for its collection.

If, as in the case of a *tangi* to a chief, several tribes were to be represented, then the time of their coming would be strictly regulated, so that a seemly interval elapsed between one visit and

Komokoiau, the burial place of Maori Chiefs. [*Photo by G. L. Adkin*

another. In the meantime, *pa-tunas* would be worked feverishly, pigeon and kaka would be snared in the bush, and stores of sweet potato collected against the next tribe's coming.

The introduction of the heavy-bearing potato and the pig altered all this. Food became plentiful and easy to obtain, and the result was that those whose coming would have been broken up into the visits of half a dozen different parties, now arrived at once. There was plenty of food. Lack of this had been the old reason for breaking up the mourners, and that reason removed, they congregated, all together, and the modern *tangi* was evolved.

Burial was universal amongst the Maoris, but with the Muaupokos there was a modification of burial which was probably peculiar to the tribe. Half-way between the Horowhenua Lake and the sea, on the property of Messrs. Park and Best, may be seen from Levin, a large white sand-hill, drifting slowly but surely inland year by year. This is Komokarau, the burying place of the Muaupokos, their mausoleum, within which is housed the sacred dead of who knows how many centuries, since it is at least open to question that they originated the custom of burial there. Their system was simplicity itself. In the steep landward slope of the hill a shallow hole, or cave, was dug, and in this the corpse was placed. Then from the top, the roof was broken down, and the sand, drifting ever inland from the sea, insured the dead man a lasting sepulchre.

Naturally the Muaupokos' reverence for Komokarau was commensurate with its sacred character. Just as an exile on a foreign shore yearns to be buried in the land of his fathers, so the exile from Horowhenua yearned for burial in Komokarau.

It is related of Tangaru, father of Major Kemp, that when, after long residence at Wanganui, old age came upon him, he announced one morning that during the night "he had dreamt that the sands of Komokarau were blowing over him." He felt that his end was near and he wished to go back to Horowhenua to die in the land of his fathers, and afterwards to be buried in Komokarau.

I remember him coming down. A bullock-dray was secured for the journey, and in this, escorted by some fifty Wanganui Maoris, he came back home. I recollect him well, a tall, gaunt, rather bent old man, of gigantic frame, who lived for some months on the lakeside at Raia te Karaka, waiting for death and the peace of the sacred hill, after a troubled life. It is said that his wife, a Wanganui woman, turned her face to the wall after his going, and died of grief. If so, Tangaru did not long survive her. He lived with Honi Puihi, who was a relative of his, and Puihi having occasion to be absent for a few days, he died alone and unattended, and was not found until a couple of days after death. He was buried in Komokarau according to his desire.

Death was always greeted with the firing of guns, volley after volley ringing out as soon as the last struggling breath had left the body. As neighbours we naturally attended the *tangi,* and the description of one, that of an old Muaupoko chief, whose name I purposely omit, will explain the ceremonial attendant on death. In this instance death took place in the early evening, and we, hearing the firing, went across to Raia te Karaka, where huge fires built on the *marae* lit up the proceedings with a lurid light. The welcoming cries of "Haere mai!" "Haere mai!" greeted us as we arrived, and we made our way through the crowd to where the body lay, with round it a circle of women, the wife and relatives of the dead man, who sat upon the ground and rocked themselves to and fro, wailing, wailing. . . . .

No one who has not heard the *tangi* can form any idea of the inexpressible sadness of the Maori crying for the dead. Ceremonial, perhaps, save in the case of actual near relatives, whose demonstrations are dictated by affection, it is nevertheless affecting. Rising to a shrill clamour of grief at times, anon sinking down to a mere sighing breath of hopeless melancholy, rising again into a dull sobbing monotone, on and on it goes interminably. Backwards and forwards the old women rock and sway from the hips, their convulsed faces and streaming eyes eloquent of woe, and if, the prescribed duration having been attained, on the word that the ovens are opened, they scramble up cheerfully to partake of the feast that follows,—well, perhaps their grief is none the less sincere for that.

Sitting by the head of the corpse on the occasion I describe, was the wife of the deceased, an old and wrinkled woman, whose tangled grey hair hung loose about her head. She was stripped to the waist, and with a sharp piece of shell held in the right hand she started a gash at her left wrist, brought it up the length of the arm, and down across the right breast, the blood running freely behind the scoring shell. Her voice rose to a scream as the shell bit, but she never hesitated. Calmly she changed the shell to the other hand and repeated the performance, forming a cross upon the breast. Score after score she made across her body until it was dripping with blood, slashing her cheeks and forehead also at intervals, and all the time the wailing continued. The performance of this ceremony by a widow was the highest expression of affection and grief, and fell into disuse as the older generation passed away.[1]

All night the wailing for the dead continued, and then in the early light of morning the body, wrapped in the choicest mats the dead man possessed, was placed on an *amo,* or litter carried on the shoulders of bearers, and with only half-a-dozen of the nearest

1. Following the *tangi* a *pouaru,* or widow, would have her hair cut off, all but one lock above the ear. This was pleated and rolled up, so that it hung over the ear, and was known among both the Raukawas and Muaupokos as a *pohoe.* Amongst tribes further north it was called *tahu-mamae,* or *pouritangi.*

male relatives in attendance, borne away to burial at Komokarau, while behind them at the *pa*, as they went, the *tangi poroporaki*[1] rose more shrill in final parting.

The *tohunga* leading, the funeral slowly wound its way to the base of the hill, where the white sand rose in a steep face above the flat of the wide gully which it was gradually filling. The cave-like grave was dug, and the body placed in position. Then led by the *tohunga*, a special *haka*, known as *te wae*, or "to part" (as one would part scrub with the hands in passing through it), was danced, this being designed to clear a way for the spirit to Te Reinga.

One more ceremony there was. One by one, starting with the sons of the deceased, those present approached the grave. In ordinary conversational tones, they addressed the spirit of the dead.

"Haere e koro, haere ki te Reinga! Haere ki o matua! Haere i te tai o te ata; kei te tai o te po ka whai atu to teina!"

The interpretation of this is as follows:—"Go grandfather, go to Te Reinga! Go to your ancestors! (here the ancestors would be named). Go on the morning tide; your younger brother (meaning the speaker) will follow on the evening tide![2]

One after another, addressing the shade according to their relationship, they bade the dead farewell. Then reverently the grave was closed, and another warrior slept with his ancestors.

It was only after this, that the *tangi*, corresponding, or approximating, to that known to the average *pakeha*, commenced.

A few days after the death occurred—the time being regulated by the strictest etiquette, as was everything in connection with the *tangi*—the first party of visiting mourners would arrive. The resident women, with hair filleted with green leaves, and waving green branches—the *tau-wa*, or sign of mourning, this being a word which applied to all outward evidences of grief, such as the *pohoe*, etc.—would welcome them to the *pa*.

"Haere Mai! Haere Mai!" the cry would rise, "Come all ye grandfathers, fathers, and sons. Come all ye grandmothers, mothers and daughters. Come and mourn with us. Come and share our grief for the departed."

The approaching party would halt at a distance of perhaps a chain from their hosts, while one after another, members of the party would advance to the front and chant laments for the dead, specially composed for the occasion. These laments, sung in the melancholy recitative common to Maori songs, were known variously as *apakura* and *moi moi aroha*, and on them the poetry

1. Song of farewell.

2. In the case of a woman (mother), the corpse was addressed "Haere Ewhae" If a girl in her teens "Haere Ehine!"

and wealth of imagery for which the Maori compositions were remarkable, were lavished.

Apakura were, as a general rule, lengthy, and described in detail the good qualities of the deceased.

A verse from the beginning of one, and another from the conclusion of a second, will serve to illustrate the *apakura*. The first one commences:—

Taku hei moki moki
Taku hei piri piri
Taku rau tawhiri
Taku kati taramea,

and may be freely translated as follows:—

"I have lost my comforting cloak; I have lost my bright leafed *tawhiri* (silver birch)."

The concluding verse of the second *apakura* runs thus:—

Taku purehurehu
E rere i runga ra
Ma Paau koe e
Tuku ki te Reinga.

"This is my beautiful *purehurehu* (a species of moth) flying in the sky. Paau (the spirit of death) will be with you to carry you to the abode of the spirits."

The last *apakura* chanted, the visitors moved closer, but still remained at some distance from the others. Here sitting on the *marae*, facing each other, they cried the dead, and here also were delivered the funeral orations. These, strange to say, were of a formal nature, always following a set pattern. In the case of a chief the words would be as follow:—"One *tetekura* is dead, but another has arisen to take his place." (The King is dead—long live the King.) Or if there was some doubt as to the succession, the orator would temporise: "It is an old saying," he would say, "that 'if one chief dies, another will take his place;' here I am not sure—but time will find the man."

He would proceed, speaking always of death (Aitua) as a personage: "Aitua is a dreadful person; he comes in the morning; in the day; in the evening; in the night. He is dreadful—but he is also a peacemaker. He heals differences between families and between tribes, and for this reason he is also good."

During the whole of this time no word had been spoken by the members of either party to another personally. All must be strictly *tika;* but now, the speeches finished, the parties intermingled, and preceded by the *hongi*, or ceremonial pressing of noses, the wailing for the dead recommenced, and was kept up

until the master of ceremonies suggested that the obligations of "les convenances" had been duly fulfilled, and that the ovens were ready for opening.

As I have stated earlier, etiquette demanded that the visiting party remain at the *pa* for at least one night. Not to do so would be to slight the hospitality of their host—to suggest that they were poor people who could not entertain their visitors properly. So the time was filled in with competitive *hakas,* visitors and hosts striving to outdo each other in the novelty and execution of the dance. New *hakas,* both in word and action would be specially rehearsed for the occasion, and the tribe which carried off the honours was considered to have achieved a distinct social triumph.

A further wailing for the dead at parting, concluded the ceremonial part of the *tangi.*

Although perhaps not strictly enjoined by custom, the love which the Maori bore for his old tribal domains, made him desire above all things that his bones should rest with those of his ancestors. The instance of Tangaru yearning for burial in Komokarau was not by any means an isolated one, and when a person—more particularly a chief—died in a distant part of the country, he was given temporary burial at the place of his death, the bones being later disinterred and removed to his home for permanent burial. There the *tangi* would be held.

This ceremony was known as *hahua,* and the length of time which must elapse before the bones might be removed from their temporary resting place was strictly regulated, and enforced with the most dreadful penalties of *tapu.* The wisdom of this was well exemplified in the case of Te Whatanui, who, dying at Otaki in the 40's, expressed a desire to be buried with his fathers at Maungatautiri. For some reason he was disinterred from his grave at Otaki before the expiration of the prescribed interval—perhaps, as in other cases, the teachings of the missionaries had undermined the fear of the consequences likely to arise from a violation of the *tapu*—and within a short period every man who had assisted in the operation, including the bearers who carried the body to the Waikato, died in horrible agony. Could any better proof be asked of the power of the *tapu?*

My father, who was present at Otaki at the time, however, asserted that it was a simple case of blood-poisoning.

Chapter XVIII.

THE RELIGIOUS CONFLICT.

The retention in the burial service, even by those natives who are professedly Christians, of certain of the old rites, is perhaps one of the most interesting studies of the Maori's development, not so much for itself, but as affording evidence of the conflict which is going on between the intellect which accepted Christianity, and the deeper urges of his subconscious self, which in those moments of trial when man's soul is laid bare, reaches out for support to the old beliefs that are the inheritance of generations past.

That the old-time Maori in any instance accepted Christianity purely as a medium for the expression of his innate spirituality, is open to serious question. He was too whole-hearted a materialist for that, and yet the fact remains that embrace it he did, and that with a readiness which raised in the hearts of the missionaries a hope that amongst this people, they might make religion the guiding principle of life. In that ideal the missionary failed, as he was bound to fail, and now the curious spectacle is afforded of a people holding a dual belief. Or rather it would be correct to say that they hold two beliefs, each the antithesis of the other, probably quite sincere in each, but suffering the inevitable result of divided allegiance.

To understand the Maori's ready acceptance of Christianity, and also the circumstances which fix the limits of his—apparent—acceptance of it, a knowledge of what may be termed the psychology of religion is necessary.

To remove religion for the moment from the limitations of creed, and to consider it merely in its relation to man's need for an influence above himself to which he may cling when his faith in his own powers is shaken, it may be said that religions are more or less rational explanations supplied to cover the facts of existence outside, or above, those accepted as the purely material. Nothing is so terrifying as the unknown, and in all ages, all those events, circumstances and happenings, which were outside the bounds of accepted knowledge, have been ascribed to supernatural agency. Man's mind is so constituted that he demands an explanation always—however terrifying the explanation it is better than the even more terrifying absence of one.

An anodyne is necessary to the eternal questioning which a mystery involves, and so any creed is accepted which allows man to, as it were, slough his mental responsibilities and escape to the placidity of established routine. Underlying all this, however, is his fundamental lack of self-sufficiency which demands a refuge in time of trouble.

The Maori, in common with all other races, had his own explanation of the mysteries of life, which was incorporated in a creed wider in its application to the facts of existence than is ours, as his knowledge of the material world was more limited. To the savage, knowing nothing of the agency which causes even such simple phenomena as daylight and darkness, the winds that blow, the rain and the lightning, sickness and death, each of these is invested with supernatural terrors. Religion for him contains nothing of love, but is a ritual of propitiation. Nevertheless, generations of belief in the explanations afforded, and the efficacy of the remedial measures taken, obtains a psychological hold, which has its roots deeper than the mentality which may subscribe to a later teaching.

This is the fact which those who have no patience with the Maori, who in time of trouble turns away from the consolations of Christianity to the ministrations of the *tohunga*, fail to understand.

Again, taking a purely material view of religion—and one which is particularly applicable to the essentially material Maori—the only reason for the conversion of any person from one creed to another, is that a more rational explanation of things spiritual is afforded, or—and this is important—the religion advanced, offers greater material advantages than the old one.

With the Maori, as with all peoples of their stage of development, religion was a system of propitiation of gods, or forces, which had the power of inflicting ills upon him—upon his life, or his fishing, or his crops; which could give him success in war; which in fact encompassed him round until every activity of his daily life was subject to their influence. His religion was the system which he had evolved for his protection from these influences.

But when he saw the *pakeha*, whose superiority in material progress his quick mentality at once recognised, neglecting every one of the propitiatory rites which he himself had thought proper, and still attaining greater success than could himself, and when a new system of belief was offered to him with proper incantations to a new, and—he was told—greater God than his own Maori gods, he grasped immediately the necessity of placing himself under the protection of this all-powerful new deity. It was a purely material transaction up to this point. Later it became complicated from the very intensity of the faith with which he accepted the new God offered to him.

So far all was even as the most exacting missionary could desire. But shortly they were forced to realise that the tendency amongst the Maoris was, not towards monotheism, but merely to add another god to their already polytheistic creed. Moreover, the sublety of the tendency rendered it difficult to attack. Whilst outwardly subscribing to Christianity, the Maori in time of trouble, turned back to the gods which he was supposed to have discarded, and when reproved for the fact, excused himself by saying that whilst these had no influence over the *pakeha* it was unquestionable that they did have power over the Maori. And he could always quote instances to prove the value of his assertions.

However seriously the position might be regarded by the missionaries, the attitude of the Maori was a natural one. Perhaps it was too natural, which was why it failed to find favour. Purely material considerations had induced him to embrace Christianity, but the urge of his spiritual self—that other self which trembled in reverential awe before the imagined terrors of the unknown—impelled him backwards under certain circumstances. Despite the most unquestioning faith in the teachings of the missionaries, he still retained, subconsciously, his belief in the old deities, and very actively, a belief in *Taniwha, Kikokiko, Kehua,* and *Patupaiarehe,* and in the ability of the *tohunga* to combat the spirits inducing sickness, by the command of spirits more powerful still. Despite the teachings of the missionaries, each Chiefly family believed—and many still believe—in the existence of a special *Atua* taking the form, perhaps, of a *taniwha,* which particularly watched over the destinies of the *hapu.*

This dual allegiance is well illustrated in Cowan's fine work "New Zealand Wars and the Pioneering Period." In his description of the battle of Orakau, where Cowan has succeeded in capturing and presenting the whole atmosphere of that inspiring struggle, Rewi's own narrative of his escape from the *pa* is given.

Early in the fight, Rewi had prevented a *tohunga* from cutting out the heart of a slain British soldier as an offering to Uenuku, the Maori god of war, saying in answer to the *tohunga*:

"I care not for your *Atua Maori;* we are fighting under the religion of Christ."

Later as he rushed from the *pa* in that desperately heroic charge through the investing force, he prayed in the language taught him by the missionaries:

"O Lord, save me, and visit not this sin upon me." "Then," said Rewi, "I stumbled and fell down, which made me very dark in my heart, for it was an evil omen. I rose and started on again, but had only gone a short distance when I stumbled and fell once more."

Around the devoted band of some 200 warriors were 1000 trained British troops, firing into them from the high ground as

Pukehou Hill. The steep face of Pukehou Hill down over which the refugee Maori, flung himself from the topmost branches of a tree to escape death at the hands of his enemies. [*Photo by G. L. Adkin*

they fled. The position was desperate, and stripped of everything which was of artificial growth, Rewi prayed to his old Maori gods to save him.

"When I rose the second time," says Rewi, "I recited this prayer:—

"Wetea mai te whiwhi
Wetea mai te hara
Wetea mai te tawhiti
Wetea mai te mataratara
Tawhito te rangi, ta taea."

The substance of which is a supplication to the Maori gods to remove from him all sins or transgressions of which he or his male relatives might have been guilty.

Still the Maoris went on, fighting their way through the troops, and says Rewi: "Now I prayed again. I uttered the words, '*Matiti, Matata.*'[1] That was all my prayer."

As with Rewi, so were confused the beliefs of the people I speak of; and so, with the blurring, or modification, natural to the passage of time, do they remain to-day.

1. "Split up, Open up!" A prayer used only in the last extremity. In Maori mythology it was the charm used by the Arawa hero Hatupatu when making his escape from the witch-goddess Kura-ngaituku. (Kura-of-the claws.) Kura-ngaituku was just about to seize him in revenge for injuries she had received at his hands when on the exclamation, "*Matiti, matata!*" the rock of the cave in which he crouched opened up, providing a way of escape, and closed after him.

Chapter XIX.

SUPERSTITION AND INHERITANCE.

With the exception of a few old fellows like Te Wiiti, whose unbending conservatism kept them true to the gods of their fathers, the whole of the Maoris on this coast since before my time, have been Christians. This, however, as I have explained in the previous chapter, did not prevent them retaining many of the old beliefs. Just as the Norsemen, after becoming Christianised, still prayed to Thor before setting out on a war expedition, so the Maori, on occasion, reverted to his olden gods. Crops were put in with all the ceremonial due to *Rongo-Ma-Tane*, the god of cultivated foods, and without which no success was possible. Incantations to *Tangaroa* insured success in fishing, and others to *Tane-Mahuta* were proper before setting forth to spare pigeon and *kaka*.

Fear was the underlying principle of the Maori's religion—fear of a shortage of food; fear of sickness; of the unknown dangers of the bush; of darkness; of storms on sea and lake. Every deep and sullen pool in a stream, or boiling rapid which might wreck a canoe, was fit habitation for a *taniwha;* if a man took cramp while swimming, his death was put down to the machinations of one of these *taniwha*, although curiously enough, if he struggled to shore it was merely a case of *hukiti* (literally "to draw up"), or cramp. If a child were lost in the bush it was the victim of the *patupaiarehe*, or fairies, whilst the darkness was made a thing of terror by the existence of flocks of malignant spirits called *kikokiko*, which flew about, bent on deeds of vague horror.

Fear is the most potent of the human emotions, and only by removing the fear would it be possible to prevent the Maori taking due precaution—in as far as he knew how—against the causes which inspired that fear.

Whilst the greater number of these superstitions actually had an element of value as imposing a necessary prohibition or precaution, the one which did considerable harm was the belief—by no means confined to the Maori—that sickness was directly caused by a malignant spirit. It was in consequence of this belief that the *tohunga*, or Maori priest—medicine-man, obtained his power. Sickness was a mystery explainable only as being due to supernatural agency. This explanation, given and accepted unquestioningly for generations, was not to be lightly shaken off, especially

when presented in its full force at a time when impaired bodily powers made the victim more susceptible than usual to its influence. A Maori who in his usual health would deprecate the power of the *tohunga*, would in sickness refuse the ministrations of the *pakeha* doctor, and submit to the ceremonies of purification. Even where they had been convinced of the efficacy of the *pakeha's* treatment, it was difficult to get the Maoris to avail themselves of it, as my mother found in her treatment of them. Later, the Maori became very shy of acknowledging his faith in the *tohunga*, but it still existed unimpaired.

Although the practice of tohungaism was generally confined to men, I recollect one old woman from Otaki who was a practitioner. I was present as a boy at Raia te Karaka when she visited a sick person there for the purpose of driving out the spirit that was causing the illness. With a number of Maori boys, I was playing outside in the dusk, when suddenly with a wild scream of "Peta!" she came flying through the *whare* door and into our midst. Then while we stood rooted to the spot with more or less superstitious fear, she fled down the path leading towards the sea, beating the air in front of her with a *manuka* branch and calling "*Hou, Hou, huo, hou!*" as one would scare birds from a cultivation. She ran with a peculiar flying, whirling motion, so that she seemed to be carried along, as much as to move of her own volition, and still beating the air and screaming, she disappeared from view beyond a turn in the path.

She was driving before her the *taipo* which was causing the sickness. As soon as the Maori boys recovered their wits they fled homeward, declaring that the old woman was being carried along by the *taipo*, and I, though lacking their faith, was sufficiently scared to scamper away home also.

And yet, such is the power of faith, that this method of treatment, pure charlatanism though it was, was often efficacious. When it wasn't, the Maori still did not doubt. His faith was blind and unquestioning, and if the *tohunga* could not drive out the *taipo* which was troubling him, then it was because the *tohunga* was no good. His spirit was not as strong as the spirit of the sickness, but how should he doubt the existence of that *taipo*, when he felt it gnawing at his vitals?

The curious thing about the Maori fairy, or *Patupaiarehe*, was that it was white-skinned, as was also the *Pake-pakeha*, or ghost. Locally it was said that the name "*Pakeha*," applied to the white race generally, was merely a shortening of this latter word, the Maori taking the white-skinned strangers who came from the sea for ghosts.

The *patupaiarehe* inhabited the forests exclusively, having its habitat largely in the bunches of *kie kie* which grew in the tree-tops.

It has been held by some writers that this spirit was a vague survival of the Maori's cognisance of the monkey, acquired on his migration through India and the Straits Settlements, centuries before his coming to New Zealand, others claiming that the Maoris actually found living in New Zealand on their arrival a white-skinned, forest dwelling people, who with the passage of time and the exercise of imagination became transformed into fairies. Whatever the origin of the belief, the Maori entertained a very lively dread of the *patupaiarehe* and of its powers.

An old man named Hirini in the 60's took a young boy, a relative of his, into the bush with him on one occasion when he went to snare *kakas*. Hirini climed the *rata* where his *tekateka* was to be set, leaving the boy at the bottom.

Some time during the day the boy started for home, but failing to arrive there, a search party was organised. With my father and brothers, I joined in this search, which lasted for three days. At the end of this time the Maoris gave up, declaring that the *patupaiarehe* had undoubtedly got the boy, and nothing could shake them in their belief.

Still the *patupaiarehe* had its uses in keeping children from wandering too far into the bush, although the bogey used particularly for this purpose was the *Kehua*, a rather indefinite spirit which carried off straying children.

The Maori's terror of the dark was a very real one, so much so that to the European it appeared to border on the ridiculous. In fact, those who had only a casual knowledge of them, could hardly be brought to realise that they were sincere in their terror. I have seen grown men under the influence of this fear, not alone, but in numbers, ride in at night at breakneck speed from the beach along the old track to the lake, where even in daylight a skilful rider would hesitate to canter, so cut up was it. Every rustle of flax and *toetoe* bush with which the track was lined, lent speed to their terror, and as they rode they shouted at the top of their voices to scare off the *kikokiko*. Bold indeed would be the man who would venture alone in the darkness of the night. Flocks of *kikokiko*, with blazing eyes and clawed hands, flew screeching through the air ready to pounce upon him, and bear him struggling vainly to "*Hurakia*," or the lower regions, their abode, to be devoured.

A spot opposite the Wairarawa lake, where the Wairarawa stream runs into the sea, was an especial haunt of these spirits. My brother Hector was riding down the beach from Foxton to the Hokio one night with a Muaupoko Maori named Riki, and during the journey amused himself by playing on the superstitious fears of his companion, by recounting all the ghost stories he could remember. By the time they reached the Wairarawa, Riki was reduced to trembling terror, and when over the low sand hill

between the marshy lake and the shore there blew a light which drifted along as if someone was carrying a lantern, Riki with a howl of terror crushed his horse into Hector's, and cried that the *kikokiko* were abroad.

The light, a will-o-the-wisp from the lake-side, floated down on to the stream in front of them, and from over the hill came other lights drifting on the windless night out over the sea. Reduced to abject terror, Riki was afraid to stir. With chattering teeth he answered Hector's ridicule, "That it was all right for him: that as a *pakcha* he was safe, but that he himself was a Maori, and who could doubt that the *kikokiko* were abroad when they had just seen them." Finally he was induced to proceed, and reached our home some time later, still shaking with fright.

He had some very pressing reason for wishing to reach Raia te Karaka that night, and although my mother offered to make up a "shake-down" for him in front of the fire, he said he must go. For fully half an hour he begged one after another of us boys to go with him, but boy-like we laughed at him. Finally he left. He spurred his horse to a gallop from the gate, splashed through the ford, and yelling at the top of his voice to frighten off the spirits, disappeared over the hill, from beyond which we could hear his shouts until he reached the *pa*.

The *taniwha,* like the *patupaiarehe,* has been accounted for as being a legacy of the past. It is described as being like a huge lizard (*ngarara*) and quite probably perpetuated the memory of the saurians which the ancestors of the Maori would have encountered on their migration. The principal *taniwha* which inhabited Lake Horowhenua was called "Te Kawau-a-toru" (The Shag that Flew), the name referring to the fact that this *taniwha* at times took the form of a shag, in this guise making long flights over the country of both Islands.

Legend has it that it was through this gift of flight that Te Kawau-a-toru became lost to the lake. It had flown down to the South Island, and becoming tired, had settled in the sea at the entrance to French Pass. There, swimming off the shore, it was caught in a whirlpool and dashed against a rock, so that its wing was broken. In this state it was cast on shore, where it was turned to stone, and may still be seen there as a curiously shaped rock.

But although Te Kawau-a-toru was gone, there were still other and lesser *taniwha* in the lake in my time. Every accident which occurred, as for instance, if a canoe upset and an occupant was drowned, as well as fatal cases of cramp, was put down to their agency. Such an accident occurred in the 70's when Ehaia Taueki, son of the old Muaupoko Chief, went out on the lake to fish for fresh-water *pipis.* These were gathered off the bottom of the lake

in a net called a *kaka,* shaped like a butterfly net, with a stiff rim of supplejack (*karcao*), and fixed on a long pole.

Taueki had with him his small son, aged three or four years. Standing in the bow of the canoe, intent on his fishing, he forgot the boy for some time, and when eventually he did look round his son had disappeared. No cry had been heard; no trace of him did even the most diligent search reveal, although the water at that spot was comparatively shallow. What better evidence that that the boy had been lifted out of the canoe by a *taniwha?* So at least thought the Maoris, and although the body came to the surface some days later the fact did not alter their belief.

Chapter XX.

WHAT THE KING MOVEMENT EFFECTED.

To understand much of what follows, a passing knowledge of the political events leading up to the Maori troubles of the 60's and 70's is necessary. When Tamihana te Rauparaha, son of the old Ngati-Toa conqueror, returned to Otaki from a visit to England, he astounded his relative, the Ngati-Raukawa Chief, Matene te Whiwhi, by soliciting his assistance to make himself King of the Maoris.

Te Whiwhi treated the suggestion with ridicule.

"What would be the use of making you King?" he asked. "Where would you get the food to feed all the people who would gather round you if you were King?"

But although Te Whiwhi had but a poor opinion of his kinsman (who indeed was lacking in character) as a King, he embraced with enthusiasm the idea of a movement which promised to unite the Maori race. The times were peculiarly ripe for such a movement, and Tamihana te Rauparaha merely voiced the feeling of the race as a whole, when he advocated the presentation of an united front to the steady aggression of the *pakeha*. The idea was conceived in no spirit of animosity towards the Europeans, but was the outcome of the Maori's realisation of the greater initiative and better equipment of the white man, as also their apparently illimitable numbers, which threatened to finally oust him from the land of his fathers. Land was the sole source of the Maori's wealth, and fiercely he loved his tribal inheritance. His numbers were small, however, and with his possession of great tracts of land which he could not cultivate, conflict with the early settlers, who with no sympathy nor understanding for native sentiment, were angrily intolerant of the bounds fixed to the extension of their holdings, was only a matter of time. Friction was inevitable: the Maoris were alarmed and suspicious; the whites resentful of the Government's attitude in not permitting them to deal directly with the natives when they were willing to sell, and equally resentful against those Maoris who refused to part with their unused land.

Katatore, a Taranaki Chief, in 1848, was the first to organise a no-selling policy, and as the result of this, the first Taranaki War was fought. The participation of the Waikato and King Country

tribes in that and the second Taranaki war left the Maori with a pre-disposition to confederation.

The "King" movement, based on fear of the ultimate submergence of the Maori, aimed at fixing the bounds of European encroachment. Within the limits of Maori ownership, the natives were to live under their own laws, existing in amity side by side with the *pakeha*, and gradually evolving to an acceptance of his standard of civilisation. The conception was a noble one, and the only thing that can be said of Governor Gray's policy, which resulted in the Waikato War and the shattering of the dream, is, that since the crime of planting a virile northern race amongst a palaeolithic people had been committed, it was necessary to commit the further crime of breaking that people, so that they ceased to form a potential source of danger to the colonists.

Once mooted, the idea of a Maori King, which would unite the divergent tribes into an unyielding whole, captured the imagination of the Maoris. A meeting of chiefs was held at Otaki at which it was decided to obtain the services of two of the most renowned local authorities on genealogy, to decide who, of all the chiefs in New Zealand, was best fitted by birth to be King. The two men chosen for this College of Heralds were Hukiki, a near relative of Te Whatanui's, a fine-looking, very fair-skinned, but tattooed old man, belonging to the local branch of the Ngati-Raukawa tribe, and Whioi, also a Raukawa, but of another branch of the tribe resident at Foxton.

The circumstances leading up to the selection of the Waikato Chieftain, Potatau te Wherowhero, as the first Maori King, and the further circumstances of the war that followed, are not directly relevant to the subject of this book, but indirectly they are of importance as explaining the Hauhau trouble, which grew out of the defeated "King" movement.

In the Waikato war the Maori saw his dream—the least that a people of his proud independence of spirit could tolerate—of a Maori autonomy, existing on a plane of equal importance to that of the *pakeha* government—shattered at a blow. The fairest province of New Zealand—according to Maori values—was confiscated to European ownership; but it was the blow to the *mana* of the Maori which was hardest to bear.

Here was the confirmation of his former vague fears. Taranaki was gone. The Waikato was gone. He recognised that he was incapable of withstanding the better equipped and organised white soldiers. Who was to say when the *pakeha* might not force another quarrel upon him and finally sweep him from the land? Armed resistance he had tried and found to be unavailing, and recognising no ultimate tribunal of justice save an appeal to arms, nor any ethical limit to aggression, the end appeared to him inevitable.

Burning in his heart was a savage sense of injury, and an even more savage sense of impotence. The circumstances were just such as breed prophets in every age and clime, and out of the half-digested Christianity of the Maori the prophet Te Ua (The Rain), the originator of the Hauhau religion, was evolved.

The name Hauhau was probably taken from the watchword, or salutation of the sect *"Pai mariri, Hau!"* (Peace be with you! with the addition of the magical ejaculation "Hau"), the word, so frequently repeated being compounded into Hauhau. The tenets of the belief are not very clear, but there emerged from them the great central fact that God called the Maori to unite and sweep the *pakeha* into the sea. It was a crusade. Through his prophet Te Ua, God promised the Maori success in the divinely-appointed task, and immunity from *pakeha* bullets. In return he must renounce the ways of the *pakeha* and return to the customs of his fathers. He must renounce *pakeha* clothing; but, inconsistently, he was encouraged to use *pakeha* weapons.

In the middle of each *pa* a tall pole (*niu*) was set up, surmounted by the symbolical bird messenger of the Maori gods, Rupe, and around this the warriors, excited to frenzy by the exhortation of their prophets (every *pa* had its local prophet) danced maniacally, the while they recited a liturgy plentifully interlarded with their favourite ejaculation *"Hau!"*

Te Ua had seized on the psychological moment for the promulgation of his doctrine. In the blackness of the Maori's defeat it came like a ray of light, promising hope where no hopes had been. The movement spread like wildfire, although at no time was it general. Over a large part of the country civilisation was swept away in one fell sweep. The chivalry of the Waikato and Bay of Plenty campaigns, based on Christian teaching, was flung aside with the *pakeha* garments, and the latent savagery of a desperate and disillusioned people was given full play. The *tohunga* came into his own. Hypnotism and ventriloquism, old adjuncts of Maori priestly craft, were freely employed. The Rupe on the village *niu* was the oracle, and when in obedience to the prayers of the "prophet," it exhorted the Maori to slaughter, and promised success, the most exacting faith could demand no more.

Te Ua, accompanied by a large retinue of followers, arrived in Otaki at the end of the 60's, on a proselytising expedition. A great *runanga*[1] was held at Puke-Karaka *pa* (alongside the present Otaki convent) to consider his message.

Te Ua had on this Coast a more difficult task than he had in Taranaki and the Waikato. Here the tribes had no wrongs, or at any rate but little, to avenge. On the contrary they had lived in perfect amity with the few white settlers and traders in their midst,

1. Meeting of the tribes.

and entertained sufficient liking for them to make them not at all desirous of seeing them killed. Many of the Maoris were openly hostile to the movement, while most of the others maintained an open mind.

My father attended the meeting at Puke-Karaka, with another man named Harvey, who had been whaling with him on Kapiti. Practically the whole of the Maori population from Foxton to Plimmerton was in attendance, and the *pa* simmered with excitement, which blazed into open exaltation when the Rupe erected on the ceremonial pole, spoke in answer to Te Ua's ventriloquial powers. Long and eloquently the chiefs debated the position, whilst around them the massed thousands hung on the words of the orators, and the two *pakehas* calmly smoked and waited for the verdict which might decide their fate.

A section of the gathering remained calm and unmoved through the emotionalism of the meeting.

Tamihana te Taupara rose:

"I have hung up my spear to the ridgepole of my house," he said. "I have taken on the religion of the *pakeha*. What is the use of fighting against the *pakeha?* The Maori is like the shells on the sea-shore; the *pakeha* is the sand. The Maori is like the small stream which flows into the sea; the *pakeha* is the sea!"

Wi Tako, a Ngatiawa Hauhau, flung back at him fiercely:

"The Maori may be the stream, but the stream will continue to flow."

And so the argument raged, until eventually Matene te Whiwhi voiced the decision of the meeting.

"The Hauhaus wish to kill all the *pakehas*, but we (the local Maoris) have here at Otaki, some *pakehas* we do not desire to have killed. Therefore we will not embrace Hauhauism. We will not oppose it; any young man who wishes to join the movement is free to do so, but no fighting must take place in the Manawatu. Let the Manawatu be a play-ground for the women and children."

The decision of the Manawatu tribes not to actively support the Hauhau movement was of importance only in that it kept the war out of the district. But other events arising out of difficulties of the period, were to considerably affect the destinies of the local tribes. Kepa Rangihiwinui (Major Kemp) of Wanganui, threw in his lot with the *pakeha* against the Hauhaus, and called upon the Muaupokos, of whom, as of the Wanganui tribe, he was Chief, to join him.

The fact is of interest as illustrating the motives which induced Maori partisanship in this, as in other struggles between the Europeans and the natives, and is of special interest to the Horowhenua, since the casus belli had its origin in this locality

It will be remembered that when Tangaru, Chief of the Muaupokos, was driven from Horowhenua by Te Rauparaha's forces, he fled to the Wanganui. There he married a Wanganui woman and lived until shortly before his death, an acknowledged chief of the Wanganui people. At the time of the Hauhau outbreak he was a very old man, and his son, afterwards famous as Major Kemp, was virtual head of the tribe. Tangaru had been exiled from his ancestral lands for 40 years, but the passage of nearly half a century had not dimmed his love for the Horowhenua —as his desire to be buried beneath Komokarau would prove. Kemp had been bred to a fixed determination to reconquer for his people the lands which had been lost, but to date the numerical strength of the Ngati-Raukawas and Ngati-Toas had always precluded the possibility of a successful attack, and he dreamed of an attack that would drive the old invaders into the sea. Now circumstances conspired to provide the opportunity.

But there was another tribe which Kemp, in common with the remainder of the Muaupoko, hated with an even greater bitterness than either the Raukawas or Ngati-Toas, and that was the Taranaki tribe, the Ngati-awa. This was the tribe which had joined Te Rauparaha in his conquest of the Manawatu, being rewarded for their assistance with lands at Waikanae, and who at Te Rauparaha's instigation, had been responsible for the treacherous slaughter of the Muaupokos, known as the "Battle of the Pumpkins."

The Ngati-awa in 1848 returned to Taranaki, and when they threw in their lot with the Hauhaus, Kemp saw an opportunity of achieving a twofold object. The blood of his tribesmen, murdered and eaten at Waikanae, cried aloud for *utu* (payment): by taking sides with the Government he might obtain that *utu*. His people (the Muaupokos) were living in semi-slavery on a corner of their old domain: he would join the *pakeha* and obtain Government rifles for them, with which they might over-awe their conquerors.

There was intense excitement at Raia te Karaka, when, one morning, Kemp, two runners, Honi Puihi and Heta te Whata, arrived bearing the Chief's summons to the Muaupoko to join him against the Hauhaus. At the meeting which was held to consider the action of the tribe, the principal argument used by the war party was that Government rifles would be secured. It was sufficient. The Muaupoko decided to participate, and a contingent was immediately dispatched to Wanganui. In all about 100 men, practically the whole of the able-bodied members of the tribe, joined Kemp.

The second contingent I can recollect seeing start. The advance guard had by this time been in action and had sustained casualties, so that both those who left and those who stayed behind, realised that there was stern work ahead. A big *tangi* was held at Raia te

Karaka, and all night long the women wailed over the departing warriors who might return no more. My people had not yet moved inland from the Hokio, and early next morning some twenty of the *taua* called at our house to bid farewell to my father. Then, a sturdy, *rapaki*-clad little party, they marched off along the coast for Wanganui, whence, in the bush fighting which followed, for many of them there would be no return.

Amongst those who fell was Hanitaha Kowhai, who as a chief, was, however, brought back to Horowhenua for burial. Hanitaha was killed almost as soon as he arrived at Wanganui, and in fact seemed to have hardly gone when his body was brought back again, some twenty armed Wanganui fighting men convoying the Government cart which carried the coffin. These stayed for a night at the Hokio, and then rode north to the war again.

Although the Muaupoko joined Kemp against the Hauhaus, it must not be thought that the tribe escaped the influence of the movement altogether. The population of Raia te Karaka included many adherents of the new faith, and Motai, a near relative of Kemp's, said to have had hypnotic powers, was the local "prophet." His brother Raniera, incidentally, was a sergeant in Kemp's forces, and threatened that the first man he would shoot, if he got an opportunity, would be Motai.

It is doubtful if any of the Muaupoko Hauhaus actually took the field against their fellow-tribesmen, but a considerable number of the Ngati-Raukawa from Poroutawhao joined the Hauhaus in Taranaki. Not all of them were heroes. One man named Nikorama joined the Hauhaus in the bush, but shortly after reappeared at Poroutawhao, and worked for my father a little later. He was rather shame-faced when my father questioned him as to his defection.

"He had been misled," he replied. Before he went to Wanganui he had been told that the prayers of the *tohungas* would make the Hauhaus proof against the bullets of the *pakeha,* and yet when he joined them, all they did was to retreat. Besides, the *koka*[1] was too rough, and made his neck sore.

I can still see my father standing in the wool-shed roaring with laughter as Nikorama explained that the *koka* had chafed him, and afterwards it became a standing joke with him to ask this Maori if his neck had recovered.

As an indication of the manner in which the Hauhau movement split the Maoris, it may be mentioned that a number of the Poroutawhao Ngati-Raukawas joined Kemp, although they were actuated by no higher motive than their instinctive love of fighting. Amongst these was a half-caste named Horopapera, a reckless, roving blade who had worked on a whaler, and who was said to be

1. Rough mat covering the shoulders. As a Hauhau he would have to renounce *pakeha* clothing.

[*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

Lake Papaitonga, Waiwiri.

one of the bravest men in Kemp's forces. Horopapera was a man of six feet five or six in height, very lean in build, with remarkably bold acquiline features and a very high forehead.

An incident which I have heard him describe, illustrates the nature of the bush-fighting of the Hauhau campaign. With a young Porirua chief named Wirihana, he was scouting along a ridge well in front of Kemp's men, who were following the Hauhaus through country where patches of bush alternated with open spaces. The Government was at the time according to Horopapera[1] paying £5 to the friendly Maoris for every Hauhau killed, and the two dare-devils were following recklessly on the enemy's rear hoping to bag one in the bush. They had passed through a large patch of timber into the open, when suddenly they found that they were cut off. The Hauhaus had emerged from the bush behind them, and in a moment were all around them. Fortunately for them they were, with the exception of Government caps, worn as a distinguishing mark, dressed exactly as were their enemies, and with quick presence of mind they threw their caps away. The Hauhaus were retreating, and they ran with them, hoping to escape notice.

Almost immediately Kemp's men broke out of the bush also, and an engagement opened in the clearing. The Hauhaus retreated slowly along the ridge firing as they went, and Horopapera and his friend fell back with them, by this time not without hope that they had escaped detection. Watching his opportunity, Horopapera, when he thought he was not observed, dropped down in a patch of thistles, a short distance from where another clump of bush crossed the ridge.

It was getting late, and as soon as the Hauhaus had reached the shelter of this bush, Kemp withdrew his forces being unwilling to rush an enemy who had the advantage of cover, and not having time to attempt a flanking movement. No sooner had he gone than the Hauhaus emerged from the bush, and Horopapera's hope of having escaped notice was shattered. They beat through the thistles, calling to one another that they had last seen him in such a place. A number of them came to within ten feet of him where he lay low and sweated with fear, but with a cocked army revolver in his hand, ready to sell his life dearly if he were discovered. Only the Hauhaus' haste, and the fact that the patch of thistles in which he lay was an isolated one, saved him, but eventually they withdrew, and Horopapera lost no time in slipping away to a safer locality.

The thought of the £5 reward he might claim if he could prove he had killed a Hauhau, haunted him, and on his way back to Kemp's force, fortune favoured him, and incidentally provided

1. According to Cowan this belief on the part of the Maoris was the result of the wrong interpretation of an order, but he admits that the Maoris brought in several heads and demanded the reward.

him with a joke which he chuckled over until his dying day. He shot a stray dog in the bush, and dragged its body away from the spot, leaving the leaves plentifully besprinkled with blood. Then he went back and claimed to have shot a Hauhau. In the morning when the force advanced he pointed out the blood on the leaves and explained the absence of the body by saying that the Hauhaus had no doubt come back during the night and removed it. He used to claim that he got his £5.

Further on, in the patch of bush to which the Hauhaus had retreated, the body of Wirihana was found, with the heart cut out, as an offering to Uenuku, the God of War.

Chapter XXI.

MUAUPOKOS BECOME DEFIANT.

The effect of the Muaupokos having thrown in their lot with Kemp was soon noticeable in a new note of defiance towards their over-lords, the Ngati-Raukawas. Previously they had acknowledged unquestioningly their subordinate position, and dwelt in all humility within the bounds of the reservation marked off for them by Te Whatanui. But now when the Ngati-Raukawas desired to fix the boundaries of this reserve by survey, and employed a surveyor named Thompson to do the work, the Muaupokos threatened to shoot him or anyone else who attempted it. They stated openly that when the war was over they were going to have the boundary altered to suit themselves, and if the Ngati-Raukawa attempted to dispute it, they would bring Kemp's rifles down from Wanganui to help them. In the meantime they were good friends of the Government—quite different from the Ngati-Raukawa who were decidedly open to suspician—and if necessary they intended to fight. The Government would look after its friends!

More or less naturally, they were inclined to overlook the fact that it was the Ngati-Raukawa who had, as old Hetau stated, "saved them from the ovens of Te Rauparaha." After half a century of brooding over their wrongs they saw a chance of redressing them, and the fact loomed as of paramount importance.

In the tribal meeting-house the old men, Te Rangi Mairehau, Te Rurupuni, Ihaka, and the rest, recounted once again the old stories of Te Rauparaha's raids and of relatives killed and eaten, but they spoke now with a new note. Where before their tales were the hopeless repetition of irretrievable disaster, now they became a spur to revenge, and in many a *whare* the old men cleaned the rust from flintlock and *tupara*[1], and, too old to fight themselves, trained the youth of the *pa* in preparation for eventualities.

Thompson remained for some weeks at his camp on the Wairarawa stream, but apparently was not inclined to accept the risk involved, for the survey was not attempted.

In the meantime, the Hauhau movement, albeit peaceably, was pursuing its course in this district, with all its attendant extravagances of religious hysteria and mental disturbance. It is

1. Double-barrelled shot-gun.

almost impossible for anyone who has not lived in such intimate relation with the Maoris of that time, as I did, to realise to what an extent the Hauhau religion gripped its adherents, a fact directly ascribable to their undeveloped mentality—or perhaps more correctly, to the blind faith which the savage brings to his reception of the supernatural. And it must be reiterated that the Maori, although semi-civilised at this time, as far as externals went, retained unchanged beneath the outward crust his old stone-age psychology.

Civilised man may accept his religion with the most perfect faith, but a well-stored and well balanced intellect precludes any possibility of religious hysteria. His religion has been a natural growth, and the individual, growing up with it, attains a familiarity with even its most supernatural aspects, which robs them of that startling quality which results in lack of balance and due proportion. He has faith, but it is not the faith of the savage. Often it is convention, mostly merely acceptance.

But the savage believes as he breathes. To tell the Maori that the spirits, with which he had been made familiar in his childhood, did not exist, was so much waste of breath. He was positively incapable of believing that they were other than as his parents and grandparents had described. He *felt* that they were true. The *taniwha,* the *patupaiarehe,* and the *kikokiko* were as real to him as the facts of every-day existence. He had not been taught to rationalise under one set of circumstances and to keep his faith for another. For him indeed there was no rationalism; every single circumstance of life was governed by the supernatural. If he stumbled it was an omen; an attack of indigestion was brought about by the direct agency of a malignant spirit; the *mokokarariki,* a green lizard which was not uncommon, was a certain messenger of death; every circumstance of his daily life was intimately bound up with the supernatural, and Christianity has not even yet destroyed a faith rooted in his very being.

When such a people accepted a religion it was with a positiveness which was tragic. The faith which saw nothing ridiculous in the extravagance of the old belief, was merely transferred into a new channel, and when, as in the case of Hauhauism, religion was advanced as the divinely guiding principles of their actions, exaggeration was inevitable.

It was evidenced in hysteria and religious dementia. Motai, who was the local "prophet" at Raia te Karaka, and who before embracing Hauhauism had been a mild, lovable old man and a great favourite of my mother's, surrounded himself with a bodyguard of twelve disciples whom he called his "Twelve Apostles." In the throes of religious ecstasy he would wander for miles, seeing no one whom he might pass, and continuously chattering to himself a jargon which to us children sounded like "Cha, cha, cha, cha,

cha!" and so on indefinitely. Some time later, when the worst of his religious mania had passed, he informed my father that his *Atua* had frequently taken him up at the Horowhenua and transported him to Wanganui, and as he was quite honest in his statement, there is little doubt that he was in a trance during the whole journey, which he would perform on foot.

He was passing our house at Hokio one day, chattering away as usual, when one of my younger sisters began to imitate him, as children will. Motai flew into a maniacal rage; frothing at the mouth he rushed up and down the paling fence in front of the accommodation house, slashing at the palings with the long-handled tomahawk which he invariably carried, and chattering his "cha, cha, cha," feverishly. Our big ex-slave Motutohi, went out and tried without avail to pacify him, as also did my mother. He continued to rush up and down, apparently oblivious of their presence.

It looked as if at any moment he might dash over the fence and attack us, when my father, who had broken a blood vessel and was confined to his bed, called out to my mother to fetch him his gun, and that if Motai came inside the fence, he would shoot him. Motai knew him well enough to know that it was no idle threat, and went off. My father sent word to the *pa* that if Motai came near the house again, he would shoot him on sight, and thereafter for many months the prophet made a long detour when coming out to the beach.

Then one day, when my father was sitting outside the house, Motai came down the track and walked quietly up to where he sat. He was again his old, mild, courteous self. He bade my father good-day, and begged his pardon for his past conduct.

"I must have been mad," he said, "or I would not have attempted to frighten the women and children as I did. But sometimes when I am talking to my spirits I do things which I do not remember."

He was always quite rational after, but still retained his belief in Hauhauism, and maintained his bodyguard of "Apostles."

Although I was too young at the time to attend any of the Hauhau meetings, I did on several occasions ride over to Raia te Karaka with my brothers when meetings were in progress, where, sitting on our horses, we would peer with half-frightened interest through the uprights of the palisade at the proceedings within. Round and round the *niu* in the centre of the *marae,* the devotees would stamp, chanting their prayers to the Hauhau god in an ecstasy of devotion, the rhythmic stamp of bare feet on the hard ground, and the frequently repeated, deep-mouthed *"Hau!"* being savagely impressive.

The result of such meetings was hysteria, where it did not produce worse effects. Spiritualism has an unsettling effect even

on Europeans, at the present day, and the Maori, who heard his god speak to him through the mouth of the *Rupe* on the village *niu,* had a demonstration of practical spiritualism which was more convincing and more terrifying than that of the cabinet-workers of the *pakeha.*

A young girl named Hera came to our house one day after having attended a meeting at Otaki. She was in hysterics, crying and praying alternately, and sat in the kitchen for some time, while the Maoris with her explained that she had been in that condition for a couple of days, and would neither eat nor sleep. My mother gave her a dose of laudanum, and after a good sleep she was completely herself again.

Chapter XXII.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

In '69 the second Te Whatanui died, and his wife, who was of the Ngati-Apa tribe from the Rangitikei, decided to go back to her own people. With her went about 50 of her tribe who had come down with her, and settled at the lake under Te Whatanui's protection. Having no legal right to the land, they were now leaving on the death of their patron.

It was a standing rule with the Maoris that when a Chief died, a near relation should marry his widow, provided always that she was agreeable. Equality of the sexes obtained to a remarkable degree among the Maoris, and although all marriages were arranged at tribal meetings, the arrangement was never forced, if contrary to the wishes of the interested parties.

In this case there was probably no relative available, or perhaps the Ngati-Apa woman who had come to the Hokio as a girl, yearned for her old home *pa* on the Rangitikei again. She decided to leave, and preparations were put in hand for a *tangi* which would send her off in a manner which would be commensurate with her rank and also with the dignity of the tribe.

For days preparations were in progress. Large gifts of sheep, cattle and horses arrived, that the chieftainess might go back to her people in a style which would show that the Raukawa were a rich and generous people.

On the day preceding the departure, the Ngati-Raukawas, to the number of four to five hundred, gathered at the *pa*. All day the ovens smoked and the gathering feasted, and all through the night that followed the wailing of the women rose. Many of those who were leaving had been born at the Hokio in the interval between '48 and '69, and although much of the crying may have been purely ceremonial, some was also actuated by regret. They were leaving their dead, buried in the little cemetery beside the stream; they had most of them come in the flush of youth, and they were leaving it in the autumn of their years; it would be strange if old memories, harking back, did not provide them with many a recollection which made them regret their going.

Next day the *tangi* continued, and then in the afternoon all those who were to leave, came over to our house (we were living

inland by this time) to say good-bye to my people. The tears were streaming down the faces of the women who had known my mother and sisters for years, as they ceremoniously took their leave, whilst my mother, who had been their counsellor, their confidant, and their doctor, since she came to the coast, was hardly less affected.

Then followed the final ceremony: the whole gathering moved across to the hill at the back of where Nepia Winiata's house now stands, and while the old women still wailed at the foot, the remaining Ngati-Apa ascended the hill, and from there solemnly bade farewell to the Horowhenua—to the lake, to the hills, to the stream, to the place where their dead were buried. Solemnly and impressively the *poroporaki*[1] rose from the hill; below, the old women of both tribes, those who were leaving, and those who would stay, wailed with bowed heads, facing each other, and outside them in a wider circle the remainder of the gathering stood.

So went the wife of Te Whatanui, a very great chieftainess, and with her departure, escorted fitly back to her people by a large body of Ngati-Raukawa, went the old order of things. Thereafter was to be dissension only, and the decline of the Maori *mana*.

No sooner was Te Whatanui dead, than quarrels arose as to the succession. The principal claimants were Kararaina (Caroline), a niece of Te Whatanui the elder, who was married to a white man named Nicholson, Watene te Waewae, a nephew of Te Whatanui, and Pomare, the Nga-puki chieftain, who was married to the daughter of the second Te Whatanui.

Kararaina, a decidedly masterful woman, asserted her claim by ordering my father off the land which we had previously leased from Te Whatanui, and backed up her demands by appearing one day and after pulling down part of a *manuka* fence, threatening to burn the house about our heads.

Te Whatanui the second had always expressed a wish that his land should go to his daughter and her husband, and my father wrote to Pomare, from whom he received the following letter, which in these days has a curious ring about it:—

Mahurangi, 11th August, '69.

O, Sir; O, Hector McDonald,

Salutations to you, to your children and to your wife, O friend. I have received your letter telling what has been done about the land, Horowhenua, that is to say, the action taken by these women who are disturbing you. This is my word to you; pay no attention to the opinions of these women; remain on that land with your sheep. We will give you a lease of that land for as many years as you like. O, friend, I do not wish it to be surveyed now;[2] wait until I go myself and see the land,

1. Song of farewell.

2. It was at this time that the Raukawas wished to define their boundaries.

[Photo by G. L. Adkin.

The beautiful bush-clad shores of Lake Papaitonga.

and know their intentions. O, friend Hector, show our letters to Mr. Richmond and Te Rauparaha, because Te Rauparaha and I have talked about Horowhenua, and because I am going now to see you all. Sufficient.

(Signed) Ateriti Pomare.

Wiremu Pomare.

The wild dogs had become particularly troublesome on the country south of the Hokio by this time, and on more than one occasion, despite what we could do, we lost as many as a couple of hundred sheep worried in a single night. The attitude of the section of the Ngati-Raukawa who wished him to quit, coming on top of this, made my father decide not to press his claim to this portion of the run, and accordingly at the beginning of '70, he shifted the whole of his stock across to the north of the stream, giving up the area, as stated by Kerehi Tomu at the Royal Commission in 1896, in words which have a measured poetry in their syllables, "from Rau-matangi to Mahoenui, and from there to Rakauhamama." He retained only the 5,000 acres leased from the Muaupokos, and about the same area belonging to the Ngati-Huia *hapu*.

The deadly fear that the Maoris entertained of a survey, from which, once accomplished, they believed there was no redress, actuated the Muaupokos in their next move. This came from Kawana Hunia, a prominent chief of the Ngati-Apa tribe, at whose instigation a *runanga* was called to go into the whole question of the ownership of the Horowhenua lands, and to decide the rightful bounds of what the Muaupokos called the Ngati-Raukawa encroachment.

Kwana (Governor) Hunia te Hakeke's right to interfere in this business requires some explanation, and arose from the fact that his mother was a Muaupoko, being a sister of Te Rangihouhia, and aunt of that Ihaka who was in the retreat from Kapiti, jumped from the *rata* on Puke-hou. Although Te Rangihouhia's land was at Otaki, he had, as one of the Muaupoko tribe, a claim on any land held by the tribe, and this claim naturally descended to his daughter.

Hunia's father, Te Hakeke, had been taken prisoner at Rangitikei by Te Rauparaha, but after being kept on Kapiti for some time, was liberated by the old conquistador and despatched to his home with a liberal gift of guns and ammunition, an action so contrary to the usual behaviour of Te Rauparaha that it is generally held that he was sent back with the idea of forming a barrier between the Wanganui tribes and the Ngati-Toa conquest. It is certain that his tribe thereafter lived, to a certain extent, as tributaries to the Ngati-Raukawa, who settled that part of the country.

Te Hakeke never ceased to harbour thoughts of revenge for the degradation of his tribe, and when Te Rara-o-te-Rangi (the rib of the sky) his first son, and Kawana Hunia's elder brother, was born, he is said to have taken him in his arms, and standing beneath the sky, with his face turned to Kapiti, dedicated him in the names of his ancestors and the Maori gods, to the recovery of the tribal lands. The old fighting chief could not realise that the day of the musket was over, and that in future disputes were to be settled in the Land Court. The boy, however, died young. Kwana Hunia therefore had a double reason for taking up sides against the Ngati-Raukawas, having both his own and his wife's people to avenge.

Hunia was a fine type of the old *rangitira,* lacking, however, the commonest virtue of the Maori chief, namely, courage. He had taken a contingent to Wanganui to help Kemp, but his courage ebbing as he neared the fighting, he had returned to Rangitikei without entering the war-zone.

He was a man of magnificent port and dignity, of full Maori features, arrogant, a splendid orator, ostentatious and masterful. His usual dress was a frock coat, silk hat, and other garments of European ceremony. In the summer these were changed for white ducks, a fresh suit of which he wore every day. He was of even higher *rangitira* blood than Kemp, whose *mana* was mostly that of a fighting Chief, and what his ostentation began, in capturing the imagination of the Maoris, his oratory completed. Although a *rangitira,* he was one of them. With all his dignity he would sit with them on the *marae,* and weep long with them at their *tangis;* he was large-hearted and generous, loved sport, and women (as his many wives testified), and laughter, and good-fellowship.

In all this he was the antithesis of Kemp. Kemp was a man of about 6ft. in height, with clean-cut European features, a high acquiline nose, strong piercing eyes, and a long black beard, rather thin on the cheeks. In character he was cold, hard, stern, and autocratic, and—what was a big defect in Maori eyes—was not a good speaker. There was restraint about his speech which precluded any possibility of oratory. It was as though the coldness of the man affected his delivery, so that he chilled his hearers. He spoke with a strong Wanganui accent also, clipping the ends of his words, in a manner considered highly barbarous on this coast. Although after the Hauhau war he took his place as the recognised leader of the Muaupoko, by virtue of the *mana* he had acquired, they never opened their hearts to him as they did to Hunia. They admired him, and admitted his honesty of purpose, but he was never as close to them as the other, who would have cheerfully robbed them and then flung them back a dole with a flourish which made it more impressive than Kemp's impartial justice.

Hunia now saw an opportunity of re-opening the boundary question with a chance of success. The whole of the tribes from Wanganui, Wairarapa and the Manawatu districts were to meet to discuss the case, and he felt confident that he had enough friends among the tribes to gain for him what he wanted. The Muaupokos themselves were not outrageous in their demands; mostly they wanted control of the Horowhenua Lake and the Hokio stream, which would have insured them a plentiful supply of eels, but Hunia was after bigger game.

It was decided to hold the *runanga* on the disputed teritory, and on a small hill called Panui-o-Marama, a short distance from Raia te Karaka, in the year 1870, a huge meeting-house was built. This meeting-house, which was named Kupe, was built by the Muaupokos on the Raukawa side of Te Whatanui's boundary line, an act of defiance which gave rise to much bitterness.

Around the hill, which has always been know as Kupe's since that time, a regular township sprang up to house the visitors and members of the local tribes who were gathering for the meeting. It was now that the piece of bush called Whare-o-tauira was cut down to provide timber for building purposes, and for firewood.

Kupe was a fine example of Maori architecture, being probably 100ft. in length, with high carved front, thatched with *nikau* palm, and finished inside with *toetoe*. Incidentally, it was while this house was being built that my father shifted his stock across the Hokio, the milking cows being run on the flat around Kupe. To the Maoris these cows were a perpetual source of amusement; they built yards and a shed for them, and were never tired of watching them being milked. There, during this *runanga* most of the young Maoris learned to milk.

As befitted the occasion, the *runanga* at Kupe, which was presided over by Pomare by virtue of his rank, was conducted with all the old-time ceremonial. Most of the Muaupokos were away with Kemp fighting in Taranaki, but Hunia had brought down an impressive contingent of the Ngati-Apa from Rangitikei, and as the representatives of each tribe arrived, they were greeted with the ceremonial *haka*.

The arrival of the Ngati-Raukawa was particularly impressive. As the rival party, they came in force sufficient to ensure respect, a hundred or more warriors attending, besides women and children. Several hundred Maoris of various tribes were already congregated at Kupe when the Raukawas arrived, sometime in the afternoon.

There was no love lost between the two opposing tribes in this dispute, as may be imagined, but still, everything must be *tika*. Down in the flat at the bottom of the hill, the Muaupoko and Ngati-Awa warriors were drawn up in battle array. With bodies glistening with oil they stood, stripped to the *rapaki*. The guns

of the *pakeha* were laid aside, and every man gripped *mere* or *taiaha*. Occasionally a tomahawk was seen thrust through a belt. The assembled Maoris were clustered thick on the hill behind, mostly silent, for although what was to follow was not serious it had its significance.

Then sharply the Raukawa men, stripped and armed like their opponents, advanced. In front of them as they moved forward, one of their chiefs, with distorted face, leapt and grimaced in the action of the war dance, now flinging a challenge at the mock enemy, again facing his own party, and in short sharp sentences rapping out the chant with which the Maori roused himself to battle.

A hundred yards from the waiting party, they halted, and from the drawn-up ranks two young men, each carrying three light *toetoe* reeds, ran lightly forward. Up to within 15 yards of the Muaupoko ranks they came, and standing there, hurled the light reeds, one after another at the enemy. They were picked runners, and they have need to be fast, for hardly will the last reed have left their hands, then two of the fastest of the other side will leap forward, and can they not succeed in reaching their own lines without being touched, it is a bad omen.

Now, deliberatedly, the Raukawas, magnificent specimens of young athletes, hurled their first dart full in the faces of the opposing rank; the second; not a sound was heard from the hundreds crowded on the hill side.

Ai-e-e! a long-drawn gasp goes up as the last dart is thrown, and then pandemonium breaks loose as the pursued and pursuers strain every sinew to outstrip the other. The Raukawa men reach their own ranks safely, the others returning somewhat crest-fallen, and then follows the *haka,* which, had this been a real old-time battle, would have ended in both parties charging against each other across the hundred yards of intervening ground. Here the proceedings end with the *haka.*

In the big meeting house, the Chiefs deliberated the case in hand, with ceremony and deliberation. Children were not even allowed to approach Kupe, and we youngsters, who spent every spare moment at the new *pa,* gazed at it with some awe.

But if there was solemn conclave in Kupe, throughout the remainder of the gathering there was holiday. Droves of pigs and flocks of sheep disappeared during the weeks that the *runanga* lasted. In the pleasant autumn weather the young people feasted and bathed—all together quite unashamed of their nakedness, as was their wont,—made love, or lay during long lazy hours beneath the cool *nikau*-thatched roofs. The young men wrestled and danced the *haka*, each tribe striving for pre-eminence; in the evening by the light of great fires the young women swung in the

rhythmic movement of the *poi*-dance. Little enough they all cared what their elders might be arguing about, though ready enough to fight for it.

And a picturesque gathering they were. Kawana Hunia might strut in white ducks, but most of the others, after the first few days at any rate, abandoned most of their European clothing. The *rapaki* was the universal garment, with a shirt for the men, and a shawl for the women. Here and there an old man would gravely stalk around with nothing on but a blanket, no whit the less dignified for the omission. Each old man carried his *taiaha* walking-spear and dreamed perhaps of using it again in battle.

The decision of the *runanga* was contrary to all the hopes of the Muaupokos. It found that that tribe had, taking all the circumstances into consideration, been liberally treated. As a concession, however, it was decided that the boundary line should be shifted so as to run right through Kupe, which, as will be remembered, was built a little way on the lake side of the old line, and from there to the hill called Taiwhitikuri, on the northern side of the Hokio.

This concession, which was probably more in the nature of a graceful tribute to the hospitality of the Muaupokos than anything else, did not give the tribe what they wanted. The lake and the Hokio stream were still outside their domain, and rightly or wrongly they were determined to gain control of them.

Kemp had all this time been following the war, and was now in the Bay of Plenty, but he had been kept posted of the trend of events in the Horowhenua. On September 19th, 1870, he wrote to the Hon. W. Fox as follows:—

> I have heard that the Raukawas and Ngati-Toa are about proceeding to subdivide the land at Horowhenua. Do you write to those tribes not to do so at the present time lest trouble should arise amongst us, and the negotiations with the King Party be interfered with, and that we may be free to define a policy relative to the King movement, either of peace or war.

A shrewd letter, it must be admitted, half petition and half threat.

The Muaupokos had also taken the matter up with the Hon. D. McLean, who was Native Minister at the time. In the following month they wrote:—

> Salutations to you. This is a word of ours to you. Do not pay attention to what Pomare may say to you about the boundary which he has interfered to lay off through our lands at Horowhenua. We are not willing to accept his ruling with reference to our land.

Give heed. We are not willing that our land shall be dealt with by the European law, lest the trouble shall fall upon the Europeans. Remember Waitara land was the cause of that trouble, and as this land is held under the Maori *mana,* if trouble should arise it will be confined to the Maoris. We are not willing that Europeans should come here to survey.

(Signed) Your friends,

Hita te Whatamahoe

and others, and all the Muaupoko.

[*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

Carved Whare-puni on the shores of Lake Papaitonga.

Chapter XXIII.

KEMP TAKES THE WAR-TRAIL.

In 1871 or '72, Kemp came to Horowhenua, bringing down with him the Muaupoko Contingent, to the number of 80 or 90. A man of action above all things, he wasted no time, but began immediately to build a fighting *pa,* the outline of which may still be plainly seen on a small rise across the Horowhenua Lake from the boatshed.

This *pa,* which was called "Pipiriki," after one built on the Wanganui River and on which it was modelled, was of considerable strength, and apparently Kemp used the knowledge of European blockhouses, which he had become familiar with, in the construction of it.

A double row of heavy posts, standing some 10 or 12 feet above ground, were sunk four feet in the earth, at distances of 10ft. or so. Cross beams were lashed to these with vines, and the intervals between the posts filled in with lighter timbers, forming a double palisade 2ft. 6in. apart. Loopholes were cut through these at the level of the ground and boxed between the two palisades, and then the whole space between the fences was filled in with sand, making a wall impervious to anything but cannon. Outside the palisading was a ditch, from which the sand for filling between the fences was taken, 10 feet deep, and 12 feet wide, and inside the wall, a rifle trench enabled the defenders to stand to shoot through the loopholes. Within the wall, on one side, was a 30 foot tower, built of sawn timbers, double walled, and filled with sand like the outer palisade, and loopholed for rifle fire.

The building of this *pa,* as may be imagined, caused consternation amongst the Ngati-Raukawas, a state of affairs by no means improved by the open threats of the Muaupokos that they were going to take *utu* for their former wrongs. Tried warriors, well-armed with Government rifles, these bore themselves insolently. Their *Mana* was high: they were *toas*; their leader was the famous Major Kemp, and friend of Government. And who were the Ngati-Raukawa any how? They had come down after Te Rauparaha and his Ngati-Toas had done the fighting, and merely snatched at the carcase like hungry dogs. Even the Ngati-Toa had only conquered because they were armed with guns, and the

Muaupoko were not. What they asked, had the Amiowhenua[1] been able to do when they met the Muaupoko as man to man with the old Maori weapons? Nothing! Now the tables were turned. The Muapokos were armed with good Enfield rifles against the *tupara* of the Raukawa. He kai pawe hoki ra to[2].

The Ngati-Huia *hapu* at Poroutawhao, alarmed at Kemp's warlike preparations, built a *pa* on the hill called Paeroa, where the Catholic church now stands. As far as construction went it was very inferior to Kemp's, being merely of upright logs, set in the ground, and not even loopholed. The defenders in case of attack would have had to shoot from the gates, of which there were two, and which would have had to be left open for the purpose.

The position, from the Raukawa point of view, was serious. What Kemp might do it was impossible to say. The Government was busy with the war in Hawke's Bay, and anyhow the Raukawas had not learned to rely much upon the Government. They appealed to the authorities to have the Muaupokos disarmed, but without effect, and Kemp's further 400 Wanganui warriors, also armed with Government rifles, were a potential source of danger of immeasurable force.

Kemp's actions excited still further the general alarm. An unbending martinet, every day he paraded his men in front of the *pa,* and dressed in his uniform of major in the Colonial forces, inspected their arms and put them through their drill. His men were as well disciplined as European troops. If they did not love him, they both respected and feared him, and indeed, he was a fine figure of a soldier, his six feet of sinewy length held as stiff as a ramrod, and his cold hard face and piercing eyes inspiring respect and confidence.

He had targets erected against the western slope of Puke-aruhe ridge, and here day after day his men practised rifle-firing, keen, alert, and business-like, hard as iron from their bush fighting, and spoiling for another fight under a trusted leader. On the rise above the butts, the old men would sit on a sunny day, while the warriors fired on the flat below, and I have sat on my pony and talked with them.

"Will you fight the Raukawas?" I asked, with all a boy's curiosity.

"Assuredly we will fight! When? That is for Kemp to say. When he says the word, then the fighting will commence."

1. A large war-party composed of the Waikato, Maniapoto, and Ngati-Raukawa tribes, who raided the Horowhenua some years before Te Rauparaha's invasion, and were defeated at Raia te Karaka by the Muaupokos under Tangaru (father of Major Kemp), Te Rangihouhia, and Rangiwhakaotia.

2. Literally those living on the bounty of others. Used in connection with a person who sponged on a family or tribe other than his own.

But Kemp kept his own counsel, and no man knew his intentions.

Night and day sentries were posted at Poroutawhao. In the day time they watched from the *pa,* but at night it was thought advisable to post a picket in the old flour mill some distance towards the lake. This picket, consisting of three men, was posted in the loft of the mill, where a window looked out towards Kemp's *pa,* which was, however, not visible from the mill.

The one casualty sustained by the defenders of this outpost occurred in the following manner. One night when the war scare was at its height, three men, including one whose name I forget, but who was generally known as "Old Joe," held the mill. A night attack was feared, and the nerves of the picket were taut. About midnight a single shot rang out at the edge of the swamp below. An attack! Some one had accidentally discharged his gun while creeping through the darkness!

The picket as one man, turned and hurled themselves at the ladder which led down to the floor below. Two it might carry at once, but not three, and Old Joe, missing his footing, fell off, and, landing on his shoulder, dislocated it. It never got really right afterwards, and Joe, who was something of a humorist, used to recount with relish how he got "wounded," but his companions disapproved of his frankness, as a reflection on their courage.

The Raukawa on their part by no means adopted a cringing attitude. They gave it out that any Muaupoko found crossing the old boundary line towards Poroutawhao, would be shot on sight, a threat which caused me a few minutes grave uneasiness, when, with the half-caste Ben Stickles, and Horapapera, I rode one day, some two miles across the line to look for some straying horses. We had gone out past the Wairarawa lake and were sitting on our horses on the hill called Kaikai, when 20 Raukawas, armed with guns, came galloping up. A boy of twelve, I was alarmed as to the consequences to my companions. They, however, displayed no uneasiness, and when the Ngati-Huia came up, shook hands and talked unconcernedly. They told me afterwards that they both had been armed with revolvers, and thought it highly probable that they would have had to use them. The Ngati-Huia, it appears had been out looking for any Muaupoko cattle which might have strayed across the line, in order to shoot them.

Kemp's inactivity was suddenly broken. With twenty armed men he crossed the lake one day in canoes and proceeded to burn out the Ngati-Raukawa settlement at Koutoroa. Half a dozen excited Muaupokos, who probably could not find room in the canoes, rode past our house early in the afternoon, and in answer to my father, announced with elation that they were going to burn the houses of the Raukawa and drive them off the land.

They pointed out the canoes pulling across the lake, and rode off hot foot to be in at the burning.

I remember that it was a beautiful winter afternoon as we all stood outside waiting for what would happen, we boys chafing because my father would not let us go to witness the result of the raid, least we be drawn into the quarrel. He was very disturbed, and when, half an hour later, we saw the smoke arising from the burning *whares* he said sadly:

"There will be bloodshed over this; now the Raukawas will fight!"

We expected to see the Muaupokos return, but they did not, and we learned later that they rode on to the Waiwiri creek and burned some further *whares* there.

Half an hour after the attack, Watene and his wife arrived at our place from Kouturoa, having come round the lake by canoe. The old lady's hair was singed, and Watene, who was trembling with excitement, told how he and his wife, with two or three old men, were the only occupants of the *pa* when Kemp arrived, the remainder of the Raukawas being out at the Hokio fishing. Kemp had ordered them out of their *whares,* telling them he was going to burn them, but with the strange fatalistic courage of the Maori they had refused to leave, declaring that they would stay and be burned in their *whares,* so that their tribe would have to avenge their blood. Kemp's men had dragged them out and fired the houses, but even then Watene's wife had attempted to rush into one of the blazing buildings in order to die in the flames. She had been pulled out, but not before her hair had been practically burnt off.

Watene stamped up and down the kitchen telling us of the outrage. War he would have, he declared; nothing else would wipe out the insult of the burning of his wife's sacred head. He would call up his tribe, and send for the Ngati-Porou of Gisborne, to whom he was related, and who were now fighting on the Government side under their chief, Major Ropata, against the Hauhaus.

I can recollect my father sitting in his big chair across from the fireplace, watching the old man as he raved and denounced the Muaupokos—the *taurekareka* whom Te Rauparaha had saved from Te Whatanui's oven—and making no attempt to check him. When Watene had calmed down somewhat, he had a meal set for him, and we put him and his wife up for the night.

Kemp's action, as may be expected, caused a sensation throughout the district. Meetings were held at the Raukawa and Ngati-Toa *pas,* and war appeared inevitable, when the Hon. D. McLean came up to Otaki and sent for my father.

"This matter cannot be allowed to go any further," he said. "Can you prevail on Kemp to come down to see me?"

A meeting was eventually arranged, and other intermediaries having secured the Ngati-Raukawa consent, it was arranged that the case be submitted to the Land Court for settlement.

Chapter XXIV.

THE FIRST LAND COURT.

Judge Rogan presided at the Land Court which sat in 1873, at Foxton, to decide the extent of the Muaupoko rights in the Horowhenua. My father, as an interested party, attended at this Court, and from the first it was evident that, according to Maori law and custom, and also according to the rulings of the Court itself in regard to the methods of determining ownership, the Muaupoko claims to further land could not be substantiated. Specious arguments were certainly advanced by both Kemp and Kawana Hunia, but could not be substantiated, and, under cross-examination by Sir Patrick Buckley, who conducted the case for the Ngati-Raukawas, broke down completely. On the day of Kemp's cross-examination my father returned to Hokio very depressed.

"Kemp has lost the case," he told us, "and I suppose we will have to give up the land. The Raukawas will owe so much to Buckley that, even though they win, he will simply take all they've got in payment of the debt."

Next day, however, was to provide a dramatic surprise. The case was practically finished, and the verdict a foregone conclusion, when Kemp rose in the body of the Court and told the Judges in unequivocal language, that if they gave the verdict against him he would bring his 400 Wanganui warriors down to the Horowhenua, and neither the Raukawa nor the Government would put him off the land.

In a cold fury of anger, he came over to where my father stood:

"What right has the *Pakeha* Court to decide this question anyhow?" he demanded. "This is a matter for the Maori to decide. By guns the land was lost, and by guns I will re-conquer it."

Breathing defiance he stamped out of the Court.

What occurred after this is open to severe criticism—and capable of many excuses. Judge Rogan adjourned the Court for three days, and came down to Horowhenua to personally look over the land under dispute. With the other Judges, Major

[Photo by G. L. Adkin.

The Manawatu River near Foxton.

Kemp, and a large party of Court officials and others, he arrived at our place for lunch. Kemp was mounting in front of the house, afterwards to ride out to the beach with the Judges, when his Hauhau relative, Motai, rode up.

"What are you doing here?" Kemp asked him grimly. "This is not your business. Go back to your house, and stay there!"

Motai was bitterly offended at the slight put upon him in front of the gathering, and never forgave Kemp.

My brother Hector accompanied the official party to the beach. They rode south, and when they reached the Waiwiri creek, Kemp drove a stick into the sand.

"This is where I want the boundary," he said. "From here to the top of the mountains."

They rode north again, and at Te Karangi, he drove in another peg, cutting off the angle where the line had formerly run south-west from Ngatokorua to Namana, at the beach beyond the Oioao flat, and making a straight line from the sea to the sky-line. There was no question asked as to ownership. Kemp put in his pegs, and the Court, when it returned to Foxton, gave him the land he asked for, thereby increasing the Muaupoko territory from its former 20,000 acres to 52,000.

One hundred acres only was reserved to the Ngati-Raukawa tribe at Rau-matangi, and some small undefined reserves, between Buller Lake and the sea.

By no stretch of reasoning can the verdict be said to have been just, according to the ruling on which Maori ownership is based—namely, that those shall be adjudged the owners who were actually in possession at the time British rule was proclaimed over New Zealand in 1840. It has been held, and reasonably, that the Maoris, prior to that date, were, as a sovereign people, entitled to make what wars of conquest they would, and to hold what they might win. Any other decision would, in a country where wars were so frequent and resulting changes of ownership in land so common, have involved titles in a maze of uncertainty which would have precluded any certainty of tenure whatever.

It was argued in this case that as Te Whatanui had permitted the Muaupokos to dwell side by side with him on lands which he allotted specifically to them, therefore they were not conquered, but had concluded a treaty with him. But the weight of evidence of the old missionaries and traders, with men like my father, who knew the subordinate position held by the tribe in pre-*pakeha* and early *pakeha* days, was against this. It is only fair to say, however, that this evidence was not called at the Court of '73.

It may be contended, of course, that as the Ngati-Raukawa tribe held the coast line from near Wanganui to Otaki, they

might easily spare this small area to the original owners, but even then it was somewhat in the nature of perversion of justice that the descendents of the man who had saved the remnant of the Muaupokos from utter extinction, should be the ones to suffer for their ancestor's generosity. By this decision these descendents lost the whole of their possessions, and the frequent applications which they made for a re-hearing of the case were in the main disregarded.

The current belief amongst both Europeans and Maoris was that the decision was prompted by a desire to compensate Kemp for his services to the Crown. How far his threat of war against the Raukawas—a war which must inevitably have drawn in the Ngati-Toa, Taranaki, Poverty Bay and Waikato tribes on the one side, and the Rangitikei, Wanganui, and Wairarapa tribes on the other—may have influenced Judge Rogan's decision it is impossible to say. On the face of it the probable explanation would seem to have been a combination of both circumstances.

Judge Wilson, of the Native Land Court, giving evidence before the Royal Commission in 1896 in respect of this block, said: "The traditions of our Court were . . . . that anything that might be necessary to redress a wrong, or what might appear to be a wrong, action of the Court, inside or outside of legislation, must be legislated for. There was a special promise from the Minister . . . . that by special powers and contracts or in some other way, special legislation should make anything that seemed to require it, valid. So much so that in 1873, Mr. McLean thanked Judge Rogan for acting outside the law, so as to get the country settled. All that he did was legalised afterwards I have no doubt. Of the five judges, Smith was the one who 'heard the block' in the first instance, and he said to me, 'They will legalise what we have done.' "

Divorced from its semi-legal tautology this statement would appear to clearly indicate a recognition of a decision outside the then existing law, and leaves on the whole a bad taste in the mouth as suggesting that the Maori Land Courts were not above the influence of political control.

Sir Patrick Buckley acted as counsel for the Ngati-Raukawa in this case, and as the section of the tribe for whom he was acting (Te Whatanui's relatives) had lost everything, he was for some time anxious as to where he would be able to collect his very heavy bill of costs. The Ngati-Huia Chief, Ihikara Tukumaru, for the honour of the tribe, paid the bill in the fashion usual at the time, by a gift of land, giving 1000 acres of what is now the Buckley Swamp, outside Shannon, in settlement. The Raukawas were perhaps lucky after all; they lost their lands in one clean blow, whereas the Muaupokos were bled equally white, but by a more gradual process.

Kemp's attitude after this Court was, on the whole, reasonable. He made no further attempt to drive the Ngati-Raukawas from their settlements of Koutoroa and Mahoenui (Buller Lake), which had been rebuilt, and gave instructions to the Muaupokos that they were not to be disturbed. Perhaps he felt that he could afford to be generous—having got far more than he had ever anticipated—but his attitude at this time and for a long time after, in connection with this block, displayed a breadth of vision, and disinterestedness which entitles him to a generous interpretation of his motives.

But if Kemp was satisfied, the Ngati-Raukawas certainly were not. Some forty men of the Ngati-Huia waited on Kemp in Otaki, and warned him that they would shoot anyone who attempted to survey the new line on the northern boundary. Kemp's answer was to ride up to the line next day with a small party of Muaupokos, previously sending Hoani Puihi over to Poroutawhao to tell the Ngati-Huia that he was going to begin the survey and that they had better bring their guns and stop him.

He waited until they arrived.

"Here is the chain," he said, "take it from my hand if you can!"

The Ngati-Huia bluff had been called, and their chieftain, Rewiti, as was the way of the Maori, acknowledged defeat gracefully.

"It is war," he said, "but there is no war; there are guns, but there is no discharge; go and survey the line."

When the block was surveyed some time later by a Government surveyor, they made no attempt to interfere with the work.

Chapter XXV.

FIGHTING AT HOROWHENUA.

Kemp returned to Wanganui after the Court's decision, again emphasising before he left, his desire that the Ngati-Raukawas on what from this time came to be known as the Horowhenua Block, should be left undisturbed.

"Here are two words," he is reported to have said: These are Kemp's words: 'Do not cut up the fish of Maui while it is warm; if you do the two halves will fly apart, and the land be broken up[1].' The second word is: 'Let them go on with their planting and building, and by and by the whole thing will fall down.'"

He recognised that the Raukawas would not long remain where they had no legal status, and having got the land, was willing to humour them in the meantime.

The Muaupokos, however, were not so peacefully inclined. Although the Government, immediately after the Court in '73, had called in the rifles issued to them, they were by no means disarmed. Some of them had brought back as many as three rifles from Wanganui, having, with the Maori's insatiable desire for arms, confiscated during their campaigning, the rifles of any fallen comrades, or purloined them where possible. The result was that practically every one of them still possessed a weapon, which, although judged by modern standards, was poor enough, was at the time the latest thing in arms.

It was left to Kawana Hunia to rip open the old wound. With a party of his tribesmen, the Ngati-Apa, and some Muaupokos, he made a sudden descent on the Mahoenui settlement at Buller Lake in January, 1874, burnt some houses, and destroyed several acres of potatoes. Only two old men, Ropiha and Tuapeti, were at Mahoenui at the time and although they were unable to prevent the destruction of their property, old Ropiha voiced a dignified protest. Wrapped in his blanket, he calmly watched these *taurekareka,* lately become so insolent, tearing up the young potatoes, and setting fire to the thatch of the *whares.*

1. A reference to Maori mythology. When Maui hauled up the fish which later became the North Island he instructed his brothers not to cut it up until it was cold. Their disobedience resulted in the hilly nature of the Island as the fish writhed under the knives.

"Do you wish to teach us that sort of work?" he asked quietly.

The torch of war was kindled at last. By next morning nearly 100 armed Ngati-Raukawa warriors, under the leadership of Puki te Paia, the chief who had owned the land at Mahoenui, arrived at Horowhenua. They were stripped for battle, wearing only the *rapaki* and armed with *tupara* and tomahawk. They displayed very little excitement, informing us calmly, but with an air of fixed determination, that they were going to wipe out the Muaupokos, and burn Kemp's *pa,* Pipiriki. They began immediately the erection of a *pa* on the hill beside which Neville Nicholson's house is now built, this being about 400 yards on the seaward side of our house, and immediately behind it.

Hunia displayed his usual courage—or lack of courage—by promptly fleeing back to the Rangitikei, a display of cowardice from which his *mana* never quite recovered, particularly amongst the Muaupokos, whom he had deserted after having got them into this trouble.

The Muaupokos, in truth, were rather elated than depressed at the prospect of a fight. They had a strong *pa;* they were better armed than their opponents, and although they had less than a hundred men, they relied on the strength of their stronghold to enable them to hold out until Kemp arrived with his Wanganui warriors.

Meanwhile the Raukawas were busy building their *pa.* A palisade of timbers, ten feet high, and up to a foot in thickness was raised on the hill and loopholed for gun-fire, the *pa* indeed being a rather rough one, as it was built not so much for defence, as for a base of operations. Messengers were dispatched to the Waikato to summon other branches of the Ngati-Raukawa from the old tribal home at Mangatautari, and others called the Ngati-Toa together at Otaki and Porirua, reminding them of the traditional alliance between the tribes from the time of Te Rauparaha and Te Whatanui. That everything might be "correct," they sent a message to the Muaupokos warning them that any member of their tribe seen south of the Hokio stream would be shot on sight, but that they (the Ngati-Raukawas) would shoot them north of the Hokio also, in their own good time.

All that day, small parties of Raukawas from Otaki, were constantly arriving, until by next morning the number of men encamped at the new *pa* was about 150. Amongst these were the half-caste families, the Royals, Cootes, and Wallaces from Otaki and Porirua, who, strangely enough, were far more bitter against the Muaupokos than were the full-blooded Maoris and more anxious also to come to blows. Ten days later, Kipihana, who was married to a daughter of Puki te Paia, arrived with

a contingent of between thirty and forty Ngati-Raukawas and Arawas from Rotorua and the Waikato, bringing the total up to nearly 200 men.

As may be imagined, all this preparation for war did not leave us unconcerned. Whilst we were well aware that we had nothing to fear from any intentional injury from either side—practically the whole of whom were individually known to us—there was no getting away from the fact that we were right in the middle of the theatre of operations. The Ngati-Raukawa *pa* was only a few hundred yards away, and although the Muaupokos for the time being were content to sit tight and await developments, there was no saying when Kemp might arrive and an attack be launched, when the fighting would be all around us. Anything that might happen to us would be the result of accident only, but still, to be shot by accident would no doubt be as unpleasant as to be shot with malice prepense. To us youngsters, the whole business was an entertainment which was both diverting and exciting, but the elders recognised more serious possibilities.

My father immediately rode down to Otaki and got into communication with Sir Donald McLean, who came up to Otaki, but did not appear anxious to come any closer. A force of twenty Armed Constabulary was also dispatched to the district from Wellington, and every day patrolled the beach from Otaki to the Manawatu—what for, it is difficult to say, unless it was an indication to the Maoris that the Government was watching their actions and that they would be well advised not to be over-hasty.

We were at breakfast on the second morning of the trouble when Harieta, who was the wife of a local Ngati-Raukawa chief, came over to our house and told us that the Raukawas were that morning going to launch an attack on the Muaupoko *pa*. We had working for us at the time a fine athletic young fellow of 19, named Simeon, a son of that Hanitaha, who had been killed while fighting with Kemp in Taranaki, and Harieta warned him that her people would kill him if they found him there once the trouble started. She advised him to go back to Pipiriki as quickly as he could. What she did not tell him was that the Raukawas had started for Pipiriki half an hour before, and that to reach the Muaupoko *pa* he would have to pass through them.

Simeon started for the *pa* at a run, taking the track across the lower ford, and had the narrowest possible escape from being shot. Two men, an old one and a youth, who had only one gun between them, had been posted beside the track at a corner, to shoot him if he came along, and as he came running swiftly, unhampered by any clothing save the *rapaki,* they argued as to

Flower (Tawhara) and Fruit (Tirore) of Kie-kie (Freycineta Banksii). [*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

who should actually shoot him, neither desiring, when it came to the point, to be the one to do so. Before they got the matter settled he had dashed past them, and was around the corner. Firing broke out along the whole hillside above him, where the Raukawas were hidden in the fern, as he raced for the *pa,* but in their excitement he passed unnoticed, and reached Pipiriki in safety, but boiling with anger at the treachery practised upon him.

The immediate object of the Raukawa attack was to burn Kupe, which, having been built over the old boundary line, they felt to be a standing insult to them. They had expected to find it unguarded, but instead were received with a heavy fire as they approached, and retiring to the hillside above, opened a long-distance fusillade at it and the *pa* beyond, the distance, more especially to the *pa,* being, however, too far for effective shooting with their double-barrelled muzzle-loaders.

Kemp's warriors, trained in the Hauhau wars, promptly sallied out from the *pa* and advanced in skirmishing order across the flat, firing as they came, and the Raukawas, with a great respect for their rifles, beat a hasty retreat back to their headquarters. We saw them dash along the hill-top on the northern side of the Hokio, which they crossed opposite to their *pa,* and fully expected that the Muaupokos would follow them, but learning during the morning that no one had been hit on either side, were somewhat relieved.

During the following few days there was continual skirmishing, but no concerted attack was made, as the Raukawas did not consider their present numbers strong enough to carry Pipiriki by assault. They were certain of support from Ngati-Toa, and were prepared to wait until this arrived, when a direct attack on the *pa* would be made. In the meantime, small parties of half a dozen or so Raukawas would sally accross towards Pipiriki, hoping to get a shot at a straggler, but the pa had been built in a position which left no effective means of approach save across the open flat, where the Muaupoko marksmen would have picked off the approaching enemy before they could have got close enough to use their *tuparas.* The Raukawas therefore contented themselves with shooting at Kupe, hoping to hit someone inside, and generally succeeded in annoying the Muaupokos sufficiently to draw an attack, which, however, was never pushed very far, for fear of an ambush.

An atmosphere of war pervaded the place; bands of Raukawas, armed with *tupara* and tomahawk, lounged around our house all day—strange men, who, to us children, were wildly exciting—men from Otaki and Porirua, and the wilder, more uncivilised, tattooed warriors from far-off Rotorua and Maungatautiri. By day every skirmishing party that slipped across the Hokio held unguessable potentialities, and at night in the light of huge fires, they danced

wild *hakas*, roaring out defiance to their foes as they stamped to the barbaric rhythm of the chorus, flinging off their clothes as they worked themselves up to a frenzy, until they danced stark naked, save for crossed cartridge belts.

Incidents occurred which hardly seem consistent with a serious state of war, and which, incidentally, serve to illustrate the attitude of the settlers, not only here, but throughout the different fighting areas, during inter-tribal wars. Perhaps because the Maoris made it a principle never to molest Europeans during a purely native quarrel, the settlers did not take these wars quite seriously. Whilst by no means indifferent to the dangers involved, they maintained a detached attitude, which induced actions that make curious reading now-a-days.

One morning early, when skirmishing was of daily occurrence, a Muaupoko named Winara rode over to our house, which was the post office for the district, to post a letter. In the yard he rode into the middle of half a dozen armed Raukawas, under the leadership of Kipihana, who immediately closed round him, demanding to know what he meant by crossing the Hokio contrary to their orders. One of them told him to get off his horse, saying that he wanted to borrow it to cross the creek, but Winara, who was sitting with his hand in the pocket of a pea-jacket which he wore, and his finger on the trigger of a revolver (as he afterwards told us) answered him coolly that he was himself going back, and that the other might get up behind him if he desired.

The sound of the Raukawas' threatening voices reached my father, who was in the house, and he came out and asked them what the trouble was about. Kipihana answered shortly that the Muaupoko had crossed the Hokio, and that they were going to shoot him.

It was obviously impossible to permit the Muaupoko to be shot at our back door, and moreover my father was the last man on earth to accept dictation from a Maori. He bluffed:

"Let that man go," he ordered the Ngati-Raukawas sternly, "This is a Government Post Office, and Winara is on Government business when he is bringing letters to it. If you shoot him here, you will have to answer for interfering with the Queen's mail."

This frightened them, as no Maori would lightly dare to interfere with Government property.

"Go back to the pa" he ordered the Raukawas, "and after breakfast I will come and talk this matter over with you."

At the meeting which followed, it was arranged that the Muaupokos in future should not cross the Hokio to post letters, but that one of us should go across daily to collect any mail they might wish to despatch.

It was a morning or two later, and as I remember, raining a little, with patches of mist blowing about the hills, when about 9 o'clock a Muaupoko named Honi Tupu called out from across the creek to my brother Hector and me, who were in the garden at the back of the house, that the Poroutawhao dogs were worrying our sheep over at Moutere. Hector and the Maori were still in conversation, the Muaupoko being probably 40 yards away, so that their voices were raised somewhat, when I was suddenly frozen stiff with terror to see old Ropiha, one of the Raukawas who had been present when Mahoenui was burnt, creeping, *tupara* in hand, along the wattled *manuka* pig fence which surrounded the garden. With the unready wits of a boy I was afraid to speak or cry out in warning to the Muaupoko, lest Ropiha shoot, and as I watched him, fascinated ,he reached a spot that suited him, and slipped the barrels of the gun through an opening in the fence, so that he could get a steady shot without scaring his quarry by exposing himself.

Then I saw Hector, who was a lad of 18 at the time, and who I had not thought was aware of Ropiha"s presence, as the Maori was behind him, perform the bravest action I have ever witnessed. Still continuing his conversation with the Muaupoko without a change in his voice, he stepped sideways so that his back was directly in front of the muzzle of the *tupara*.

"All right," he called out across the creek, as though concluding the conversation naturally, "I'll go over and attend to the dogs. Now you had better go back to Pipiriki."

Ropiha, finding his view blocked, apparently accidentally, withdrew the gun, and shifting a little, slipped it through the *manuka* again, but once more Hector stepped in front of the muzzle. Then looking back over his shoulder as the Muaupoko disappeared in the fog, he exclaimed in simulated surprise:

"Hello Ropiha! What are you doing there? What are you going to shoot?"

"What is that Muaupoko doing here?" Ropiha asked sullenly. "Didn't we tell them to keep away? Let him keep away on his own place."

Hector explained what Honi Tupu had come for, and the Raukawa was immediately full of regret. He emphasised that the *pakeha* had nothing to do with this quarrel, and that under the circumstances he would have regretted shooting the Muaupoko.

It may seem strange to people now-a-days, that during all this time, we went on with our usual work on the run, riding round the sheep, milking the cows, and doing all the incidental odd jobs of a large holding. In the house my mother and sisters did their housework; my father, certainly was backwards and forwards to Otaki most of the time, where Sir Donald McLean, with Matene

Te Whiwhi, and Parata, were resolutely working for peace, but on the run things went on as they were wont to go. We had, of course, the great advantage of knowing the Maoris, and one cannot be very frightened of people one knows thoroughly, even when they fight.

Hector and I were milking one rainy morning, when along the track, which ran within a chain of the cow-shed, half a dozen Raukawas passed swiftly towards the Muaupoko stronghold. Even at this distance of time I can still see them plainly: naked they were, with the exception of shawls, in lieu of *rapakis*, tied round their waists with broad plaited flax belts, the misty rain gleaming on the rippling muscles of their sinewy brown bodies and the steel of polished *tupara* barrels and tomahawks. Tall athletic fellows, their leader, who was a local Hauhau prophet, dashing ahead with brandished *tupara* and quivering left arm. He stopped, whirling round to face his little band, his countenance convulsed, and eyes rolling, as he stamped out a few beats of the *haka*s with arms quivering and palms slapping their tense thighs in unison, they followed his lead, hissing rather than shouting the accompanying words, and then dashed on again, across the ford, and away towards Pipiriki.

We heard firing break out in the direction of Kupe shortly after, and learnt later that the party, creeping down towards the meeting house, which they thought they might approach under cover of the mist, had discovered old Motai gathering firewood on the edge of the lake, and could not resist opening fire on him. The ancient one was without the support of the 'Twelve Apostles' for the moment, but stretched out right gallantly for Kupe, and although the Raukawas sent a number of shots across his bows, they did not succeed in hitting him.

The firing gradually became heavy, and presently began to draw closer, until suddenly we saw the Raukawas appear on the hillcrest above the ford. They stopped for a moment and fired back in the direction whence they had come, then dashed down the hill, leapt out into the water, and scrambled across, running swiftly past us and in the direction of their *pa*. In another moment the crest of the hill which they had just left was lined with Muaupokos, who opened a hot fire at the running men and at the *pa* beyond.

We ran up to the house to see that everything was right with my mother and sisters, my father being away in Otaki. We found them quite cool and collected, my mother merely remarking that she supposed the fighting had really started now, and for a time we stood inside the house listening to the bullets whistling over the roof. The Raukawas were now replying with heavy volleys from their *pa*, the two parties being probably 600 yards apart, and there was a continuous rattle of gunfire on both sides,

although the fog, which had been hanging over the hills, descending when the firing opened, hid the opposing parties from one another.

The rain was still falling, and I suddenly remembered that I had left my saddle outside, and that it must be getting wet, so I ran out to get it. It was lying under a big willow a chain or so from the house, and I stayed there for some time listening to the bullets singing overhead, and noticing the different sound they made. Some of them, probably the rifle balls, passed with a clean-cut "whish," whilst others sang across with a weary kind of drone. I was very interested, and felt rather proud of having made the discovery, when there was a sudden "swish" through the branches just above my head, and a shower of leaves came down on me, as a bullet cut through. For the first time I realised that there was danger to me personally, and I scuttled inside, but even then, I was afterwards proud to think, I took the saddle with me.

The parties were firing directly across our house, and as the Raukawa fire became hotter, and their aim and loading perhaps careless as they grew more excited, the dropping bullets whistled all round the building., My sisters began to get frightened, and perhaps I was a little bit that way myself, but my mother went calmly on as if nothing out of the way was happening. She called out to Hector, who was in another part of the house:

"Go out and tell the Maoris that the bullets are coming round the house. Tell them to stop firing."

Hector went out to the front of the house and called up to the Muaupokos on the ridge.

"Stop shooting across the house," he yelled as soon as he had attracted their attention. "You'll shoot some of us, if you're not careful. If you want to fight go along down the creek, and fight as much as you like."

Nothing perhaps illustrates the relationship of the Maori and settler better than the fact that the Muaupokos immediately ceased fire.

"Shoot anywhere you like," Hector told them, but not over the house. You know what my father would have to say about it if he were here."

The Raukawa fire gradually dropped off after this, and for an hour or so there was calm, and then both sides began firing again, continuing at intervals throughout the day. Night eventually ended hostilities.

Over at the Raukawa *pa*, we found great excitement. No one had been hit, and only one bullet had actually struck the stockade, a fact for which the fog and rain was no doubt in a degree responsible. Their excitement rose from another quarter: a runner had

just arrived with a message that the long-expected Ngati-Toa reinforcements, to the number of 150, were on their way to join them, and were camping at the Waiwiri creek that night, so that they expected to reach Horowhenua early on the following morning. With blood heated by the day's fighting, the Raukawas welcomed the intelligence joyfully, and as they lay round in the *whares* they had built for shelter at the foot of the *pa*, they talked excitedly as they cleaned their guns and whetted their tomahawks for the morrow's real work.

They were roaring with laughter meanwhile at one of those incidents which invariably seem to come to relieve the tenseness of extreme danger. A man named Richard Booth had been sent up that morning from Otaki, by Sir Donald McLean, to conduct negotiations with the Raukawas, and was in one of the *whares* with a number of Maoris when the firing opened from across the Hokio. One of the first bullets cut through the thatch of the roof, and shattered an upright of the *whare*, and Booth, without waiting for any more, dashed out and rode loose-reined back to Otaki.

Chapter XXVI.

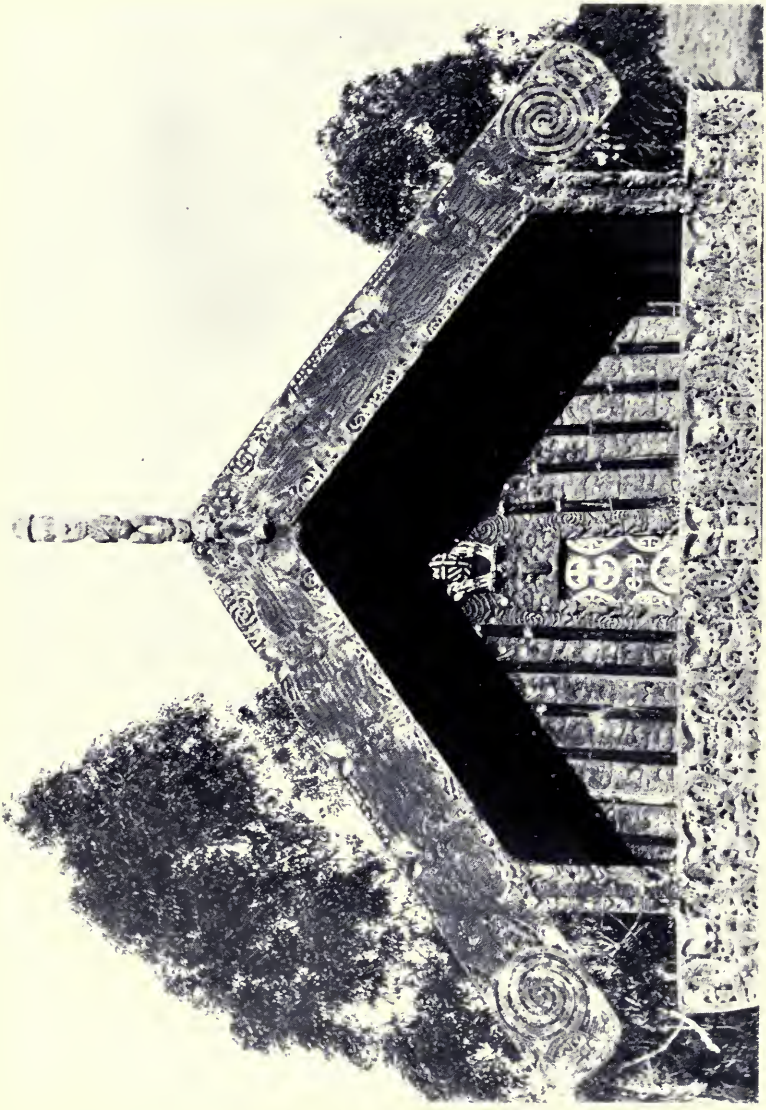
BETTER COUNSELS PREVAIL.

The grand attack on the Pipiriki *pa* was destined not to be launched. The passage of the Ngati-Toas through Otaki had warned everyone, *pakeha* and Maori alike, that the position was deadly serious, and before they could reach Horowhenua, messengers arrived at the Raukawa *pa* from Matene te Whiwhi, Wi Parata, and a number of the Raukawa chiefs, ordering the cessation of hostilities, the Government having promised that redress would be given for the damage done at Mahoenui, and that the question of Ngati-Raukawa reserves would be re-opened.

Bitter was the disappointment of the Raukawas when the order came through. About 7 a.m. the Ngati-Toas arrived, as fine a body of men as one could wish to see—strong featured, athletic, bold of carriage—and long and angry was the debate as to whether the order of the chiefs should be obeyed. For more than two hours the argument lasted, the Ngati-Toa pressing for battle, and supported by the younger Ngati-Raukawa.

The older heads eventually triumphed, and the meeting closed with a *haka* by the combined force, which the whole of our family witnessed. Only a word was needed when the dance was finished, to have launched the excited *taua* against the Muaupoko stronghold but it was not spoken, and tension gradually relaxed. The whole of these natives, with many women and children, remained at Horowhenua during the period of several weeks which the negotiations with Kemp took to conclude.

Kemp, it would appear, had not heard of the trouble at Horowhenua for some time after it started, but had then gathered a party of 40 men and started for the scene of action. By the time he arrived, the truce had been effected, and on the invitation of Sir Donald McLean, he went on to Wellington, where he agreed to return 1200 acres to "the descendents of Te Whatanui," an indefinite determination which was to be the source of future wrangling. Besides this, some further small reserves were made between Papaitonga (Lake Buller) and the sea, which the Government eventually bought out for £1050, in order to settle disputes as to their location.



Whare-puni at Lake Papaitonga. [*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

Kemp's action in granting the 1200 acres to the Ngati-Raukawa was bitterly condemned by a large section of the Muaupoko, who contended that they had only to hold on to what the Government had given them, and that their whole position had been weakened by Kemp giving way.

Amongst those who attacked him was his relative Motai, who could not forgive the slight put upon him by Kemp at the time the land was given to the Muaupokos by the Court. He was destined merely to have another grievance added to the premier one. To him Kemp was very short, as to a relative of lower rank, who had no voice when his superior spoke.

"Go home to your house, and stay there!" he ordered him with biting contempt.

To the others he spoke forcibly.

"I won back this land for you," he said, "and I told you to live peaceably with these people—to let them remain on the land in peace. As soon as I am away you come along and burn their houses, and burn their people, and destroy their crops. That is not what I should have done. If any land is lost, it is your actions which caused the loss."

He left them abashed and silenced.

During the negotiations which preceded this settlement, an incident occurred which shows how the Maori appreciated a witty answer, and not less, how valuable a ready wit may be in dealing with an awkward situation. An official named Grindell came up to make some inquiries for the Government, and after stopping at our place for the night, in the morning went across to the Muaupoko *pa*. He came back and went up to the Raukawa pa, where he found the whole of the people gathered, and in a sullen and antagonistic mood. Grindell had unwittingly offended against a very strict rule of Maori etiquette, in passing by their *pa,* and going to one further on.

Watene te Waewae, *taiaha* in hand, rose from where the gathering were seated on the ground.

"Why, he asked. "have you passed by our door? Go back to the Muaupokos since you prefer them: we will not listen to you here."

Grindell rose without hesitation when the chief had finished:

"When you Maoris go pig-hunting," he said, "you do not go after the tame ones at your door; you go afar after the wild ones."

The laughter that followed eased the situation, and he had no further difficulty with them.

There appears to be not a shadow of doubt that the Ngati-Raukawa were, all along, the victims of a too peaceable disposi-

tion, this applying to the whole of their dealings with land on the coast from Wanganui down to Otaki. Certainly they did not do any great amount of fighting for this land, but it was, by the law of the strong hand, held by them, prior to the coming of the *pakeha*. Their generosity, which seems to have been consistent throughout, allowed the Muaupoko in this district, and the Ngatiapa and Rangitane in the Rangitikei, to continue to occupy part of the conquered lands, a generosity which in both instances was abused.

Despite the fact that the Ngati-Raukawa gave back, voluntarily, to these latter tribes, the Rangitikei and Ahu-o-turanga blocks, containing the huge area of 475,000 acres, they nevertheless laid claim to the Manawatu-Rangitikei block also. Dr. Featherstone, who was sent by the Fox Government to investigate the case, frankly did not concern himself with the merits of the dispute, but advised the Government that the quarrel was opportune, as it would probably enable them to buy the land for settlement.

Although a determined attitude would undoubtedly have gained them their point, the Ngati-Raukawa, again working on the side of peace, gave in, and lost half the block, which was bought by the Government at a few shillings per acre. Had the tribe shown themselves as unruly as their neighbours, the Government would have had to adopt a different attitude, but as it was, it paid to encourage a dissatisfied minority, as it was certain that these people, obtaining large grants of land to which they held a doubtful right, would be willing to dispose of them at once rather than risk losing the block on an appeal.

The Government's excuse was, of course, the old one: the Maori had more land than he knew what to do with, whilst the new settlers were land-hungry and had to be satisfied, if possible. No doubt other Governments dealing with native people have done worse, confiscating arbitrarily what they required. We at least provided them with Land Courts, to ease as much as possible the pain of extraction.

So the Muaupokos won back to independence. And if their title was not a good one, they at least were willing to fight in support of it, which entitles their claim to respect. On the land south of the Hokio, the Maoris now ran stock, sheep and cattle, the two tribes stocking the run according to a loose arrangement. As the land was nowhere fenced, our stock crossed the creek at times and theirs crossed on to our run, but as this was expected, and due allowance made for the fact, no damage was done.

This arrangement had been in force for a couple of years when Kawana Hunia created a fresh disturbance, by bringing down from the Rangitikei, a thousand posts, with the intention of fencing off what he claimed to be his portion of the run.

Hunia's determination met with bitter opposition from the greater number of the Muaupokos, whose communistic sentiments were outraged by the idea of anyone apportioning off part of the tribal estate. Some few of the Ngati-Pariri, the *hapu* of the Muaupoko with which Hunia was connected, supported him, probably from a hope of personal gain, but the remainder determined to oppose the fencing at all hazards.

The posts were carted down the beach by bullock-dray to the mouth of the Hokio, and for some time Hunia and the large body of Ngatiapa who accompanied him, camped at the fishing village on the north bank of the stream. From there he sent word to the Muaupoko that he intended to proceed with the fencing, and invited them to a meeting. They attended the meeting, but told him plainly that they would not permit any division of the land, and Hunia, furious, defied them to do their worst, and stated his determination to carry his intention through in spite of them.

Next day he had the posts loaded up, and with several teams of bullocks started inland along the old track, to Horowhenua. He was allowed to proceed peacefully until his convoy reached the flat where the present road from Levin to the beach first approaches the stream, but there he found his way barred by the whole assembled force of the Muaupoko tribe, men, women and children, to the number of several hundreds.

Leading them was Hereora, daughter of old Taueki, a very fine-looking woman, of commanding stature, and imperious temper. She had been one of Hunia's many wives—by no means the first—but had quarrelled with him and returned to her own people, nourishing for him thereafter the bitterest hatred and contempt. She had one daughter, Pora[1] (more usually known as Wiki), who was at the time about ten years old.

We boys had ridden out to witness the meeting, in the expectation of fun, and we were not disappointed. The Muaupokos, as they waited, were wildly excited, and as the patiently plodding bullocks came lumbering on to the flat, they rushed forward, brandishing sticks and tomahawks, and halted them, crying out fiercely to Hunia to take his posts back to Rangitikei. They were met by the Ngati-Apa and Hunia's supporters among the Ngati-Pariri, and amidst the brandishing of weapons, voices rose louder and

1. At a Land Court held in Levin, some years later, Wirihana Hunia, a son of Kawana Hunia by another and earlier wife than Hereora, employed to conduct his claim for lands in opposition to Pora, a European named Alexander McDonald. During the case McDonald made the statement that Pora was illegitimate, which was absolutely incorrect, as plurality of wives was quite in accordance with Maori usage. Pora, who was sitting in the body of the Court, rose quietly and went outside, returning shortly with a heavy stick. Without any appearance of haste or anger she walked up to where McDonald was sitting, and aimed a violent blow at his head, which as she was a powerful woman would certainly have killed him, had he not warded off the blow with his arm. As it was his arm was shattered.

louder in denunciation and defiance. In the midst of the disturbance Hunia presented a striking figure, as, striding up and down, one hand thrust into the breast of his frock coat, his silk hat planted over his eyes, and brandishing a stick, he called to the crowd to make way, and to his own men to bring the drays along.

Between the two parties the bullocks were suffering; whilst Hunia's partisans endeavoured to move them forward, the Muaupokos exerted their energies—and their sticks—to turn them round whence they had come, and they were now plunging and backing in hopeless confusion. Pandemonium was raging when Hereora dashed up to Hunia and, planting herself in his path, heaped abuse on him:

"You!" she screamed in conclusion, "What are you? A *taurekareka! A mokai!*"

Hunia had listened to her with an air of patient scorn. Now he turned, and with a splendid gesture, pointed to Hereora's and his daughter sitting on a bank with some other children at a short distance.

"Na Pora e noho mai nei!" (behold our daughter sitting there) he said with crushing finality.

The inference was obvious; if he was a slave, Hereora had married a slave, and to her daughter descended the taint of slavery. Hereora went half mad with passion. She danced a *haka* before Hunia cursing him with what, according to Maori sensibilities, were the most outrageous curses (*kohokoho*), but he took no further notice of her, but called to his men to proceed, and threatened the Muaupoko with the direst penalties if they did not clear the way.

The bullocks at this stage took a hand in the business. They bolted, and careered round the flat, scattering the crowd, and incidentally strewing the posts far and wide through the *manuka*.

The non-fencing party eventually won, and the posts were loaded on the drays again and carted back to the mouth of the Hokio, where Hunia had some ancestral claim to an eel *pa*, the Muaupokos declaring with bitter humour that as they admitted that he owned the land that the eel *pa* was built on, he could fence that in if he liked.

Hunia retired to his whare at the hokio to nurse his wrath. The bitterness of his defeat must have rankled deeply, for that night he rushed along to a *whare* belonging to old Magere, who was one of the leaders of those who opposed his claims, calling out that he was going to kill her, and chopping at the door

1. The taunt was in reference to Hunia's father having been a captive to Te Rauparaha, the taint of slavery therefore descending to his son.

with a tomahawk. Probably that relieved his feelings, for he did not go any further, but Magere took the matter to Court, and Hunia was duly haled before a magistrate, where he adopted an attitude of injured dignity. He drew his frock-coated figure to its full 6ft. of height.

"Do I look like a man who would attack a woman?" he asked scornfully, and refused to answer any questions.

[*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

Remains, including Iron Wheel and Broken Mill Stone of Old Maori Flour Mill at Poroutawhiao, built in 1853 or '54 under the direction of a French priest.

Chapter XXVII.

HALYCON DAYS OF THE MUAUPOKO.

The incident of the posts was, however, merely a ripple on the smooth stream of the old life which was resumed by the Muaupokos, and which was destined to last for the next decade. Those were pleasant days for the tribe. Their *mana* had been restored; food grew abundantly, and the luxuries of the *pakeha* could always be procured by selling a few pigs.

Accordingly as the taste for those luxuries grew, with the addition of *pakeha* clothing which soon became looked upon as a necessity, a fairly large trade in pigs sprang up. In the winter usually, the Wellington dealers would come up to Horowhenua to buy pigs, the usual thing being to accept delivery at the beach. As every old woman would have two or three to sell, none of which had been away from home before, the problem arose of how to get them along the unfenced track to the beach. Maori ingenuity supplied the means and also considerable amusement to those to whom familiarity had not rendered the sight devoid of interest.

The day before the date of delivery every old woman, man, and child, might be seen with a rope round the hind leg of a squealing, contrary pig, driving it along the track to the Hokio. They were a good tempered crowd, and although confusion was certain when some unruly porker temporarily took charge of his escort, and ran foul of the ropes holding his companions, the whole incident was the occasion of shouts of laughter, and the lines were unravelled with the greatest good humour.

Here and there an old woman, whose pigs were pets, might be seen sedately walking along followed by a couple of porkers, which she enticed along by an occasional dropped potato, when they would no longer follow the Maori pig call, which was a combination of grunt and imitation of a pig guzzling swill. A man named Bright, living at Otaki, had a bull which went in a cart like a horse, and this was sometimes borrowed to cart the pigs out, many a dozen being fetched from Horowhenua to the beach in this way.

A wild looking sight—to the unaccustomed eye—the Muaupokos made on these occasions It must be remembered

that the Horowhenua Maoris, living a rather isolated life, retained the old Maori garb, long after the remainder of the coastal natives had discarded the *rapaki* for trousers, and I have seen men from Wellington gazing with the most evident uneasiness at a group of old, tattooed, *rapaki*-clad, tomahawk-carrying natives, who themselves enjoyed the *pakeha's* timidity to the full.

The mob when collected would be driven down the beach, a cart usually going ahead from which a few potatoes would be dropped. The pigs soon got used to following this and would plunge into a river and swim across after the cart without the slightest hesitation. The store pigs would be sold to the farmers between Paekakariki and Wellington, and those fat enough for killing were driven right into the city.

One sometimes hears the statement—the fallacy of which is now pretty generally recognized—that pigs cannot swim any distance. I recollect that on one occasion we had bought 120 pigs from the Maoris for the Wellington market, and shut them up for the night in the old accommodation house at the Hokio, by this time falling into disrepair. In the morning at about 6.30 a.m., when we let them out to commence the drive, they stampeded down to the sea, one big black barrow entering the water and swimming straight out. Thinking he would shortly turn for the shore, we did not attempt to head him, but he kept right on, and presently was too far out. Apparently becoming conscious that he had overdone the thing, he headed for shore when he had gone about a quarter of a mile, but by that time the tide was running out and he was gradually carried away until we could only see him as a black speck in the distance.

At about 3.30 that afternoon, the tide having meanwhile turned, the coach was coming up the beach near the Ohau river when the people on board saw a pig struggle to shore through the breakers, and after shaking himself make off into the sandhills. When they reached the Hokio, our groom, who knew of the barrow's escapade, was waiting with a change of horses, and the driver began to tell him of having seen the pig swim ashore. The general opinion among the passengers was that it must have fallen overboard from a passing vessel, but the groom gave them something more surprising still to talk about.

"Big black pig with white shoulder, was he?" he queried indifferently. "Oh that pig goes to sea every day."

"Is that so?" queried the driver incredulously.

"Oh, yes," the groom answered, with an eye on the gaping passengers; "goes out fishing. Goes miles sometimes."[1]

This pig turned up at our place at the lake a couple of days later, and so impressed was my father with his prowess that he decreed that he should never be killed.

I have known a bullock to take a longer swim, one hard driven during mustering, taking to the sea near the wreck of the "Hyderabad," and swimming out until, with a telescope, it could just be distinguished in the distance, a black dot surrounded by sea-gulls. A few days later we found it grazing behind Moutere.

Those were, perhaps, the happiest days of the local Maori people. The old inter-tribal wars had been quelled, so that they could—a thing unknown in the olden days—enjoy their land with security. Food was plentiful and easily obtained. The possession of large tracts of land made them people of consequence, so their *mana* remained high, or in other words they were respected both by themselves and by the *pakeha*.

Given a few generations—for at present they were only one generation removed from the stone-age—they might have evolved, however haltingly, to a civilisation approximating to that of the European. In the meantime they were content. They had enough and to spare to satisfy their simple wants; the few *pakehas* in the district did not touch their lives so obtrusively as to occasion either emulation or the dull hopelessness of invidious comparision. Government hardly troubled them. They lived under the old tribal law with the addition of the missionary code, neither of which bore very heavily. A race-meeting or a tribal visit ensured them occasional excitement, and for the remainder what more could they ask than to go on as their forbears had gone before them.

On the *marae*, old Rangi Rurupuni showed his maimed hand, and with Ihaka and the rest, droned through lazy summer afternoons, of the brave old, grim old, days of their youth. With the evening came the remainder of the population, men, women, and children trooping in, happy and surfeited from gathering the succulent *tawhara*, or with faces red-brown streaked from a *wai-korari* expedition. Then in the gathering dusk, from the various *pas* would rise the voices of children, shouting as they splashed and swam in the warm waters of the lake, and seizing paddles, we boys would tumble into a canoe and paddle across to Raia te Karaka or Koutoroa to join them.

1. A fact in connection with pigs which may not be generally known, but which we often found useful in hunting wild ones, is that the sex of a pig can always be told by its footprint. A boar's track is very open, splay-footed, in fact; a barrow's foot is close, all four toes touching the ground together, bunched; whilst a sow stands high on the front toes, and back ones barely touching the ground.

And although the darkness which was closing down might hold unimaginable terrors from *kikokiko, kehua,* or *patupaiarehe,* well—within the low, snug, thatched *whares* no malignant spirit would dare to intrude. Those who rashly ventured forth during the hours of darkness—rightly given over to the spirits flying round on their proper affairs—did so at their own risk, and must be prepared to take the consequences.

Gradually the Muaupokos adopted European clothing, only the older people retaining the *rapaki* to the last, but in fundamentals their life was unchanged. Crops were still put in with due propitiatory rites to Rongo-ma-Tane, the god of cultivated foods, birds were snared in the bush, and every autumn the canoes were overhauled and taken out to the sea for the fishing, vast quantities of fish being taken and dried to a malodourous degree of ripeness for winter use.

Several large canoes, replete with carved bow and stern posts were at this time on the lake, the names of some I remember being "Te Hamaria," "Tiki Tiki" and "Rerewaitai" (flying the sea). When in use on the lake the *tauihu* and *taurapu* (carved bow and stern posts), which formed such a distinctive part of the larger Maori canoes, with the side board which raised the gunwale a foot or so higher than the actual dug-out portion of the hull, were taken down and carefully stored away out of the weather.

Then as the fishing season approached, the canoes were got ready with as much care as a yachtsman prepares for the racing season. The bow and stern posts, which besides being ornamental, were also necessary to the proper attachment of the top-sides or *"rawawa,"* were lashed into position with the small tough black vine called *"takoraro"* or with *kiekie* ropes. The *rawawa* were fixed in position, holes being bored through the plank, corresponding with similar holes in the gunwale, and where the two joined, a narrow batten, perhaps three inches in width, was laid along and bound tightly into position, the cords passing round it as they were laced through the holes above and below.

The whole canoe was made water-tight by being caulked with *hune,* the fluff of the *raupo* spear, which was driven into every crack and interstice. It had the property of swelling when wet, and made an excellent but perishable caulking. One of the reasons why the canoes were taken down at end of the sea-fishing season was to prevent this caulking rotting the wood of which the vessels were constructed.

The veneration in which these canoes were held by the Maoris, and the value they placed upon them, are only to be estimated by a realisation of the immense labour entailed in

the building of one in the days before the *pakeha*'s steel axe revolutionised their ideas of labour.

To cut down a tree which would give a trunk sufficiently wide to produce a canoe with a four foot beam, with nothing better than a stone axe, was in itself a herculean task. These axes are still plentiful in museums and in the homes of the older settlers, and were shaped and of a size suitable to the work which they were meant to perform.

The *kapukapu* was a long adze-like axe with a curve inwards toward the handle and was used for chipping out the wood in the scarf when a tree was being felled. This type of axe was very rare. The ordinary variety known as *toki* was, with a mallet, used for cutting and bruising a double line round the tree, the wood between being then adzed out with the *kapukapu*. A smaller axe was known as a *patiti,* this name being given to the tomahawk when it was obtained, just as the steel axe was called a *toki*. The smallest size, known as *panahe,* was sometimes made of shell, and was that with which the elaborate carving, which the Maori of to-day finds it difficult to rival even with the aid of modern tools, was done, with infinite patience and labour.

As may be imagined, a fifty or sixty foot canoe, carved from stem to stern, the product probably of years of labour, was not to be lightly used, nor needlessly subjected to the danger of rotting. Very often they were pulled up on shore and housed in long open sheds out of the weather, but as the old fellows died the Maoris became more careless.[1]

The smaller common canoe was called *Roki,* each one having its individual name also.[2]

1. These *rawawa* and carved portions of the canoes lay about the *pas* for many years but eventually disappeared, but what happened to them I cannot say. Possibly they were burnt for firewood by the materialistic younger generation, although it is probable that many of them were buried, as were the *tekoteko* or carved figures surmounting the posts in the old *pa* stockade, many of these being destroyed at the instigation of the missionaries who objected to them as emblems of paganism.

2. A curious thing was that the first bullock-drays owned by the Maoris were given names, possibly as a continuation of this habit of naming the canoes. Thus, one I knew in the late 60's was called *"pihareinga"* (the cricket) a name which would lead one to suspect that it was not greased over well when it first came into its owner's possession. Another was named "Bobby," after a man from whom it was bought.

Chapter XXVIII.

HOROWHENUA BLOCK INDIVIDUALISED.

But events were in train which were to effectively preclude the possibility of any gradual evolution, and by introducing the Maoris instead to the disintegrating influences of Land Court contention, caused the revolution which has left them the mere flotsam and jetsam along the tide of progress, that the race represents at the present day.

To visualise just how complete that revolution was, and its effect on the Maori mind, it is necessary to understand the system of land-tenure under which the Maoris held their tribal estates, and on which their whole system of society was based. Without entering into details, which would be merely wearisome, it may be stated that the whole of this estate was held in common right, no member of a tribe having the title to any particular part or portion of it, but having at the same time a common and indivisible right over the whole.

This was, however, modified by the fact that from long usage, or for some other reason, a particular member of the tribe might acquire an occupation right through building a *whare* in a certain location, or through having exercised fishing or bird-snaring rights in a particular locality. These modifications, however, extended no further than the occasion which had bestowed them, and conferred no right of absolute ownership, nor of alienation

The position of the chiefs was—to our ideas of equity—an even more ambiguous one, and can be likened to nothing more definite than that of a present day local body. Whilst the chief was unquestionably head of the whole petty state, which every Maori tribe represented, he yet owned nothing of himself; he exacted tribute from all, but beyond that, merely held the lands of the tribe in trust for its members; he wielded a wide but shadowy authority, upheld primarily by his personal *mana* or reputation, and may be likened to a local body still further, from the fact that although chieftainship was primarily hereditary, a weak or cowardly chief could be passed over or deposed, in favour of a stronger one.

Lake Horowhenua from the Eastern Shore. [*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

This by the way. The primary point under consideration is that the idea of private ownership of land was one totally foreign to the Maori character and mentality. The second point, which is of equal importance, is that when it became necessary to divide up the land into individual interests, there was no definite basis on which it could be done beyond giving each member of the tribe his equal share: but the definition of these shares immediately became confused by the partial rights which different members of the tribe had exercised over portions of the tribal estate, until the Land Court proceedings resolved themselves into an involved contest between rival claimants, each seeking to prove that such rights were exercised by them or their ancestors.

From now on we will concern ourselves with the Muaupoko only—save that occasionally a Ngati-Raukawa may come into the narrative incidentally—primarily because a study of the conditions governing the passing of the Horowhenua Block out of the hands of the Muaupokos into that of the *pakeha*, illustrates adequately the point I wish to make, namely, the manner in which the Maori, a child in the hands of lawyers, Land Court conductors, speculators, land-hungry settlers, and Government officials, was gradually relieved of his lands. What happened here was not essentially different from what was happening at the same time in other parts of New Zealand, and which continued throughout the country, wherever large blocks of land were opened up, almost, if not quite, up to the present time.

Early in the 80's the Manawatu Railway Company commenced the line from Wellington to Palmerston North, and by 1886 it was opened for traffic. Most of this line was constructed through Maori lands, and the Company found that where such land was not individualised, it could not obtain a title to the ground on which the railway line was built.

One such block was the Horowhenua, which after the Court of 1873, had been placed under the control of Major Kemp as *Kaitiaki* (caretaker), the Court expressly stipulating that he should have no power to alienate the land. This stipulation, which was by no means unusual in such cases, was made with the hearty approval of Kemp, who made it a condition that his name alone should appear as trustee, as he had seen, he said, "cases where a number of names were put in as *Kaitiaki* with no power to sell the land, and afterwards the Government had removed the disability, and these people's names being the only ones appearing in the title, they had sold the land, and the tribe had nothing." That, he intended should not happen in this case, and from 1873 to 1886, he acted as sole trustee, with satisfaction to all parties concerned.

In the latter year, the Railway Company wishing to obtain the title to their line (about 76 acres) where it crossed the Horowhenua Block, instructed Alexander McDonald, a licensed interpreter and Land Court conductor, to approach Kemp regarding the sale of the land. McDonald, in going into the matter, found that the Government already had cast hungry eyes on the block as a site for settlement, and that their Purchase Officers were trying to get Kemp to apply for a partition of the block, which would have had the effect of extinguishing his title as trustee and constituting each member of the tribe an owner in his own right.

McDonald entered into the business of supplementing the Government agents' efforts the more readily, as under an agreement made at the time the Railway Company was empowered to construct the line, the Government was to cede to the Company as endowment all lands along the route, purchased from the Maoris within five years of date. By aiding the Government therefore in the designs of settlement, McDonald would be helping his employers to obtain valuable lands for future sale, besides making it possible to obtain the title to the line itself.

After some inquiry, and with the consent of the tribe, Kemp agreed to do as was required of him. He was at the time desperately hard pressed for money, owing no less a sum than £3,000 to a firm of solicitors, for legal services in connection with another block. He made no secret of the fact that he hoped to persuade the Muaupokos to give him sufficient land as payment for his services to them, once the block was individualised, to enable him to discharge this debt.

He agreed, therefore, to the partitioning of the block, not without some qualms, as his later words and actions proved, but at the same time with an apparently real belief in the benefits to be obtained for his people by closer contact with the *pakeha*.

He stipulated that the Government should purchase a block of 4000 acres, which was to be cut up for a township, and with McDonald's assistance, drew out a list of conditions regarding this proposed township, which make interesting reading to-day. The name was to be Taitoko, and in the centre was to be a "garden" (park) of 100 acres. The land was to be divided into sections, and every tenth section reserved for the Muaupokos, whom he had already divided into five classes, according to what he considered their claim to greater or lesser consideration at the time of the division. Reserves were to be made for a Courthouse and for a school, it being specially stipulated that this school should be for Maoris as well as Europeans.

Mr. Ballance, who was then Native Minister, agreeing to these conditions, Kemp duly put in an application for the Court to proceed with the subdivision, the valuation of the 4,000-acre township block being left to the Surveyor-General.

The Land Court sat in Foxton that year, and for the time being did not have any difficulty regarding conflicting claims. The whole of the arrangements were made at meetings of the tribe outside, the Court being merely asked to record the decisions arrived at. When Judge Wilson, who presided, questioned some of these decisions, Kemp told him sharply—to quote the Judge's own words, "in a manner that only Kemp would do"—that he was only there to give effect to a voluntary arrangement, and that the details had nothing to do with him.

The 4,000 acres was first cut out on the site of the present township of Levin, it being impressed on the Maori owners that the sale of this land would pay all the external survey fees, and that they would each get a section in the large block, free of any incumbrance. This township was put in the name of Kemp as owner, so that he could convey the title to the Crown on behalf of the tribe.

Kemp's solicitude for the welfare of the tribe became apparent in his further division of the block. In the original title given by the Court in '73, the names of 106 persons were registered below Kemp's as being interested in the Block. Forty-four extra names were now added to this list, as being owners accidentally overlooked in '73, these being known as the *rerewaho* (literally "those who jumped out"), but this is merely incidental. It was decided that each of these members of the tribe should receive 105 acres of land in his own individual right, and a block of 11,130 acres was cut off for the 106 owners, and vested in "Ihaia Taueki and 105 others" for this purpose. It was after this had been done that the remaining forty-four owners (the *rerewhao*) were determined, and a further block of 4,620 acres was set aside and vested in Kemp, for their benefit. These were more particularly the areas, the subdivision of which was to be paid for out of the money obtained from the sale of the township.

On going over the lists again after the registration, it was found that there was one name included which nobody knew, and it was eventually decided that one man's name appeared twice, in one instance being spelled incorrectly. It is one of the many humourous incidents connected with Land Court proceedings, that this man, Wiremu Matakara, was registered as the owner of one square foot of land on the snow-line, on the north-eastern boundary of the block, in extinction of his claim in respect of the mistaken entry.

So far so good. Each member of the tribe now had his own private block—or would have when the survey was completed. But Kemp had no trust in his countrymen's ability to keep the land once it became theirs to deal with. He had seen other blocks frittered away—mortgaged to *pakehas* who fostered extravagances in the Maori and then supplied the means of their gratification, knowing well that the Natives, from their very character, were incapable of ever repaying the money, and must eventually part with the land at a tithe of its value in satisfaction therefor. He decreed, therefore, that a block of 15,000 acres should be set aside in trust, as a perpetual home for the tribe, so that whether they lost their other lands or not, they would always have some place whereon to lay their heads, and call their own. This block, afterwards to become famous as No. XI., took in the whole of the old home of the tribe on the western side of Lake Horowhenua, and included Heatherlea, Kawiu, Fairfield on the the north, and the present State Farm on the south.

It may be asked why Kemp, if he realised that the Muaupokos would inevitably dissipate any property which was given to them, consented to the subdivision, and the accusation may be levelled against him that in any decision he arrived at, he was actuated primarily by his own pressing need of money.

Whilst I have no desire to rule this fact out of consideration, I contend that the answer must be looked for deeper than that. I have singularly failed in my attempt to portray the Maori character, if it cannot be realised by the reader, that even Kemp, with all his knowledge of the *pakeha*, and his native shrewdness, was in many essentials, from the very fact that he was a Maori, still the veriest child. It is not difficult to conceive the rosy picture which McDonald and the Government Purchase Officers, actuated solely by Departmental interest, would draw of the benefits to be derived by the Maori from European settlement: it is easy to imagine Kemp also, still without experience of the impossibility of even the most superficial fusion of the two races, carried away by these pictures, accepting them with a hope which his instinct warned him against, but still unable to bring forward any argument which could persuade even himself of their essential falseness. The provision of the 15,000 acre reserve was at once a justification of himself and an attempt at reconciliation between his doubts and his hopes.

In point of area, the next important subdivision was the cutting off of the 13,000 acres of mountainous country, which was vested in Ihaia Taueki, in trust for the tribe. Eight hundred acres, which it was considered would be sufficient

to discharge Kemp's indebtedness to his legal advisers, was cut off along the southern boundary of the township block, and given to Kemp for his own, and the next question which came up for consideration was the location of the 1200 acres, which according to Kemp's promise to the Ngati-Raukawa in 1874, was to be given to the descendants of Te Whatanui.

It was pointed out to the Muaupokos in the Court by Alex. McDonald, that as Kemp, under the certificate of 1873, was merely trustee for the tribe, he had no power to alienate any portion of the block, and that therefore the agreement entered into between him and McLean in respect of this area, was *ultra vires,* and legally non-effective. To their eternal credit be it said, that the Muaupokos refused to profit by this legal technicality. A promise had been made, they said; they had all known more or less about it, and it must be kept.

No definite block had been assigned at the time this 1200 acres had been promised, and trouble arose as to its location. I will mention this matter out of place here, so as to dispose of it, in order to get on to the relatively more important business of No. XI. The greater number of the Muaupokos wished to cut the Ngati-Raukawa block off in the neighbourhood of Lake Papaitonga (Buller), as being away from the Muaupoko country, but those of the Ngati-Raukawa who were interested, objected to this, desiring that the area should be an extension of the 100 acres allotted them by the Court of '73. Eventually two blocks, each of 1200 acres, were set aside and vested in Kemp, one of which was to be transferred to the Ngati-Raukawas in satisfaction of their claim.

The intentions regarding the disposition of the other block appear to have been indefinite, and later Kemp claimed that it had been given to him in payment of what he had done for the tribe. In this he was supported by one section of the tribe, whilst another section opposed it. Personally, I had always heard it said, before self-interest had warped the contestants from the truth, that the intention of the tribe was to give the land to Kemp, and I believe that Kemp was only telling the truth when he said that this was what the tribe had agreed to do. We will return to this later.

No. XI., which was to be reserved to the tribe in perpetuity, it was first intended should be vested in Kemp alone, as caretaker, but Wirihana Hunia, son of Kawana Hunia (who had died in the preceding year) opposed this, no doubt from a feeling of jealousy at the partiality shown Kemp, who was of lesser rank than himself. The Muaupokos, however, would have none of him as a trustee—he being himself untrustworthy, from a fondness for drink and gambling—and Kemp settled the question by suggesting Wirihana's younger

brother, Warena, who had the reputation of being a good young man, and who was studying for the ministry. Accordingly both names were put in the deed, and the business for the time being was over.

The Government, in the following months, procrastinated over the purchase of the township, despite the fact that it was contingent on this very condition that Kemp agreed to have the Block subdivided. Two reasons may be given for this, the first creditable to the Government although belated, the second by no means so creditable.

It will be remembered that one of the conditions on which the Manawatu Railway Company undertook the building of the line was that all Maori lands held by the Government along the route at the time the agreement was made, and all lands purchased by the Government within a space of five years from that date, were to be transferred to the Company as an endowment. That five years was practically up, and the position confronting the Government was, that if they kept their contract with Kemp and bought the township area immediately, they would be compelled to hand it over to the Railway Company.

The other reason—a legitimate one, but one which would have been more creditable to the Government had they thought of it before making the agreement with Kemp, rather than afterwards—was the condition imposed, that every tenth town section should belong to the natives. The Native Land Commissioner at the time very wisely held that it was not desirable that a European and Maori population should be mixed up, as would be the case under this provision, but it will be noted that his scruples did not become operative until the primary objective of his department—the individualisation of the block—had been secured.

The final purchase of the block was deferred until March, 1887, when the five years contract with the Railway Company had expired. At the same time, by taking advantage of Kemp's being pressed for money—he was at this time putting other blocks through the Court on behalf of Wanganui tribes of which he was Chief—a modification of the conditions was secured, cutting out the provision relating to the reservation of sections for the native owners. The price fixed on was £1 10s. per acre, by no means a liberal estimate of its value, especially when the fact that the 800 acre block alongside was assessed at £3 10s. per acre, is taken into consideration.

Poor Kemp! Poor unworldly Muaupokos! They had hoped for so much from this township and from association with Europeans. They thought that equal education and

opportunity would place them on a plane of equality with the *pakeha* neighbours whom they were installing: how were they to know of such a thing as the colour bar, or know that the *pakeha's* arrogance of colour would permit him to associate with them only so long as there was capital to be made out of it—and them!

Chapter XXIX.

LAND COURT WRECKS THE TRIBE.

Meanwhile the work of subdividing the lands of the 143 owners was proceeding with infinite difficulty and many heart-burnings. Certain areas were, for one reason or another, considered more desirable than others, and as the only means of determining the right thereto of any particular individual, was by his being able to prove that he had exercised rights of ownership of some sort or other over that area, it followed that those who could swear loudest and most circumstantially in the Land Court, received most consideration. The plums which it was within the power of the Court to confer—although not so obvious in this case perhaps—were so large, that the system destroyed amongst a large section of the Maoris, every consideration for truth and honour which they had ever possessed—virtues indeed which had previously been a matter of general acceptance rather than pride amongst them.

At one blow the Land Courts shattered the old Maori conception of the tribe as an entity, and left every man contending for his own land. It depended on his character then—for the Maori was very human, and humanity is frail—whether he merely sought to defend his own, or took the bolder course of seeking to secure that which, according to strict Maori usage, was somebody else's. So slight were the claims to land in many instances—though real enough—that they at times depended on the interpretation of a shade of meaning in a word, and where such a state of things existed, and where there was no documentary evidence, it naturally followed that the man who was glib of tongue, and could persuade a sufficient number of witnesses to back his claim, often received consideration which was not his due, whilst more deserving claimants were granted less than they were entitled to through inability to press their rights.

Here also was the opportunity of the dishonest "conductor," whose position may require some explanation. A conductor was an agent who conducted land claims for the Maoris in the Native Land Court. The majority of them were no doubt honest, but it is certain that some of them

were not, whilst it is doubtful if many of them really understood either the finesses of the Maori language, or fully appreciated the niceties of the unwritten law of property. More often—and in this they were no worse than the lawyer who seeks to win his case by any means short of legal dishonesty—they were impatient of what to their material minds must have seemed the hair-splitting of both parties, and concluding that after all one had as much right to the land as another, and perhaps neither very much, they were content to use what instruments were put into their hands, nor question very closely the ethics of the case.

As instancing how difficult was the position of the Court, there was the case of Puki—although this occurred some years later and in another block—an old half-caste, very well connected locally, who had married a woman of Turakina, and who thereafter during her lifetime, lived with her tribe in the Rangitikei. After her death he married the daughter of a chief at Awapuni and returned to this district, and for some time lived at Otaiwa, where Jack Broughton now lives, and where there was at that time a small *pa*. Living there at the time were Ben Stickles, a half-caste related to Puki, and Puki's widowed half-sister, who had been wife to Hanitaha Kowhai, the chief killed in the Taranaki wars while fighting with Major Kemp. Incidentally this lady received the lordly pension of £12 per year from the Government in consideration of this fact.

Puki after a while removed to a place not far distant, called Takapu Kaiparoro, now generally called Takapu, where he built a house and planted fruit-trees. He lived at Takapu Kaiparoro for about twelve months, and then returned to his wife's people at Awapuni, his *whare* being thereafter occupied by his relative, Ben Stickles.

When the Court was sitting, Puki laid claim to this particular locality, and in order to support that claim had to prove that he had continued on the property in permanent residence with the full knowledge and consent of the remainder of the Muaupokos, and that as corroborative evidence, the house he had built was a permanent structure and intended to be occupied as such.

The Ngati-Hine *hapu* of the Muaupoko tribe opposed Puki's claim, their case being conducted by one J. M. Fraser. I was in the Court House at Levin when this case was being heard some time in the early 90's: Puki was an old man at this time, bowed with rheumatism, unused to Courts, and obviously bewildered by the cross-questioning to which he was being subjected. Fraser, voicing the contention of those who were opposing Puki's claim, was trying to prove that

the *whare* erected on the land was only a temporary residence, and asked Puki if it were not merely a *whare-mahau* (literally, a shelter from the wind), such as would be put up by a man snaring pigeons, his object being to argue a lack of permanency in Puki's rights, in conformity with the temporary nature of the building. The old man, confused by the string of questions hurled at him in no friendly voice, agreed that this was so, and lost the case.

I was so disgusted that I got up and left the Court, as knowing all the facts, I knew just how strong his claim was. Fraser had asked him further if he did not live at Rangitikei, and to this he had assented also. In reality he was a chief of these parts and should have explained to the Court that he had lived at Rangitikei only because his wife belonged there —a quite right and proper course of procedure amongst the Maoris—whilst his claim to the land had been kept secure by the fact that his sister had "kept the family fires burning" by occupation during his absence, and further strengthened by frequent visits. When his Rangitikei wife died he merely returned to his ancestral home, whilst the fact that he planted fruit trees, and that Stickles had left his own house to occupy Puki's *whare* when he had left it, proved that the occupation had not been intended as temporary, nor the *whare* of the nature of a *whare-mahau*.

This case worried me a good deal, since it was so obvious that Puki had been deprived of what was justly his, and when I saw him a few days later where he sat outside his *whare* in the sun, I questioned him.

"Why," I asked, "did you say your *whare* was a *whare-mahau*? You know, and I know—everybody knows—that it was not a *whare-mahau*!"

The old man admitted that he was ashamed of himself.

"But," he added pathetically, "I could not think; my head was going round, and I did not know what I was saying."

It was out of the fostering of such cases that the Conductor made his living, and however honest he might be in the main, the result of the system was that the Maori as a rule had, before the business was over, either to mortgage his land to pay the Conductor's heavy charges, or as was done by Kemp in the case of the Horowhenua Block, give a piece of land in satisfaction of the claim. So involved did many of the Maoris become in Land Court litigation, and so closely did the Conductors cling, like modern "old men of the sea," that block after block of land was fought for and won, merely to go in payment of their expenses.

In a case like the individualisation of the 105 acre shares, it might be argued that little harm was done to a person by

giving his share in one part, rather than in any other, but this is arguing without a knowledge of the very deep love the Maori bore for the locality in which his ancestors had resided —the principal claim to land.

I recollect an old fellow named Raurau having a clearing called Hopohopa on the northern side of the Lake, close to the Kawiu clearing. It was not extensive, but on it he had a *whare,* and groves of peach and cherry trees, and also two of the only three apple trees which grew round the lake. He was dead when the individualisation of the land took place, but instead of his son and daughter getting this land, which was undoubtedly theirs more than anyone else's, it was awarded to another claimant, who had not a shadow of right to that particular locality, and the real owners were given blocks away back in the bush somewhere.

I met young Raurau after the Court; he had had a few drinks and was seething with anger, and as was always the case with him when in such a condition, he insisted on speaking English—a language which he understood very imperfectly.

"Who owned Hopohopa?" he cried. "You know that I owned it. Now the Court has given me land right back in the bush. I am going now to burn this land that I have got."

(Meaning that it held no value for him, and that he was going to dissipate it as quickly as he could.)

Most of the 143 owners did that anyway, whether they were satisfied with the land given them or otherwise. No sooner was the individualisation complete than a horde of land-hungry settlers swooped down upon them, bought where the Maori would sell, and where they would not, obtained grazing rights, and by advancing money to the owners, eventually got them into such a position that they had to sell.

There were honest exceptions, of course, and these paid for their honesty in lost opportunities. The generally accepted doctrine was, that a man might just as well have the land as allow someone else to get it—that the Maori was bound to lose it, anyhow. Such a doctrine was not conducive to fine distinctions on points of ethics, and it was not long before hardly a single Maori remained in possession of his 105 acre block which he had accepted so hopefully.

[Photo by G. L. Adkin.

Lake Horowhenua.

Chapter XXX.

TE WHITI'S MESSAGE.

A fact which aided very considerably towards the dissipation of the Muaupokos' interest in this Block was the rise some short time before, of the second of the great Maori religious movements directed against the *pakeha*—a movement which, like the fighting Hauhau religion which preceded it, was the direct psychological result of the Maori's recognition of his gradual submergence, and inevitable extinction.

Unlike the Hauhau movement, however, Te Whiti's religion did not reach armed resistance to the *pakeha*, and in this may be traced still further, its psychological origin. Hauhauism had been stamped out in blood and suffering. Armed resistance was obviously in vain, but Te Whiti—misguided patriot, or successful charlatan—taught, and claimed that he had been inspired to teach, that on a certain day a wave would wash over the whole land, sweeping the entire *pakeha* population into the sea, and that the land and the fruits thereof would once more belong to the Maori. Only to such Maoris, however, as subscribed to his doctrine, and before the dread day of retribution, gathered at this Taranaki *pa* of Parihaka. In that much-abused book, the Bible, he claimed to find confirmation of his teaching.

It emphasises the underlying discontent of the Maori that the religion spread like wildfire, and Maoris from all parts of the country poured into Parihaka, bringing with them gifts of food and money. Among the Muaupokos the doctrine of divine intervention on behalf of the Maori was received with enthusiasm—so much so that many of the more ardent refused to go into the Court in support of their claims to land, contending that as the *pakeha* would shortly be washed into the sea with all his works, and the land would again belong to the Maori, there was no necessity for troubling about the matter. A number of them actually lost their lands in this way, but in the great bulk of the movement their case was relatively unimportant. Where the real damage was done was in the Maoris selling their lands as soon as the individual-

isation was complete, in order to obtain money to spend at Parihaka, Maori custom and vanity both demanding that by gifts of gold to Te Whiti, and a certain degree of ostentation, they should prove that their tribe was one worthy of consideration.

In the main, the price paid to the Muaupokos for their sections was a fair one, but the tragedy was that it should have been spent so foolishly. Parihaka beggared the Muaupokos: many of them sold everything they possessed and migrated to Taranaki, returning only when, their money gone, they found their welcome also gone. Others, more cautious perhaps, sold at first part only of their sections, but the result was the same; piece after piece was sold to keep them at Parihaka waiting for the promised day, and they also at last had nothing.

There were exceptions, of course, as there are to the general acceptance of any creed or doctrine—sturdy old doubters who refused to be carried away by the emotionalism of the moment. Such an one was old Te Rangi Mairehau, a survivor of the old days, who, although even then an old man, had been one of Kemp's warriors.

It was early in the '80's that I attended a meeting called at Raia te Karaka to consider the message of one Murahi, a Muaupoko who had returned from Parihaka with an invitation to his fellow-tribesmen to follow him to Te Whiti and salvation. Old Ihaia Taueki, who was a gentle, pious, patriarchal-looking old man, was the leading chief present at this meeting (his rank amongst the Muaupokos was actually higher than that of either Kemp or Hunia); and Muruahi declaimed long on the threatened visitation which was to be looked for in the following May, and supported his arguments with quotations from the Bible. A wave of fear and religious awe went over the Maoris as he spoke; they all knew their Bible—did not their chief every evening read to them from it on the *marae*?—and to hear quoted from its pages, which they dared not disbelieve, dread words of death and destruction,robbed them of any power of criticism.

But old Te Rangi Mairehau was made of sterner stuff. A hard unbelieving old sceptic, who above all, remembering Mahurangi,[1] where the Ngatiawa had invited his people to the feast of death at Waikanae, trusted no Taranaki man. No sooner had Muruahi finished, than with blazing eyes he leapt to his feet, brandishing the tomahawk which he invariably carried strapped to his wrist, and scornfully told the messenger that he believed neither in him nor his message. He addressed the gathered tribe in impassioned words.

1. Battle of the Pumpkins.

"How do we know," he cried, "that another Mahurangi is not intended? Let those go who will," he went on furiously. "I for one will not go. I do not believe that those who do not go will be swept out to sea. Who is this Te Whiti, anyhow? A *tutua*: a nobody. I knew him at Otaki, and he was nothing! Who is he that I should follow him? I will stay here. And what is more, if I see Muruahi back here again after May, I will split his head with this tomahawk!"

He stamped furiously out of the meeting and returned to his place at Weraroa.

But the old warrior's outburst hardly disturbed the unanimity of the remaining Muaupokos' acceptance of the new faith. Only old Ihaia Taueki, whose dignified, benevolent character was characteristic of the best in Maori chieftainship, and whose large generous simplicity of soul had made him generally beloved, was troubled. A lay-reader of the Church of England, he could not readily subscribe to the new doctrine, contrary to the teaching of his church, whilst his dignity as chief made it hard for him to place himself under the authority of another, merely as a follower. To give the old man his due, it is doubtful if this fact had as much to do with his hesitation as had his religious scruples. Here his mind was torn between his love for his old faith and the apparently clear message of the new.

"Give me a week," he pleaded at last, "to think over your words, and cry over my old religion."

But the fates were merciful to him. Before the time he asked for was up, his brain had given way beneath the strain and anguish of the choice he was called upon to make, and untroubled by questions of theology or any other cares, he wandered mindless, his doubts and fears resolved. He died so, some twelve months later.

Chapter XXXI.

BLOCK XI.

The quarrel over Block XI., which was commenced in 1890 between Kemp and Warena Hunia, and which practically beggared both parties in the six years of litigation which resulted, whilst it may, superficially, be charged to venal self-interest, is rightly to be blamed to governmental blundering. Warena Hunia was at no time more than the tool of circumstances—of which he took advantage it is true, but which he had no hand in shaping.

In 1899, Kawana Hunia being dead two years, Warena Hunia, whose name appeared in the title deeds of Block XI. along with that of Kemp, got into financial difficulties, and had borrowed a large sum of money. Throughout this business, it may be mentioned, Warena acted merely as a lay-figure for his elder and stronger brother, Wirihana.

We were at the time paying to Kemp the sum of £400 per year for the grassed portion of No. XI. Block, and Warena approached him for money with which to pay his debts. Kemp advanced him, within a few months, several sums, amounting in all to £300 or £400, but at last became tired of his importunity, and refused further supplies. It was then that the discovery was made that Judge Wilson, by some curious mistake, had, instead of making out the title to the members of the Muaupoko tribe, with Warena and Kemp as trustees only, as was intended, had actually registered those two as sole owners of the Block, and an absolute title had been made out in their names.

The significance of this discovery was at once apparent to Hunia, who saw in it an immediate means of providing himself with money. Through his advisers he obtained an order of the Court compelling Kemp to account for all rentmonies received from the block since 1886, at the same time applying to Kemp to divide the land, and at a meeting between the parties held in Wellington shortly after, urged that the matter be settled at once.

Kemp at first peremptorily refused, saying that he would have to consult the tribe before anything could be done, but

at last declared angrily that he would give Warena 1000 acres in extinction of his personal claims. This Warena refused to accept. The reason he gave for this refusal later, may have been the correct one, and if so, throws a curious light on the Maori mentality. Although he was opposing Kemp's plea of a trust, and wished to obtain possession of the land for the purpose of selling at least part of it, he held that his reason for refusing to accept Kemp's offer was that had he done so, there would have been none to protect the interests of that section of the Muaupokos—the Ngati-Pariri —who more particularly were his people, as Kemp would then divide the land among his own friends only. As a Chief, he claimed, he could not make his responsibilities subversive to his own personal interests.

Kemp's position, as will be clearly understood, was a most invidious one, and one also which laid him open to a great temptation. The Courts of the country, a section of his own tribe, both combined to force upon him the greater part of a block of 15,000 acres, which, against his sense of justice alone, they insisted belonged to him. Every excuse by which sophistry would have urged a surrender to circumstance, was there to prompt acceptance of the fact of ownership, and to permit a principle which could not be legally urged, to be subordinated to personal profit. Kemp was in need of money —he was at this time fighting other land claims in the Wanganui district; he had an injunction of the Court against him compelling him to account for several thousand pounds—a thing he could neither do nor find the money to supply the deficiency for which he made himself responsible by that failure. The very law which on the one hand imposed an intolerable and inequitable burden upon him, on the other thrust into his hands the means of discharging his embarrassments. That Kemp remained true, in spite of what must have been a very real temptation, to his innate sense of justice, is a tribute to the honesty, no less than to the strength of his character.

Following the abortive conference in Wellington, a further meeting, at which the whole tribe was represented, was held at Horowhenua, for the purpose of attempting to reach an understanding. Whether Kemp had temporarily weakened as the result of the force of circumstances against him, or whatever the reason, he showed himself here to be open to accommodation. Hunia's advisers had prepared a plan showing how he suggested dividing the Block. Eight thousand acres were to be given to the tribe and seven thousand divided in equal shares between the two Chiefs.

Kemp looked over the plan when it was submitted to him:

"Who gets this part?" he asked, pointing to the best part of the Block, the rich bush land along the railway.

"You and Warena," he was assured.

"And who takes the sandhills?"

"The Muaupokos," he was told.

Kemp rejected the proposal scornfully.

"You have picked out the eyes of the land," he said. "I have always been a Chief, but to accept this plan would be to make of me a slave. I will have nothing to do with it."

The meeting broke up without anything being done, and Warena Hunia then commenced an action in the Supreme Court to compel Kemp to account for the rent-money received, on behalf of the tribe, from 1877 to that date.

No more ridiculous action can well be conceived by anyone having even the most superficial knowledge of the Maori character. As Sir Walter Buller stated in respect of this case, "Kemp had received the money as a Chief, and distributed it as a Chief." As head of the tribe he had taken the money and divided it according to a rough principle of equity. There was no strict accounting. If he required a sum for his own uses, he took it, with the expressed or implied consent of the tribe. To expect that the business would be done according to European rules of accounting and that a strict record of money received and expended would be kept, was as ridiculous as to imagine that the Maori became European in mentality when he gave up the more obvious characteristics of the savage.

The Court, no doubt acting on the principle that they were not a Court of equity, but of law, ordered Kemp to account for the money—vain order where neither books were kept nor even a definite policy of distribution followed. The same Court ordered that the Block be put through the Land Court, so that the interest of each of the two (apparent) owners might be determined. This Court sat in 1890, and divided the land roughly in equal shares between the two Chiefs.

Kemp immediately appealed against this decision, on the ground that the question of a trust had not been taken into consideration in making the division, protesting that neither he nor Warena had any rights other than that of caretakers for the tribe, and that to divide the land between them would be to rob the people of their inheritance.

Anyone who knows anything of Maori land court procedure, of how cases drag on indefinitely, and of the immense number of witnesses brought forward by each side, will

appreciate the huge expense incurred by the opposing parties in these successive actions. The cases were heard in Palmerston North; dozens of witnesses attended from Horowhenua; they all had to be fed, even if they were not paid for attending; Court expenses had to be met; counsel and conductors were engaged to act for both parties, all of whom would appear to base their fees on a sliding scale proportionate to their probability of ultimate payment, but always high. Charge piled on charge, and expense on expense.

Judges Mair and Scannell heard Kemp's appeal against the sub-division, and decided that it must stand. An absolute title had been made out, and the Court had no power to alter a title once registered.

Chapter XXXII.

WHERE THE GOVERNMENT FAILED.

I suggested in the previous chapter that Warena Hunia was not to be seriously blamed for the trouble which occurred over Block XI., since he merely took advantage of circumstances as he found them, and that the real responsibility rested on the Government which had neglected to provide adequate safeguards to the interests of the natives.

In the same way, and for identical reasons, the various vampires who battened on the Maori during those years, were also merely taking advantage of the absence of rational protective legislation, to rob him of the gold which was heaped into his unaccustomed hands by the Government Purchase Officers, or of the land itself, which represented the value of the Maori, both in his own eyes and those of the *pakeha.* Even the callous indifference of the parliament which greeted with approval Dr. Featherstone's statement, "that it was impossible to save the Maori, and that all that they could do was to make as comfortable as possible the dying bed of a doomed race," might have been expected to show sufficient consistency to protect the Maori against his own weakness and inexperience.

Two explanations of the Government's failure to do this are open to acceptance—one discreditable to the heads of those in authority, and the other to their hearts. Either they thought the best thing that could happen was that the money given to the Maoris for their lands should be taken from them as soon as possible, and by giving them a taste of the pleasures of rapid spending, predispose them to further sales, which would satisfy, even if temporarily, the clamours of the land hungry settlers, or else they actually failed to realise that the Maori was, as far as his knowledge and appreciation of money went, a child.

Charity would suggest the acceptance of the latter view; commonsense compels a belief in the other, or perhaps a modification of it. The Government of the day were probably indifferent to what happened to the Maori. They knew he had had plenty of land—more than he could use profitably—

and they desired nothing but to purchase a portion of that surplus for the purpose of settlement. What the Maori did with the money was his own affair.

Meanwhile they provided the machinery for the facilitating of those sales. Land Courts were empowered to individualise interests, and so undermined the authority of the elders who might have prevented wholesale alienation, and as a sop to the Governmental conscience it was ordained that no person other than the Government itself was to purchase land from the Maoris. Even this ordinance, honestly designed as it undoubtedly was, was open to abuse, and land was purchased in very many instances, for much less than private individuals would have been prepared to pay for it.

Behind the Government lion came the pack of private jackals who made a goodly meal off the scraps from the lordly killing. By making it possible to carry on disputes, by encouraging appeals and counter-appeals, and in the more legitimate, but not less profitable sphere of ordinary professional service, there were excellent pickings. Lastly there was the richest field of all, in lending money to distressed Maoris on the security of land at a more or less exorbitant rate of interest—this was unimportant since it was never expected that the interest would be paid—and as the victim's distress became more acute, buying the land at a figure to suit the purchaser.

That all of these abuses, many of which were not applicable to this particular district, could have been avoided, I do not propose to urge, but it is certain that the greater part of them could have been, by placing in trust all moneys devolving on the Maoris from the sale of land. To a limited extent this is being done at the present time—fifty years too late.[1]

1. A real friend of the Maori with whom I discussed this matter, pointed out that a difficulty would have arisen, and was indeed arising at the present day, that the Maori would refuse to sell his land on such terms, pointing out that the *pakeha* when he sold anything to the Government got paid in full and why should not the Maori. The result would be, he held, that the Maori would have refused to sell his surplus lands. He suggested that the real solution of the difficulty would have been for the Government to have realised the communal basis of tribal tenure and conformed to it to the extent of leasing tribal blocks in toto instead of first individualising them, any subdivision necessary being done by the Government before settlement.

The weakness of the suggestion is that in the early days of settlement such socialistic policy as Government landlordism was unthought of. Even had it been, the land would have had to be leased for such a long period from the natives in order to give security of tenure to the settlers that the rent received by the natives would amount to no more than interest on the capital cost under the scheme I suggest, with the added disadvantage that neither the settlers nor the Maoris would have been satisfied. I am afraid my friend inadvertently echoed the governmental policy when he said it was necessary to pay the money in full in order to persuade him to sell. Whilst I agree that any other policy would probably have delayed settlement somewhat, it is questionable if it would have done more than that, and a solution of the problem based on a reasonable degree of equity would certainly have been better than the present one.

The result of such a provision is obvious: the Maori, although he had parted from the land which he would not have cultivated, would still be assured of an adequate income from his invested capital; by this means the country would have been saved the disgrace of having Maoris, bewildered by the possession of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pounds, handed to them in a lump sum, plucked by every cheap shark and tout in the town which they selected to spend it in: cheated by hotel-keepers, swindled by hangers-on of racing stables, and confidence men, until utterly amazed, they realised that their money had vanished, and perhaps then for the first time fully realised that their land was also gone.

The last important result would probably have been this: we can so far agree with Dr. Featherstone at this stage—however open to dispute the contention was at the time it was uttered—as to admit that there appears little hope of saving the Maori as a race. Did they possess money, however, it would facilitate that absorption into the *pakeha* body which appears to be the ultimate end of the Maori—and I make the suggestion with a full recognition of the unworthiness of the motives which would have actuated the *pakeha* co-partners in that assimilation.

Chapter XXXIII.

KEMP ESTABLISHES THE TRUST.

Kemp had engaged Sir Francis Bell to act for him in the case in the Native Land Appeal Court, in which he sought to establish the principle of a trust, and my brother J. R. McDonald, was present when Bell told Kemp towards the end of a long hearing, that he did not have a chance in the world of establishing his case —that a title once given was inviolable.

This matter naturally concerned us very closely. Half of the land which we were leasing had now been given to Warena Hunia by the Court, and Warena was anxious to sell as soon as he could get a purchaser. To leave out of the question the palpable injustice which we recognised was being done, in legally dispossessing of their homes the people whose ancestors had resided on this land for several generations, we did not want the block divided; Hunia had threatened to dispossess us as soon as the opportunity offered, whilst Kemp was willing to continue the existing lease.

My brother returned to Horowhenua on the completion of the case, and told me that although the Court had decided against Kemp, he could at least hold up any dealings in the land for the time being. He had some time before arranged to purchase a piece of land from the Maoris at Heatherlea, and although some three years had passed, was unable to complete the title, as a caveat had been lodged against it. He considered that he could get a caveat lodged against Block XI., and this would give time to obtain further advice as to whether the case might profitably be re-opened.

With Kemp and another Muaupoko Chief, he accordingly proceeded to Wellington and consulted Mr. C. P. Skerrett, now Chief Justice, explaining the whole position. Skerrett gave as his opinion that the whole matter narrowed down to a point of law, and advised them to see Mr. W. B. Edwards, who at the time was practising as a solicitor, having been deprived by the Seddon Government of the Judgeship conferred on him by the Atkinson regime. In the meantime, in order to stop any attempt at dealing in the land, he lodged a caveat against it.

Mr. Edwards decided to inspect the land at Horowhenua before giving an opinion. If, he said, the Maoris had been in

possession from time immemorial, then undoubtedly a grave miscarriage of justice had occurred in alienating their patrimony. He came up shortly after, and with my brother and I, went all round the country across the lake. A big meeting of Maoris had been convened, and a feast in accordance with Maori tradition had been made for the distinguished visitor. At the end of his inspection he asked my brother to tell the tribe to take the case to the Supreme Court, that he would act for them, and guarantee to win the case.

The Government was at this time anxious to acquire land in the vicinity of the township of Levin, for a State Farm, and in 1892, Warena Hunia was approached by Mr. Sheridan of the Lands Purchase Department, re the sale of a portion of Block XI. for the purpose.

Hunia, who had at the time pressing debts amounting to nearly £1,000, decided that he would sell 1,500 acres. On October 21, 1893, the transfer of this land was signed, but the purchase price, £4 per acre—was not paid over for some time, for the excellent reason that as the land had been caveated, no dealings in it were legal. Further than this, in November, 1892, Sir Walter Buller prevailed upon Mr. Seddon, then Acting-premier, to issue a Proclamation, under "The Native Land Purchase Act 1892" forbidding any dealing by private persons in the Block, which argued knowledge of the existing conditions.

The question of a trust had been brought before the eyes of the whole country by the frequent Court cases, and equally frequent petitions to Parliament by one or other of the contending parties, and although Warena Hunia had apparently, for the time being, established his title, still, legally, the land was closed to trafficking in any shape or form.

The attitude of the Crown officers is clearly shown in the following memorandum from the Under-Secretary of the Native Affairs Committee in the House of Representatives, dated July, 1894:—"In purchasing 1,500 acres from Warena Hunia, the Land Purchase Department was not unaware of the alleged trust, but the view taken of the matter was that, under any circumstances, Warena's undivided interest in the land was at least equal to the area conveyed, and should be sufficient to recoup the Crown, providing it was necessary to make good to the other owners for the alienation of land which proved to be theirs."

Notwithstanding their knowledge of the position, and the fact that owing to the legal difficulty they hesitated to pay the purchase money to Warena, the Government entered into possession of the land, and completed the survey, an action which naturally greatly incensed the Muaupokos, who on portions of the lines tore out the survey pegs, and otherwise attempted to obstruct the work.

Later, with my brother, J. R. McDonald, and Mr. Edwards, the solicitor, Te Rangimairehau, Raniera te Whatamahoe, and

Waata Muruahu went to Wellington to interview the Prime Minister (Mr. Seddon) in protest against the land being taken. Part of the report of that interview may be of interest, as showing the Government attitude towards the Maoris in this case.

Te Rangimairehau spoke with the freedom of a man used to acknowledge no authority but that of force.

"The land," he said, "belonged to our ancestors, through whom it has descended to us, and the Government cannot disturb us in the possession of this land. If the Government do so, it will cause trouble to the Government. We will not desist from causing trouble even if some of us should die. If some die or are imprisoned, there will be others left. If all the men are imprisoned, there will be the women and children. . . . ."

Raniera te Whatamahoe was more diplomatic.

"Salutations!" he began. "Long may you live! We have come here carrying heavy burdens to lay before you. We were told it was better we should come and see the Government. I thought it better to stay at home and let the Government press me down on my own land. I stand here in your presence with a coat. If you deprive me of that coat I have nothing left. This land has two brands. It had our brand, and the Government brand has been put on over that. We have come here so that you may look into the matter and see what you can do for the people you are pressing down so heavily. I and my people have no other land to support us in other places—Auckland or Wellington. I would ask what other people are in the same position? Who have been dealt so harshly with?"

The Premier in reply, after deprecating any talk of violence, and stating that the Proclamation had been issued for the purpose of protecting the natives against possible action on the part of Kemp and Hunia, who might have sold the land, went on to say:—

"The title is in the names of these two chiefs—Warena and Kemp. The Government bought the land and gave a fair price for it, and the Government will remain in occupation of the land and go on with the improvements. At the same time the Government, knowing the circumstances of the case, are prepared to see justice done, provided the natives act as Europeans would do. It may be that if Hunia and Kemp act fairly as between man and man[1] that legislation will be acquired to set the matter right. The Government will be glad to do all in its power to assist. If the natives persist in lawlessness, then the Government will simply say the law must take its course. They will not expedite matters by going on as they have commenced. But I presume we shall hear no more of forcible interference with the men. If they do so they will regret it."

1. If they agreed on the question of a trust.

Te Rangimairehau: If you can point out the particular piece of land we can have, we will stop.

The Premier: There are 15,000 acres of land; the Government bought only 700 (1,500?) acres.

Te Rangimairehau: The land outside is utterly sand. . . .If potatoes are planted in sand they will not grow.

The Premier: There are 13,000 acres left to grow plenty of potatoes.

The deadlock which had been reached was, naturally, galling to Hunia. Hunia was pressed for money, his horses having actually been seized for debt. He approached Mr. John McKenzie, Minister of Lands, to pay over part of the purchase money, representing that as the Government had entered into possession, this was no more than fair. After some negotiations this was agreed to, and £2,000 was paid to Warena at Bulls in September of 1894. One thousand pounds of this immediately went to pay Hunia's liabilities, £500 being in liquidation of a guaranteed overdraft, and the remainder for professional fees and monies lent.

In the same year a Bill was introduced in the Legislative Council, dealing with the Horowhenua Block, one clause of which was framed to give authority to the Government to override the caveats and to pay over to Hunia, at its discretion, the balance of £4,000 owing. Sir Walter Buller, who was acting at this time for Kemp, used his influence in the Legislation Council to have the clause struck out, and the object of the Bill became plain when the Government thereupon dropped the measure. Hearing that the Government intended to pay the money in any case, Buller obtained from the Supreme Court a writ of prohibition, preventing Hunia accepting the £4,000, or any part of it, and had a copy of the prohibition served on the Auditor-General and upon the Treasury.

Kemp's claim to have the existence of a trust in respect of Block XI. recognised, was heard in the Supreme Court in Wanganui in 1894 before the Chief Justice, the result being a reversal of all previous orders and decisions. The existence of the trust was recognised, and the partition order annulled, and although the Court could not break the title of ownership, it recommended that a Bill be brought in enabling this to be done; that in the meantime the caveats should remain in force and that Warena Hunia should be made to account for all monies which he had received in respect of Block XI. from sales or otherwise.

Hunia promptly appealed, and the case was heard before the Full Court in Wellington, which upheld the decision, merely deciding in addition that Kemp should also account for all monies so received. This was, however, afterwards cancelled. The Court recommended further that a Commission be set up to inquire as

to who should participate in the Block—those people, as Makere Rangimairehau poetically put it when giving evidence before the Commission, "whose fires had been kept alight on the land."

So this action came to an end—all except the inevitable settling up—and although it is getting somewhat ahead of my story, I will briefly give some idea of the cost of the various actions. To judge of this wholly is impossible, and the figures which I quote, large as they are, represent only an inconsiderable portion of the actual expenditure.

It must be remembered that both Kemp and the Hunias were receiving money for the sale of properties elsewhere, and from rents, most of which was also consumed in Court expenses, so that the monies secured by mortgage, etc., were merely those over and above revenue.

Hunia had then actually spent £2,000 received from the partial sale of the State Farm, evidence being to the effect that practically the whole of this went in connection with Block XI.; according to a statement presented to the Royal Commission which in accordance with the suggestion of the Supreme Court, was set up in 1896, at Levin, Kemp owed Sir Walter Buller £2,920/10/7, and it must be remembered that these are only two of the multifarious claims that such a case would produce. The case at Wanganui alone cost £992. In addition to this again, the cost of the Royal Commission was met by the Government taking, as a public reserve, the 13,000 acres of hilly country—admittedly little good for any other purpose—which had been vested in Ihaia Taueki in trust for the tribe.

Chapter XXXIV.

MORTGAGE OF BLOCK XIV.

In the meantime had arisen the case of Sir Walter Buller's mortgage of Block XIV., the 1200 acres of Lake Papaitonga (Buller Lake), which had been vested in Kemp, either as owner or trustee. Buller had for a long time past wanted this block, being particularly anxious to secure the lake, which was, and still is, one of the most beautiful in the country.

Buller's opportunity came in 1894, when Kemp's appeal case on the question of the trust was being heard in Wanganui. My brother had attended the Court with Kemp, and on the morning of the trial, was in a room of the hotel at which they were stopping, when Buller came blustering in:

"I'm glad to see you, McDonald," he said; "I wanted to see you and Kemp together. Edwards refuses to go on with the case unless Kemp finds £500. The case may go against you, and the money must be put up. I want you to find it."

My brother objected. Our lease had at that time expired, and we were merely hanging on from year to year, paying the old rent to Kemp. He pointed this out to Buller.

"If Hunia wins, he could turn my stock off the run tomorrow," he said, "and then where would I be?"

Buller turned to Kemp: "McDonald is right," he said; "he could not pay the money when he has not got a lease. I'll advance the money, and take a mortgage over that land of yours at Papaitonga."

My brother protested against the haste to find the money. There was no certainty that Kemp would not win the case, and in that event it would not be required. Time enough to find the £500 when the case was lost. Anyhow, he argued, the case would take some days, and that would give Kemp time to look round for the money. There was no need to force the matter through at once.

"No," Buller blustered; "we've got to get it fixed up right away. We'll go along to the Court and get the mortgage drawn up immediately."

View of Levin and the Tararua Range from Moutere Hill, Horowhenua Lake in foreground. [*Photo by G. L. Adkin.*

The mortgage was signed that day, and secured, to quote the words used in the document, "the balance due upon the account current between the parties, then advanced and owing, and all moneys which might thereafter be advanced and owing by the mortgagee to the mortgagor, or otherwise howsoever, with interest at 8 per cent."

Buller had already, in 1892, secured a lease of Block XIV., and now, having the mortgage, was proceeding along the accepted route to ultimate possession. Quite the usual procedure indeed. He had merely taken advantage of Kemp's pressing embarrassment, when on the very morning of the trial, he was told that he had to find £500, or see the case which he had fought for years, struck out. Whether it was essential that the sum be found at that moment, I am not competent to say; in any case it came very opportunely for Buller.

But if Sir Walter Buller gained his point here—and gain it he did, since the total of the indefinite sum secured under the mortgage, precluded any reasonable possibility of Kemp paying it off—he paid dearly for it in the publicity that was given to the deal later, and the adverse criticism to which he was subjected on account of it.

The mortgage over the Buller Lake property was actually registered within two or three days of the passing of prohibitive legislation, which would have prevented any dealings whatever in Native lands, legislation of which Buller was fully cognisant. It was, therefore, absolutely necessary that he obtain the mortgage at this time, or in all probability lose the block altogether.

The matter came to light when the Muaupokos disputed the gift of Block XIV. to Kemp, and Buller had to meet a storm of obloquy, and although at the Bar of the House of Representatives he proved that he had done nothing outside the law, it did not acquit him of the moral responsibility of having taken advantage of the ignorance of the Maori, and of the fact that a Native finds it almost impossible to pay off money, once borrowed.

The Royal Commission, which sat in 1896, was outspoken in regard to the mortgage. In the course of its report, the Commission stated: "Before us, at Levin, Sir Walter Buller stated that he did not know what was owing under the mortgage, that he would have to communicate with Kemp, and, on resuming after a fortnight, he produced an account showing that, exclusive of interest, he claimed £2,920 10s. 7d. to be secured by this mortgage. Whether these leases and this mortgage would be upheld by a Court of Equity, is a matter of law which the Courts alone can decide. It seems to us a

matter of grave doubt whether the Courts would not hold, apart from any question of whether Sir Walter Buller had or had not notice that the property was trust property, that as Kemp had not independent legal advice, and as the parties were not 'at arms length,' as the rental is greatly under the real annual value, and as the mortgage was given when Kemp was in a position which practically left him no option, and was given to secure unknown amounts, Sir Walter Buller's position with Kemp was such that the leases and mortgage (except the £500 advanced when it was given) must be set aside."

Buller's lease was for twenty-five years at 2s. 6d. per acre. At the time of Kemp's death, there was £1700 secured by the mortgage, and Buller got an order from the Supreme Court empowering him to sell the Block for debt. He wanted the land, and was in a very strong position, as only half of his twenty-five years' lease had expired. No one was going to pay a big price for land and then wait twelve years for possession. He bought it in eventually for £7,000, so after all paid fairly well for the 1,400 acres, but the fact remains that it was lost to the Maoris, who would lose the money also, and so have nothing.

So piece by piece the 53,000 acres which the Muaupokos were prepared to fight for, but were not sophisticated enough to hold, drifted out of their possession. First the 800 acres given by Kemp in settlement of legal debts, then the 4,000 acres taken for the township of Levin, 11,000 acres divided into sections of 105 acres each, practically the whole of which the owners parted with for one reason or another within a few years, and the State farm of 1,500 acres. Now the Commission recommended that Block XII., the mountainous country, 13,000 acres in area, and the block of 4,600 acres set aside for the *"rerewahi"* he acquired by the Crown, this being eventually done, so that with the 1,300 acres given to the Ngati-Raukawa and the 1,200 acquired by Buller, a block of 15,000 acres only was left, the greater part of which was sand hills, some grassed and more of it drifting. The Royal Commission of 1896 recommended that this area be put in the hands of the Public Trustee in trust for the tribe, but apparently the recommendation was not adopted, and the greater part of this area also, has now drifted out of their hands.

As Kemp had obtained £6,000 from the sale of the Levin township, and as Hunia had sold the State Farm for a similar amount, it was held by the Commission that they had benefited equally, and that these amounts should go in extinction of their interests in the Block. When the matter came to be

thrashed out in the Land Court which followed, Kemp was awarded Block XIV., and Hunia got several scattered areas through Block XI.

But this Land Court entailed more expenditure and gave rise, or brought to light more lying.

Epariama Paki, in evidence before the Royal Commission, said that Wirihana Hunia had manufactured evidence—*tito korero*—for him to give at the Subdivision Court in 1890. Another of Wirihana's supporters named Simeon made a volte face at the Commission, and when questioned as to the reason for his change of front, said that he had supported Hunia because he had been promised that when Hunia got the land, he would be given a big share in it.

"Now," he said: "Hunia has sold the land (the State Farm) to the Government and kept the money, and I am going to tell what I know. Hunia has really got no right to this land (the piece which was being adjudicated upon). If the Judge will listen I will give my *whakapapa* (family tree) and show that there are two lines of the family who have a better right to the land than has Hunia. Hunia is only third, whilst I come in the first line. Ask him if that is not correct."

The question being put to Wirihana Hunia, he admitted that Simeon was right, and received only 150 acres in that place, whereas Simeon got four hundred.

Naturally, there were amusing incidents. When the land at Poroutawhao was being individualised, a half-caste named Simmonds, who claimed to have an interest, was away in the Waikato, and returned only when the subdivision was complete. He promptly appealed, and as he had to state which particular portion of the land he was interested in, gave as his a block which had been granted to Tatana. This land lay along the small lake on the further side of the hill called Paeroa, and Tatana asserted a doubtful right to it through Te Rangihaeata. I was in Court when Simmonds gave his evidence in support of his appeal. He had cleared the land, he stated, in the 60's, by running pigs on it, these rooting up the fern. It looked as if he would succeed, when Tatana rose to cross-examine him.

"What year did you go to fight the *pakeha?*" Tatana sprang on the utterly abashed witness. The last thing Simmonds wished brought up at the moment was his late partisanship during the Hauhau wars. "When did you join the Hauhaus?" Tatana persisted.

Simmonds, flushed and uncomfortable, answered that he did not know.

"Well, I will tell you," Tatana said. "It was in such-and-such a year. I can also tell you who went with you." He named them. "You were a Hauhau, were you not? You don't deny that?"

The unhappy witness admitted that he had been. "Everybody was a Hauhau then," he answered sullenly.

"Well, I was not," Tatana answered. "I will tell you now when the land was cleared. I cleared it when you were away fighting the *pakeha*. I ploughed it in that year."

That ended the appeal.

But amusing or otherwise, the land was going all the time. To provide money for an appeal, the Maori had to sell or mortgage some other piece of land, and often, even the man who won, achieved at best a Pyrrhic victory, being forced to sell the land in order to pay the costs incurred. Old Mohi Rakuraku, an ancient man of the olden school whom the law bewildered, but who was fully alive to its consequences, summed up the position fairly well, when he said in '91 at a meeting in connection with the Horowhenua Block:

"The law has been our ruin. In the times of our ancestors which have gone by, we have received no hurt similar to this: give us back what land is left."

Chapter XXXV.

THE SECOND PHASE.

Of the second phase of pioneering I have no desire to speak long—or perhaps this might be called the real pioneering period, since to the average person, my family's experiences represent the pre-pioneering stage. Of that period there are numbers of people who can speak probably better than I, since this being their first experience of back-blocking, the difficulties and hardships of their position, would make a greater impression on them.

Hardships they certainly had to submit to, although the railway running down the narrow coastal belt, insured a settled and easy mode of transport at all times, within a few miles of their sections. Even if they did not have to fetch their goods by bullock-dray from Wellington or Foxton, they had to use pack-horses between the railway and their homes, and for, probably, six months in the year, wheeled traffic was out of the question. Judged by the standards of to-day it was a rough, hard existence, without much opportunity for amusement or even relaxation.

But it was essentially different from the life we had led. These people came as aliens to a strange land, and as aliens they remained until they had by their spreading numbers absorbed the whole country side. They held little or no intercourse with the original owners of the soil; they did not understand the Maori, and misunderstanding, they misjudged him. He was alien to their mode of thought and habit, and with the customary arrogance of the Britisher, they held what was unlike themselves in contempt. They were consciously superior, and so offended him; or they were condescendingly familiar, and when the Maori, being unacquainted with condescension, misconstrued it into friendship, the *pakeha* complained that the Maori, unless kept in his place, became a nuisance.

But all this by the way. Settlement came gradually, as it always does. I recollect my first experience of it, and its very unexpectedness came to me in the nature of a shock. I do not remember the exact year, but it was shortly after the

sale of the Levin township to the Government that I bought some sixty steers, and turned them out in the bush, where Levin now stands. Shortly after, as some of them, wandering on to the unfenced railway line had been killed by passing trains, I decided to muster them, and with this end in view, rode across from the Hokio to the Weraroa clearing, and tying my horse there, struck inland towards the mountains.

I had gone a long way into the bush, being probably about where my house now stands, when I heard a sound of hammering down in the flat near De May's present property in Kawiu Road. What anybody could be doing away back there in the bush I could not possibly imagine, for it must be kept in mind that to me the beach has always been "out," and the further away from it one was, the further "back" it became, and although the railway was now built, old habits of thought persisted.

I determined to investigate. A few minutes later I stood on the edge of a tiny clearing in the solid bush, where two women, a mother and daughter, were building a slab *whare*. To say that I was surprised would be to put it mildly; I was amazed. They told me that they had taken up a section there, and were building their home, living in a tent meantime. When I asked if they had no menfolk to do such work as they were engaged in, they said that they had not, and were prepared to fell the bush and clear the land themselves.

Frankly, the thing seemed incomprehensible to me. Here was a new order of things indeed. I had known the bush for thirty years; it had always been, and it seemed as it would ever be. That two women should be calmly prepared to clear it seemed folly. Had they been men, or even if they had been located on the edge of the bush, it would not have seemed so incomprehensible, but as it was, it upset all my preconceived ideas of the fitness of things.

Those women were Mrs. Ostler, mother of the present Mr. Justice Ostler, and her daughter. If ever a woman possessed the pioneering spirit it was Mrs. Ostler. Not only did she remain on her section against all prophecy, but she helped to cut scrub, fell bush, and fence, making a success of the venture, and because she believed in the future of the district, purchased other properties around, so that she succeeded beyond the average man who started on a level footing with her.

On that first day, when I told her my name, she informed me that when she was leaving Wellington, the Hon. James McKerrow, the then Secretary of the Lands Department, who had frequently visited our place at Horowhenua, had said to her:

"You are going to a district where the wind never blows harshly, where the land is all good, and although it will be lonely, if you go and look up the McDonalds at the Horowhenua lake, you will be assured of a real Highland welcome."

I think my mother was even more amazed than I was when I told her that evening, of my discovery, and on the following Sunday I went across the lake in a canoe and brought Mrs. Ostler and her daughter to the homestead for the day.

So Levin came into being, crudely. For a while the Maoris were inclined to assert themselves, before they drifted into the background for ever.

Harry Taueki, son of the old chieftain, spending his rent-money with both hands, would emerge from the Levin Hotel, drunk, and mounting his big chestnut thoroughbred, ride at a gallop to the nearest store, where, with the horse's head inside the shop, he would roar for what he wanted, and then dash off, leaving the storekeeper, who did not care to risk the row which would have inevitably followed a refusal to supply the goods, to seek a more favourable opportunity of collecting payment. To Taueki's credit be it said that the payment was always forthcoming.

Different tribes fought out old scores during Land Court sittings, on the wide stump-encumbered space of Oxford Street, fists and sticks flying freely. From the two saw-mills, and the various bushfelling, and road-making camps around, a rough, hardy, wild crowd of men congregated in the embryo township each evening, and seldom a night passed that a fight was not settled behind the big half-burned rata trunk which lay along where the post office now stands. There was no policeman, and a fight was purely the affair of the parties concerned.

The old rata served another purpose than delimiting the area of the town arena. Half-burned out as it was on the under side, it formed an unorthodox annexe of the Levin Hotel, and many a traveller, failing to find room there, despite unnumbered "shake-downs," crawled under the log, and slept securely until morning.

A raw, crude time, when men as hard and unpolished, carved out of the bush, the farms which made the country's prosperity. And that phase in its turn passed, to be succeeded by that which we know to-day, but the *mana* of the Maori has departed from the land for all time.

THE END.

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